THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

First Volume

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

L. HADEN GUEST

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THE WORLD OF TO-DAY

THE MARVELS OF NATURE AND THE
CREATIONS OF MAN

EDITED BY

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

AND

DR. HADEN GUEST

WITH 1000 ILLUSTRATIONS
INCLUDING 50 FULL PAGE PLATES IN COLOUR

IN FOUR VOLUMES

★

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The World To-Day

INTRODUCTION

WE live in an age that surpasses all others in the eagerness of its thirst for knowledge. Everybody wants to know everything in the twinkle of an eye. But, as a Latin proverb says, Art is long and time is short. To cover great distances we need the shortest cuts and the most direct methods.

In the case of History, Science, Literature and Art, the needs of thousands of readers have been met by the series of OUTLINES issued by the publishers of the present work, all of which have been met with instant success.

These OUTLINES have filled a place in the public mind. And this is easy to understand, for the simple reason that no other plan is so interesting and of such practical utility to the average man and woman. The old plan was to acquire knowledge in infinite small doses, slowly, laboriously with the result that a general survey became possible only after many years of application. That was the deductive system, which teachers and scientists have now discarded as cumbrous and antiquated.

Never has a work of this kind been so much needed as it is at the present hour. The whole of Europe—nay, the greater part of the world—has been changed and transformed by the Great War, emerging almost unrecognisable from its melting-pot. There are not only new governments, but new laws, new systems of justice, new conceptions of liberty to be explained.

Another object of this work is to convey to the mind of the reader a clear and definite impression of the immense variety of the life and romance, the natural beauties and treasures of other lands.

It has been a reproach that the English are an insular people, that they have little intimate knowledge of countries and peoples

other than their own. Comparatively few have the time, the means, or the opportunity of visiting, far less making prolonged stays in other countries to obtain first-hand knowledge of them. To those who have travelled abroad, and still more to those who have not, this work will prove of inestimable value. It will give something more than a passing glimpse or bird's-eye view of other lands. It will take the reader right into the atmosphere of the lives of the various nations of the world, so that he may see them, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face.

This work proposes to concentrate on the interesting side of nations and their lives. It will enable readers to seize at a glance all the essential points of interest. It will deal with mankind at home, enter into the spirit of their joys and pleasures, their sports, their pageants, and their ideals. Above all, every chapter will be concise, accurate, comprehensive, and entertaining.

It is not of the nature of a guide-book, but rather a philosopher and friend, ready to take readers by the hand and conduct them all over the globe without wearying them with cumbersome details; to provide them with just such information about things, places and people as every intelligent person would like to have stored in his mind. It is written by some of the foremost experts of travel, men and women with the great gifts not only of swift observation, but also of instant intuition for human interest and for the facts on which the joy of life is based.

"We never use our eyes until we are on foreign soil," says Mr. E. V. Lucas. We take most things for granted. We neglect the things that lie close at hand. But when the blindest of us leaves the British islands, he immediately opens his eyes very wide and gazes greedily at everything that strikes him as unfamiliar. He is all agog to see and understand everything, but he soon finds himself handicapped by his shortcomings. We all approach a new land with odd little prejudices, most of them founded on fictions imbibed in some queer way or other, perhaps in childhood. In contrasting other countries with our own, more often than not we contrast the real and the imaginary. It is not possible for the great majority of people who visit a new country to discover everything for themselves, to see everything worth seeing, and to grasp the essential conditions which govern the lives of the various peoples.

The very best photographs and pictures that camera and art can provide have been obtained to illustrate this work, and the illustrations and the descriptive material accompanying them have been carefully revised for the American Edition.

H. H. Johnston.

I

FRANCE

FRANCE

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

A LAND which stretches from the English Channel in the North to the Mediterranean Sea in the South, and from the Bay of Biscay in the West to the mountains of Switzerland in the East, is necessarily one of great variety of climate and human character. A land which has been overrun throughout a thousand years by every variety of conqueror—Huns old and new, Goths, Vandals, Vikings, Moors and English—naturally possesses a wide variety of types, a bewildering whirlpool of character. France, therefore, is difficult to portray. With her ever-changing moods, whims, postures, traditions and contradictions, it is almost impossible to catch her in repose and focus a faithful expression. There is no such thing as a typical Frenchman, as there is a typical Englishman, German or Spaniard, for the French do not migrate; the conflicting strains of Catholic and Atheist, aristocrat and communist, pious Breton, canny Norman and turbulent Marseillais can never assimilate.

A Rich Variety of Scenery

In the region of the North, where much of the fighting in the Great War took place, the climate is rainy and misty, the land is water-laden and intersected with ditches and canals, the people are slow of speech and movement. There are even Frenchmen in French Flanders who speak only the Flemish tongue as we find it in Belgium. Here is a land of polders, drained marshes, and a country where the description of France as *pays du soleil,* "country of the sun," seems peculiarly inapplicable.

Then from the Northern Coast to Paris one passes through a region like much of England but better cultivated, the roads lined with trees, chiefly apple trees, and with deep green fields where rows of very tall poplars march into the blue distance on all sides. Then along the valley of the Seine come the apple orchards of Normandy with her stalwart race of tall English-looking people. South-west of Paris along the valley of the Loire, often a vista of great rolling wooded downs and stretches of forest plain, there are gentle people who speak a delightful, old-world French in daily use. Further South are defiant Lyons, red Marseilles, the uncouth dialects and perfumed vegetation of the Sunny South.

With a swift transition by train or motor from the misty landscape of Picardy to limpid Paris, to the serenity of the Loire, and on to the fairyland of the French Riviera.

And there remain other regions of this same wonderland of France—the rocky beauty of Brittany with mystic people and Carnac of the prehistoric stones, the ghosts of Druids' days; the endless perfumed forests of the Landes which border on Spain, where shepherds walk upon stilts, and where fishwives wear trousers to gather the biggest and greenest and most luscious oysters in the world. Here dwells a wild solitary race of men who eke out a living by garnering resin from wounded pines. There are also the beauty of Biarritz and the splendour of the Pyrenees; there are the Vosges in the East, with steep, chaotic hills, gigantic fir trees, water-falls, and mysterious shut-in valleys; and Mont Blanc, greatest mountain in Europe towering over all. The garment of the life of the country is woven out of strands as different as those of Flanders, the Riviera, the Landes and the solitudes of the Pyrenees.

And each of the provinces brings its strength, its resources or its beauty to contribute to the charm and versatility of France.

The very roads in France are full of surprises for the stranger. Some are very bad, but many seem to invite a game of billiards, and nearly all stretch away in perfectly straight lines as far as the eye can reach, climbing and dipping with vivid whiteness, amid clouds of dreadful dust, between lordly avenues of shady trees.

§ 1

The French People

A brilliant Frenchman has tried to sum up his fellow countrymen with paradox. Emotional and logical, he says, believers in religion and unrepentant sceptics, as traditionalist as a peasant ploughing the soil and as revolutionary as a prophet who considers himself inspired with a message to all nations, " loving life and loving work, loving money, sometimes to excess, they understand how to live and how to love." It is perhaps this emphasis on the understanding of life, the balancing of life, that is characteristic of the French aspiration. The Frenchman would like to be the perfect artist in life. But he hides his aims from others not by the reticence of the Englishman but by a persistent mockery. Nothing is sacred to the cynicism of his wit, there is nothing at which he will not mock, and he mocks at authority most of all. During the Great War in France the British Army used metropolitan and other police constables to hold up, guide and direct traffic at cross roads—the police being thinly disguised in khaki. But you could not disguise that magisterial hand which holds the torrents of traffic back as a child holds the string of a balloon. And the French were, inevitably, impressed. They, too, instituted police control on roads—but, unfortunately, the *poilus* thought it was a joke; they smacked the policeman on the back, they made long noses at him; above all, they disregarded him and whizzed their motors past. Perhaps part of the complexity of life in France is due to the fact that people will not conform to regulations.

And perhaps the attitude of universal defiance is sometimes little more than a pose. Catholicism is strong in France, stronger probably than before the War. And there is a frank simplicity of character that strikes one in the ordinary farmer or peasant or the ordinary townsman, a great love of his own people and of his own bit of country.

Certainly much of the non-morality and nastiness with which the French are credited form part of the defiant pose and need not be taken too seriously. For the vast majority, France is essentially a land of the family. It is true that divorces have more than doubled since the war, but the divorces which occur are largely among the wealthier townspeople. Thirty per cent

of all divorces are in Paris, and in some country districts the number falls to less than one divorce per 20,000 inhabitants per annum. In the provinces married sons and daughters live round about and near their parents, and there is a kind of patriarchal reunion once a week, at dinner or supper, as a matter of course.

There are some amusing differences from English life which will be noted. At the side of the plate will be placed a knife-rest and on this the family and the guests are expected to place knife and fork when they have finished one course to keep them for the next. And at one end of the table there will be an unlabelled bottle of red wine and at the other an unlabelled bottle of white. Champagne is to be drunk at dessert, and the French laugh politely at English rich men's habit of taking it as the staple drink of a meal. For if you drink the French way you get stimulation but no headache. And be not pussyfoot in France ! We shall never forget the face of a big, broad Alsatian when a guest refused wine and asked for water. Our host was grieved—as if we had injured the wine. *"Ah, le bon vin, le bon vin!"* ("Oh, the good wine!") he said and patted the bottle with an accent of sorrow and apology as though he were propitiating some outraged deity. For eating and drinking are taken very seriously. In a tiny house the cooking of a chicken will be the affair of a day's grave attention. In the kitchen of a big house the "cuisine" is a matter of science. And what beautiful kitchens there are in France, and how clean!

On state occasions the Frenchman does not get into uniform; he gets into evening dress. He will get married in evening dress. If he is a Minister inspecting a public work in the provinces or performing any other public function, he will appear in the middle of the morning in evening dress. It is the civilian's full dress, and it sometimes jars on the Englishman more than the Frenchman's habit of wearing a bowler with a morning coat.

And how the French love children ! It is true their families are not very big, but love of children does not always increase in direct proportion to their numbers. If you would see French family life, go to any station in Paris on a Sunday and watch the happy, laughing crowds cramming the stations full—men, women, children, waiting to spread out over all the green and pleasant lands on the Seine or the Marne, at St. Cloud, at Vin-

cennes—wherever one can picnic and enjoy life and watch children play. On such Sundays the country round Paris seems full of children and their fathers and mothers. If you want to catch a train allow at least half an hour to buy your ticket !

§ 2

The population of France, roughly, is about the same as that of England and Wales, but the area is nearly four times as great. And the people are spread out over the land in little hamlets, in villages and in little towns. In England 75 per cent of the population live under town conditions like those of London, Birmingham, or Liverpool; in France 75 per cent of the population live in villages or little towns. The people of France live on the land, work on the land and love the land; her life is founded on the land as that of Great Britain is founded on mine and mill.

Eight Million Property Owners

The chief products are corn and wine, not sufficient to make her self-supporting, and she relies on luxuries for her exports. Her typical citizen is not the Parisian, not the novelist, not the politician, not even the worker in mine, mill or factory, but the peasant, the worker on the land, the man driving his own cattle to market and growing his own corn and wine. To a large extent he is a worker on his own land, for over 8,000,000 people possess land or house of their own, while tenants work largely on the *métayer* or half-profit system. It is because of this that the wounds of war in the land, the actual scarring and destruction of the earth, were wounds in the hearts of her people.

Many were the peasants who went back to their farms in the devastated area at the first possible moment after the Armistice—not to be in their homes, for houses or homes there were none, but to be on their land, to work upon it, to rescue it from the horror of desolation, almost, one would say, to speak to it and tell it that once more it was land of France.

The French peasant is indeed the chief, if not the sole remaining exponent of patriotism in an atmosphere of faction and personal ambition. Unimaginative, with few desires beyond the

increase of his acres, he affords a direct contrast to the flippant, pleasure-seeking Frenchman, who is alone perceived through foreign spectacles.

His canniness would put the Scotsman of fiction to shame; his old stockings and mattresses are proverbial as savings-banks. "Saving up" is a national habit, the marriage portion of the women an almost universal custom, lending to the State and accumulating *rentes*, are the hall-mark of a solid respectability.

French Marriages

And in all classes we find canniness exemplified by the marriage of convenience. The French pride themselves on their sentiment, and it is common to see bearded men hugging and kissing each other with torrents of tears on railway platforms. They also talk and sing incessantly of love. But they do not allow love or even sentiment to be considered in connection with matrimony, The old formula, "A marriage has been arranged," is literally true in their case. It is arranged by parents or friends, in many cases by professional or at least interested go-betweens, with no more idea of romance than attaches to the sale of a house or a herd. And the odd thing is that the system answers. Bodies and souls may be bartered; smart young men may dispose of themselves to the highest bidder; but happy unions are far from rare, for one reason because the absence of love implies the absence of jealousy, and each contracting party feels justified in seeking romance elsewhere. Moreover, in modern days young men and maidens have more opportunity of meeting and knowing each other than in former times, and likes and dislikes are, of course, taken into consideration. On the whole, French family life is a success, and while the power of the French husband is very great —he can, for example, forbid his wife to travel without his consent—the power of the wife is even greater. French women have not the vote and, it is said, do not want the vote because they already have the power.

The law upholds the family in France in a special way; a man's right to "do what he likes with his own," when that "own" is his property after death, is very severely limited by law. Each child has a legal right to a certain proportion of any means left at death, and nothing can take it away from him. The effect of

this law is naturally to keep families more closely together and to hinder the very large accumulations of wealth possible where the right of inheritance is not so restricted. Very large fortunes are rarer in France than in England; very great poverty rarer, too. The distribution of wealth is more general. But the law of property is easily and often evaded, even more so than most other laws in France, and there is nothing to prevent a man selling his land during his lifetime.

The assumption behind the French law of inheritance is clearly that property is the affair of the family, not of the individual only, and this conception of the family runs through all French thought.

Paris not Typical of France

Those who, visiting France, travel straight to Paris are likely to misunderstand both because of the brilliancy and complexity of her capital. Paris does not typify France, but gathers together representatives of all her different types as well as strangers from all parts of the world, who come as pilgrims and soon become more Parisian than the natives, and the resultant of all her vividly interacting forces can be correctly understood only by those who know at least a few of the individual factors.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY

First Impressions

The traveller making for Paris by way of Calais may find sentimental interest in the last of England's French possessions, the town whose name was engraved on the heart of Mary of England. And, however often he may pass through, he will never quite shake off the first impressions of shock and surprise, which make him feel as though he had suddenly plunged into a different planet. The sound of a strange tongue gabbled at a fearful pace all round him, actually by the very workmen and children; the fisherfolk in their odd dress, suggestive of a ballet in comic opera, the clatter of wooden shoes over cobbles, the fantastic street cries, the bustling markets of fish and fruit all over the pavements, the coloured houses, the quaint gables, the big bright awnings everywhere, the new smells—a thousand fresh sensations make up a foreign atmosphere that plays with his

imagination, dopes him, drives him to pinch himself and wonder whether he is walking in a dream.

And as he advances into France, still the wonder grows. Away over endless stretches of golden sand-dunes, where British duellists once foregathered in evasion of British law, he espies a defiant column standing out behind Boulogne, commemorating Boney's Grand Army and his futile attempt to invade England. Then Abbeville, a British possession for two hundred years, with memories of Crécy, on whose bloody field the first Prince of Wales won his feathers after slaughtering eleven Princes and thirty thousand men. Then Amiens, a scene of sharp anxiety during the Great War, when the main railway line was under artillery fire, and for a time there were daily bombardments with destructive effect. The town was evacuated by civilians in the spring of 1918, but the Battle of Amiens, which commenced in the beginning of August, finally freed the city and relieved the railway.

Amiens, the capital of blood-sodden Picardy, the birthplace of that fierce Crusader, Peter the Hermit (also known as Peter of Amiens), is quiet and somnolent enough to-day. Patient girls crowd great factories of velvets, cashmeres, and other dainty fabrics; otherwise Amiens is once more the typical cathedral city, careless of feverish interests outside. The Cathedral is perhaps the grandest Gothic monument in Europe. It is instinct with age-old beauty, impressing all beholders by its grandeur and dignity. The West Front has a friendly air with all its magnificence of statues and religious carvings and traceries. Between the doors of the central porch is a wonderful figure of Christ, known as " The Beautiful God of Amiens " (*Le Beau Dieu d'Amiens*), blessing the world and at the same time crushing a lion and dragon beneath His feet. In the pediment of the central portal is the famous Last Judgment. The feature of the edifice is the loftiness of the interior, and there is a crafty combination of grandeur and simplicity. It is nearly twice as lofty as Rouen and Salisbury, the loftiest in England, and its roof seems to disappear in the mystery of the dim religious light.

The South rose-window has an intense charm, and other windows are no less full of rich beauty, whilst the exquisite Lady Chapel offers never-to-be-forgotten joys.

Photo: E. N. A.

CARNAC, THE STONEHENGE OF FRANCE.

Alignments of nearly 2,000 sepulchral or sacrificial stones of prehistoric Bretons, resembling a vast encampment. Their history is lost in the mists of antiquity.

By courtesy of the Office Français du Tourisme.

RUE DE RIVOLI.

One of the main arteries of Paris, facing the gardens where the Tuileries Palace was burnt by the mob in 1871.

Photo. W. A. Mansell & Co.

AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

A Gothic masterpiece, whose front is studded with innumerable statues of surpassing interest and beauty.

§ 1

Normandy

Normandy, an ancient province of Romance, is a picturesque land, intimately connected with English history and stored with historic associations. To-day it is one of the most interesting and popular holiday-grounds across the Channel, dotted with many fashionable resorts extending from Dieppe to Cherbourg on the North, and southwards to Mont St. Michel and Dinard. Here the tourist finds treasures of beautiful churches, ruins of many a stately castle, picturesque old palaces and monasteries, and withal a countryside of great charm and beauty almost comparable with Devonshire.

Unlike Devonshire, it is a monotonous country, with very straight roads, misty downs and chalk plateaux, delightful when the myriad apple-trees are in bloom and the woods are carpeted with flowers, but dour and sad in winter's grasp. In many parts it is one vast orchard, framed in wide expanses of rich pasture-land. Apples and cattle are the presiding deities, lavishly endowing the canny people with solid wealth. You cannot escape from apples and cattle and great cart-horses. On the ever-recurring market-days every street and square becomes impassable, and you must fight your way through herds of lowing kine or stumble through mountains of the wrinkled fruit. Cider is given away like water—stacks of cider-refuse fill every yard and gutter; on all hands men, women and children appear to spend all their time in extracting the "drink divine" by primitive, ancestral methods. And Norman architecture strikes another characteristic note. Travellers who dismiss architecture as dull will miss half the pleasure of a visit to Normandy, for not only does it possess a distinctive style here, but it is the style which was brought over to England at the Conquest and survives, with some modifications, in most of the noblest fanes of England.

Rouen

Much of the old romance of Rouen has given place to the demands of industrial progress, crooked alleys and mediæval houses having been ruthlessly swept away to make room for broad thoroughfares and tramways and cotton factories; but the town

still retains much of its old glamour and sights that have attracted travellers to Rouen for generations. Few will miss the famous Cathedral, the Abbey Church of St. Ouen, the old clock and belfry; but most will flock first to the Old Market Place, where Joan of Arc is alleged to have been burnt by the perfidious English. This spot remains a place of pilgrimage in spite of cynics who tell us she was never burnt at all but married and lived happily with a large family of children.

On the coast, near Le Havre, are Deauville and Trouville, fashionable bathing resorts, packed with Parisians in glittering raiment and the new rich of every clime. Except for a geographical accident, Le Havre is not Norman at all. It is the second port of France with nearly two hundred acres of shipping at the mouth of the Seine; its docks are among the finest in the world, and display all the bustle of an immense trade with America, but it is one of the dreariest places in the world, as Channel passengers stranded there can testify. The quaint old port of Honfleur, with its tall timber houses and roofs of wooden shingles, is more attractive, with a fifteenth century Church of St. Catherine, also of timber and very strange with its narrow aisles and waggon roofs.

Bayeux Tapestry

Dives has a no less remarkable inn of fantastic appearance named after William the Conqueror, who sailed hence to invade England. Students of his period will, however, find more material at Bayeux, where his Queen's famous tapestry is preserved. It is of coloured worsted on fine linen cloth, 230 feet long and 20 inches wide. Perspective and light and shade are wholly disregarded, but despite its primitive absurdities it is a precious historical document if we make allowance for Norman prejudices. There is, for instance, a portrait of Harold swearing to support William's claim to the English Throne.

Cherbourg, the most important naval station in France, also has memories of William, though devastating Danes left a deeper mark there nearly 1,100 years ago. The natives successfully resisted the attacks of King Canute, but the town has since been taken and destroyed many times by the English.

South of Cherbourg is St. Lo, with its cluster of ancient

Photo: Topical Press Agency.

DINAN.

A quaint and pretty old walled town in Brittany. Fifteen out of the original twenty-four towers remain. The river Rance flows through a gorge between granite cliffs and glorious foliage.

Photo: E. N. A.

NAPOLEON'S FAVOURITE PALACE.

In the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, where he kept the Pope a prisoner and forced him to sign the Concordat.

Photo: Photochrom.

SAINT MALO.

The town derives its name from a Welsh hermit of the sixth century, is reached by steamers from Southampton and filled with British tourists in summer. The streets are narrow, often steep and tortuous, and paved with rough cobbles.

wooden houses by the riverside. The church has some wonderful glass and brass and a picture of the death of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Passing through this town, he was asked by some monks to suggest a dedication for a church they were building, and he said, "Let it be in honour of the first saint to shed his blood for the Church." He was himself assassinated shortly after and it was dedicated in his name, though it has now been degraded to a corn market.

The eponymous St. Lo was Bishop of Coutances, the most picturesque of the hill towns of Normandy. It possesses the best small cathedral in France with an exquisite octagonal tower, and, according to Ruskin, the earliest examples of the fully-developed spire. The variety of design is probably unrivalled, and is specially remarkable in so small a cathedral.

Picturesque Caen

Due east of St. Lo is Caen. It is now a picturesque provincial town of 40,000 souls, but when the English took it in 1346 it was described as a "city greater than any in England, save London." It was the burial place of Beau Brummel, the famous exquisite who died here, a drunken and broken-down exile, and the birthplace of Charlotte Corday, who set out thence to slay Marat. The chief sights are the Abbaye aux Dames, whose nuns were all nobles under an Abbess with the style and title of "Madame de Caen." Queen Matilda founded the abbey and lies buried there, more fortunate than her husband, William the Conqueror, who founded the corresponding Abbaye aux Hommes. His tomb is in front of the high altar, and his burial is counted among the most dramatic scenes of history. When the clergy were gathered round the open grave a certain burgher of Caen raised the famous *clameur de haro* or protest of grievance, claiming that the ground had been wrongfully taken from his father, thus legally interrupting the ceremony. Even in that age and at that moment the law had so much weight that he had to be bought off with sixty sous to withdraw his claim. But a horrible incident was still to follow. The coffin was not large enough or strong enough, and all the perfume of incense smoke could not prevent the congregation from hurrying out of the church and leaving the terror-stricken monks to finish the service as best they

could, and then retire, all trembling, to their cells. Omens of future disturbance, for the remains of the Conqueror were thrown out by the Huguenots in 1562 and again by a revolutionary mob in 1793, so that now only a thigh-bone remains.

Proceeding to the western border of Normandy, the English traveller will find further memories of his history at Avranches. Here in a previous Bishop's palace, now a police station, are collected a few poor fragments, scarcely a cart-load, of the once proud Cathedral where Henry II did penance for the murder of Becket.

Mont St. Michel

Avranches, commanding one of the most famous and beautiful views in France, overlooks the fine bay of Mont St. Michel, a town clustered on a rocky island, a gem set in an azure sea, described by someone as " the eighth wonder of the world."

It is an isolated rock that becomes an island at high tide and stands forth like a pyramid in the sea. On the top, with a tall spire pointing to heaven, is a monastic church shepherding a flock of conventional and military buildings, for it was not only a holy place but a fortified post which had to stand many a siege, successfully resisting Bretons, Huguenots and even English throughout the ages. Last century it became a prison, as you may see by visiting the little museum with its rude wax figures of anarchists and poisoners and the Man in the Iron Mask, who was never confined here at all. Legends tell of a submarine passage all the way to Cornish St. Michael's Mount, which might almost be a twin, and must have had a common origin.

§ 2

Brittany

At St. Malo you have crossed not only a frontier but many centuries into Brittany, " the land of mist and sunshine." Brittany, its promontory jutting out into the Atlantic to Ushant, the northern tip of the Bay of Biscay, is wilder and more picturesque than Normandy. The coast, as you go westward, grows more and more rugged and beautiful, more and more like Cornwall, indeed, with tiny fishing havens tucked snugly away in the shelter of

Photo: E. N. A.

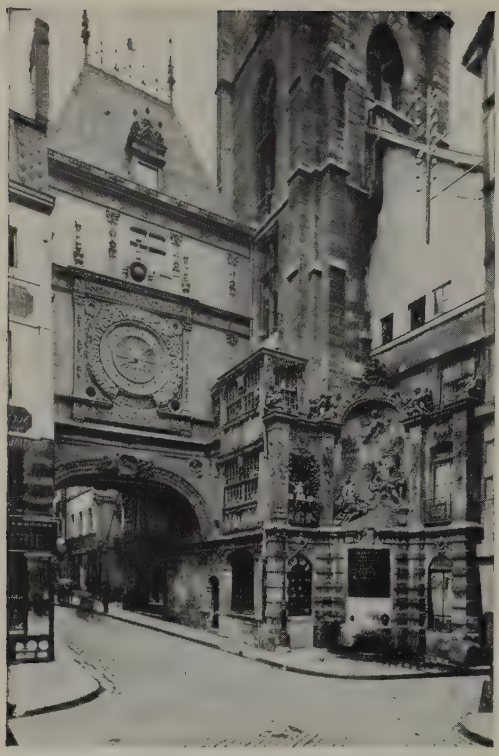
BRETON GIRL FETCHING WATER FROM A HOLY WELL.

A survival of times when all believed in pixies and water-sprites.

Kodak Snapshot.

DRYING SARDINES.

At the Fisheries in Brittany.



GREAT-CLOCK-STREET, ROUEN.

Beside the historic clock is a lovely old fountain, representing the nymph Arethusa, who was turned into a spring to save her from the pursuits of an amorous god. With its gables and red roofs and latticed windows, the street retains its mediæval charm in spite of factories and modern vandalism hard by.

Photo: E. N. A.

NORMAN PEASANTS.

In their peculiar, old-world costume. They are a canny, suspicious race, who boast that nobody has ever been able to understand them or take them in.

rocky headlands, and fisherfolk replacing the farmers and graziers of Picardy and Normandy.

The rocky coast, the little hills recalling Ireland or Wales, the ancient stone circles at Carnac, acres on acres of them, the women's quaint coiffes and the men's quaint garb, the mysticism of its people, and even the language, which is allied to Welsh, all give Brittany a character of its own.

A Famous Pardon

Inland lie many fascinating places. Guingamp lives up—or down—to its quaint name, suggestive of gamps and ginghams. All is so thoroughly crinoline, lethargic and remote. But come here, if you can, for the famous *Pardon* on the first Sunday in July and taste something of the old-world, almost pagan piety of Brittany. Mingle with the thousands of pilgrims streaming through the three-cornered market-place and mazy streets flanked by fantastic houses, with dormers and turrets. Each pilgrim carries a candle to church, where a priest stands at the high altar with a burning taper in his hand. Slowly a vast procession is formed and the whole town is saturated with the smell of burning wax. It is called The Pardon of Our Lady of Good Succour, but it is also the Festival of Fire. Presently, amid a train of banners, reliquaries, holy statues, clouds of incense and clouds of lights like dancing fireflies, amid the chanting of weird Celtic canticles to very ancient tunes, behold the miraculous image of *Madame Marie de Bon Secours*, resplendent in embroidered satin and glittering crown. In Brittany the Blessed Virgin of each parish has a distinct personality, ranking according to the record of the miracles, and Madame Marie of Guingamp is very highly placed in the table of precedency of saints.

> "'Tis she who giveth sight once more to eyes that long were blind,
> She cures the deaf and heals the lame, doth Madame Marie kind.
> The languishing are cured by her, the dumb man learns to sing,
> To every poor, afflicted soul doth she her comfort bring."

At sunset the Festival of Fire concludes appropriately with a bonfire. Denser and denser grows the mob, seething and pressing with myriad lights and ever louder songs to the market-place

where huge piles of brushwood have been stacked at the three angles. An anxious moment comes when the priest approaches to kindle them, as a failure or delay in the lighting is a bad omen for the whole year. But usually all goes well and the flames soon leap up to the Cross which surmounts a pyre yet somehow never suffers from fire. And it is well that the Cross is there, for otherwise we might mistake this pageant of Holy Church for some ceremony of fire-worshippers in honour of the Sun.

Breton paganism expresses itself everywhere in very primitive art, as you will note at Ploërmel, where modern critics find flamboyance in the magnificent church and buffoonery in its sculpture, which includes nude figures blowing horns and playing leap-frog, a sow blowing a bagpipe, a cobbler sewing up his wife's mouth, as well as syrens, monsters and heraldic beasts. Even the gorgeous sixteenth-century glass has provoked the criticism that, "in glass-painting the French do not seem to have got beyond the crude stage of English beginnings forty years ago."

Quimperlé has quaint bits of street architecture and fine ruins amid the greenery of smiling streams. Still greener and more beautiful is Dinan, with grim ramparts and ruined walls, perched high above the Rance, which flows through a granite gorge and verdant bays.

Rennes, the old capital of Brittany, became almost new through a conflagration in 1720, when the whole town was rebuilt with grey granite in the hideous style of the period. Trade, commerce, energy have passed away, and the broad, modern streets are almost deserted in the lifeless apathy of to-day. Evan Vannes seems brisk in comparison, though Vannes is so ancient that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. All we know is that it offered a stubborn resistance to the Roman Conquest. Every wall oozes antiquity, especially those of the Château de la Motte, a *motte* being a mound that chieftains used to raise in order to claim monarchy over all they surveyed. Here they administered justice and eventually built towers. The Round Tower at Windsor is an example of the same tradition.

As the name implies, Brittany is the least foreign part of France to the Englishman. A Breton is still almost a Briton. He has the same language as old Cornwall and modern Wales. His charm lies in his geographical aloofness. Tucked away in

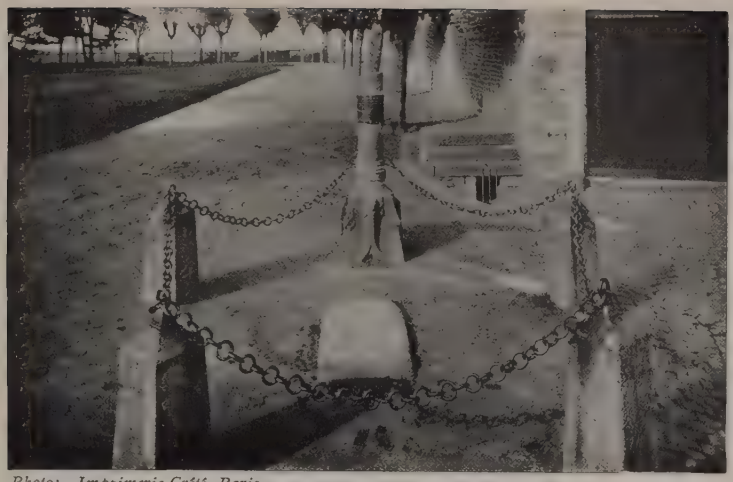


Photo: Imprimerie Crété, Paris.

PENITENTIAL STONE.

Indicates the spot where Henry II knelt outside Avranches Cathedral to receive absolution for the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Photo: F. M. Gostling.

GUINGAMP.

A type of picturesque and religious Brittany. In the church is a miraculous image of Our Lady of Good Succour, so potent that fortunes have been lavished upon it and the Pope sent it a golden crown.

From a picture by Guillon. × *Photo.*

BRETON BOAT PROCESSION.

On the occasion of a "Pardon" or annual local festival, the faithful sometimes come from miles across the water in sailing-boats with sacred banners and images and tall crosses standing out against the sky.

a remote corner of Europe, far from raids and conquests, he has had no temptation to forsake his old faiths, peculiar manners and picturesque costumes. Though he has conformed outwardly to so comparatively modern an institution as Christianity, he still cherishes a sneaking inclination to Sun-worship and the cult of fountains, holy wells and trees; he communes with water-sprites and mermaids and gnomes, and "the little people"; he lives in closest touch with primitive Nature. He takes his cattle to the priests for ceremonial blessing, appeals to strange saints in time of peril; makes the unseen world a factor in his daily life.

Quaint Religious Festivals

The Breton "Pardons," or religious festivals, are the best known and most characteristic expression of his faith. Like all mystic rites, they require seclusion. The worshippers of old sought out silent islands or forests or distant hilltops for the celebration of their mysteries. A busy township never attracted the faithful, though a prosperous place of pilgrimage sometimes—as in the case of lordly Josselin—formed the nucleus of a town. The usual procedure at a Pardon is to attend mass at three A.M. and take communion all through the night, sing, dance, wrestle, whirl on merry-go-rounds during the day, and wind up with a monster procession. White maidens float across the waters with banners in barges, sailors walk barefoot in performance of a vow; every face is flushed; the whole atmosphere illuminated by blazing bonfires. These are sometimes kindled from the steeple, as in the case of the famous *Scoppio del Carro* (Explosion of the Car) at Florence by an artificial dove representing the Holy Ghost.

The odd names of the local saints are also characteristic, and each saint appears painted on a banner or carried as a graven image with some peculiar sign or attribute—St. Bieuzy with his head cleft; St. Budoc with a barrel at his side; St. Cadoc ringing a bell; St. Corentin carrying a fish; St. Edern riding a stag; St. Melor with one hand and foot cut off; St. Solomon in royal robes with a dagger in his breast; St. Thegonnec in a cart drawn by wolves, and St. Tajean with a mad dog at his heels. Throughout their wildest frolics the pilgrims never forget the religious side of their feasts. They gladden their hearts with wine but never become inebriate, never lose their courtesy and dignity or forget

that they are Nature's gentlemen. They are poor in their "land of granite enshrouded with oaks," but they retain the hospitality of olden times. Their very innkeepers offer Gargantuan banquets at prices one is ashamed to pay. Their welcome is boundless to all who respect their prejudices.

PARIS

At first sight Paris with her population of about 3,000,000 seems very like any other great city, but we soon realise differences in the peculiar clearness of the air, the extent of the great historic buildings, the glitter of the boulevards and avenues, the animation of the life out of doors.

A Great City

To the casual visitor Paris is very often Paris of the great monuments, the great buildings, the great galleries, the shops, the cafés, the theatres, and the boulevards.

It is above all the impression one gets of space and light that is characteristic of Paris. Not only at night are the main boulevards crowded and brilliant, for in the day the clean-cut straight streets (planned with an eye to possible military eventualities) seem as it were swept by the light.

But the Paris one can see in a drive round the inner boulevards or the outer boulevards, the fashionable world one can watch in the Bois de Boulogne at about three o'clock in the afternoon, the expensive restaurants where one is given unbelievably good food, the theatres and revues where one hears wit and jest and not too thickly veiled allusions, or the curious pleasures of Montmartre—they are only the very froth of Parisian life. The froth is a part of the life, an interesting and sometimes charming part; but so also is the work of the University which has gone on for 700 years, and that of the artists and writers, and so also is the life of all the humble people, the *petite bourgeoisie,* and of all the workers of Paris. For Paris is a great industrial city, not only manufacturing the *articles de luxe* for which she is famous, but also the French toys, artificial flowers, fancy bags, picture frames, trinkets and knick-knacks in leather and wood, novelties in jewellery, and all the things which are grouped under

Photo: "Country Life."

MONT ST. MICHEL.

An abbey, fort and townlet on a rock, off the Coast of Normandy, that becomes an island at high tide. It has withstood many sieges for centuries, and there are legends of an underground tunnel to St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. It has been called the "Eighth Wonder of the World."

the title *articles de Paris*. And Paris has big engineering establishments and still greater manufactories of motor cars.

But she possesses, too, the great shops of the Rue de la Paix, the famous jewellers, the magnificent dressmakers. There is certainly no other place in the world where clothes are more beautifully made. And for jewels Paris is one of the markets of the world.

Some of the richer Parisiennes go as wonderfully clothed as do the millionairesses of America of the North or America of the South. But much of the rich and reckless spending one sees in Paris is spending by rich men and women, who come from the Latin Americas, from the Near East and the Far East, from North America, and from England. Millions of pounds sterling are poured into Paris to keep her wonderful restaurant and theatre life alive, and to pay the prices asked by her famous shopkeepers and artists in dress, one might almost say, artists in life.

The Show Places of Paris

Perhaps the chief pride of Paris is Notre Dame, loved almost as much for her familiar face as for the simple grandeur of her twin towers. So beautiful is the ironwork that legend attributes most of it to the Devil, who forged it in one night at the price of the builder's soul, omitting only the central door, and that out of delicacy because the Host passes through it in processions. Perhaps that explains his recognition in the grotesque carvings, known as the Devils of Notre Dame, which leer and gibber from the buttresses. To do justice to them you must climb countless steps to the roof and be rewarded by a unique panorama of Paris.

The gaunt Eiffel Tower, refuse of an old Exhibition, is the one eyesore in a vision of luminous beauty. Turn with relief to the golden dome of the Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of France, with its vast Court of Honour, incomparable of its kind. Here, the story goes, when the Grand Monarch came to visit his pensioners, they surrounded his bodyguard and protested that, within their walls, he needed no other protection than that of his old servants, whereupon he smilingly ordered his Guards to withdraw. Beneath the dome lie the remains of Buonaparte. His great sarcophagus of red Finland granite, polished like marble,

standing in the centre of a circular crypt, is surveyed by twelve colossal figures from niches in the walls. They are the figures of Victory. Between them are the fifty-four flags captured at Austerlitz. The light has been so cunningly contrived that the setting sun sends its shafts straight on to the tomb.

The Panthéon, another landmark, replaced the Church of St. Geneviève and was raised as a temple of fame with a dedication, "To the great men of a grateful country." But the fickle French did not always sustain their gratitude to their transient heroes buried here. The remains of Mirabeau were flung out to the revolutionary mob and Marat's to the dogs. Victor Hugo has not been disturbed, but when Voltaire's tomb was opened, long after his death, it was found to contain nothing.

Another temple of glory—Buonaparte's glory—has been converted into the Church of the Madeleine, reversing the usual process of modern Vandals, who prefer to turn ancient fanes into pig-markets. The Madeleine has something pagan about it with its fifty-two Corinthian columns and no windows, and has become a favourite resort for the weddings of society. A famous mediæval miniature is the exquisite Sainte Chapelle, with its glorious colouring and dim religious light, all decked out in tomato red and Byzantine blue, with countless stars of old gold. It was built by Saint Louis to house the relics of the Crucifixion, now in the Treasury of Notre Dame, and we may still admire the staircase of gilded wood which he used to ascend when exhibiting the Crown of Thorns to the people.

Memories of the Revolution

The hand of time, however, has dealt ruthlessly with Paris, and few bright memories have survived the French Revolution. Memories even of that cataclysm have grown elusive. Marat's dingy house, No. 20, Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, formerly Rue des Cordeliers, in the Latin Quarter, has been swept away by modern builders, and of the notorious Club des Cordeliers, Jacobin headquarters that ousted a Franciscan Convent, nothing but the old refectory remains, now a pathological museum for medical students.

Then near the Hotel de Ville, passing the Church of St. Gervais, where Big Bertha slaughtered eighty on that Good

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

MONUMENT TO GAMBETTA, PARIS.

The statesman and orator who did much to retrieve French disasters in 1871.

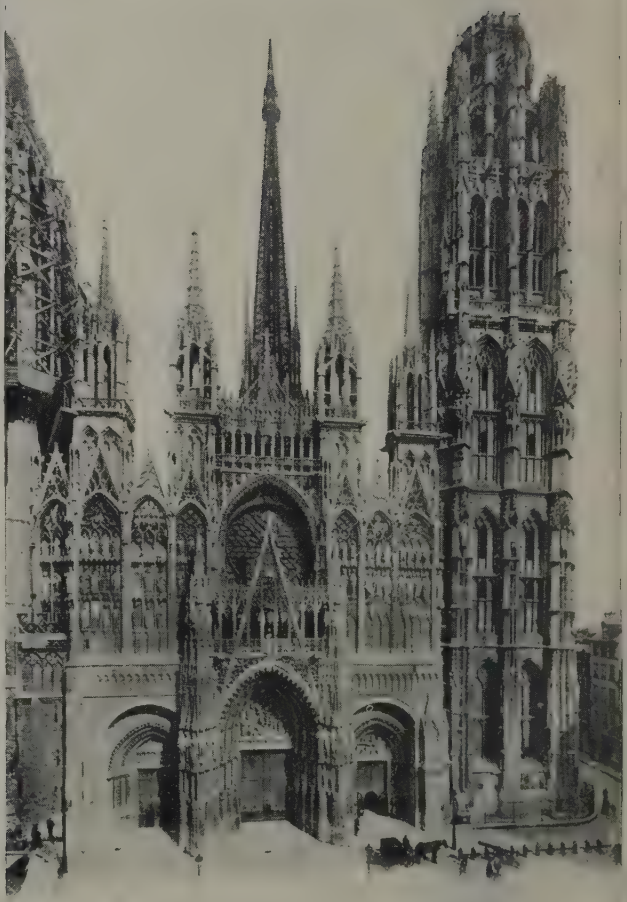
ALEXANDER III BRIDGE.

From the Place de la Concorde. The first stone was laid by the Russian Czar Nicholas II in 1896, and it is considered the finest bridge in Paris.

Photo: E. N. A.

BORDEAUX.

Ancient gateway, flanked by two round towers, formerly the entrance to the palace of the Dukes of Aquitaine, which became the seat of the Parliament of Bordeaux. It was to Bordeaux that the French Government fled at the approach of the Germans in 1914.



ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

It is not symmetrical in design, but impresses by its wealth of florid decoration. The tower on the right, known as the Butter Tower, was built with the money paid for indulgences to eat butter during Lent.

Friday, for which the Germans had begged a special truce, we come to the Rue des Barres. But we look in vain for the Hotel de Charny, where Robespierre was dragged before the Committee of Public Safety with his jaw bound up after an attempt at suicide. Here we can picture the monster being hurried off to make acquaintance with the "National Razor" which he had served out to the flower of France. But if we go to the Place de la Bastille we find nothing whatever to recall the great drama enacted there on the 14th of July, 1789, nothing but the tall bronze Column of July, which suggests a paraphrase of Pope's lines:

> "London's column, pointing to the skies,
> Like some tall bully lifts its head and lies."

It is crowned by a statue of the Genius of Liberty and inscribed in letters of gold with the names of 615 citizens, who assisted in the work of destruction. We must bring our memories with us, memories of the Governor's gallant defence supported only by 120 old men, of the prisoners as they issued blinking into the sunlight from their living tomb, of the wild scenes as the grand old castle blazed and mad mobs waved their torches and drank and danced and sang. Can we not see the boards affixed to the building with the notice, *"Ici on danse"* (Dancing here)? "No," you will probably say, "I can see nothing at all." The destruction has been more complete here than at Carthage.

Palaces

Paris is justly proud of her Opera House and the Galleries of the Louvre. The Opera is a State Institution and is housed in one of the most conspicuous buildings in the centre of the tourists' quarter, covering three acres though only seating 2,000 people. It was built by an unknown architect and opinions are divided on its merits. Many deem it garish or at least too ornate, but time and weather have mellowed the crudeness, and no one can refuse to admire the amazing marble staircase or the sumptuous foyer, where *Tout Paris* and half Europe congregate. One of the boxes belongs to the Jockey Club and still goes by

the name of *La Loge Infernale,* in memory of the pandemonium which used to be raised there by the young bloods of Louis Philippe's day. Now nobody pays special attention to the statuary on the façade, but one group, devoted to the dance, originally aroused an outcry on moral grounds, and some Puritan threw an inkpot at it, though the French are not usually regarded as a prudish people.

The Louvre is an old fortress-palace that housed many famous Kings—a legend says that Charles IX sniped fleeing Huguenots from one of its windows. As an art gallery it is cramped and cannot compare with the British Museum, but the variety of its treasures is infinite. Here are the armless Venus of Milo, the Winged Victory, Leonardo da Vinci's Mona Lisa, the Gioconda, which was burgled and brought back, and specimens of all the most famous sculptors and painters in every age; Crown jewels, Roman baths, Egyptian antiquities and the best collection of Della Robbia ware to be found outside Tuscany. The Louvre would probably have been joined to the Tuileries close by if that palace had not been burnt to the ground by the *pétroleuses* of the Commune in 1871 as a protest against defeat by the Prussians. The Tuileries Gardens still remain, and so do the Luxembourg Gardens across the Seine—beautiful lungs of Paris.

The Palais Royal, with which Cardinal Richelieu sought to amaze the world, like Wolsey at Hampton Court, has had a chequered career, degenerating from the home of Kings and Queens to the great gambling centre of Europe in spacious times, and latterly to galleries of wretched shops and cheap eating-houses.

Spaciousness

To appreciate the spaciousness of Paris, stroll through the big boulevards, which stretch for two miles from the Bastile to the Madeleine, thoroughfares a hundred feet wide and often beautified by double rows of trees; proceed down the Rue Royale or through the Place Vendôme with its bronze column made of cannons taken by Buonaparte, and turn into the Place de la Concorde, a vast square adorned with an obelisk from Luxor and monster statues representing the chief towns of France; thence

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

The finest square in Europe. Where Louis XVI was guillotined. The column in the centre is the sister of Cleopatra's needle on the Thames Enbankment. Behind it is the Church of the Madeleine, and the heights above are gay Montmartre and the Church of the Sacré Cœur.

Photo: E. N. A.

PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

The largest in the world. It cost £2,000,000 to build, with its wonderful groups of statues, medallions of famous composers and marble facings. In the sumptuous foyer all Paris and half Europe congregate on gala nights.

× *Photo.*

THE OPERA STAIRCASE, PARIS.

This amazing staircase is of white marble with onyx balustrades and exquisite frescoes. It affords a suitable setting for the beauty and fashion congregated here on gala nights from every part of the world.

Photo: E. N. A.

"AUX MORTS."

This funeral monument, in the great cemetery of Père Lachaise, Paris, is probably the most poignant in the world. Sculptured by Bartolomé, it shows human beings of all ages approaching the door of death in attitudes which express the emotions of the dying.

into the Champs Elysées, an immense avenue nearly as broad as Trafalgar Square, undulating to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the arch of Buonaparte's triumphs, through which triumphant Germans marched after the Franco-Prussian War, and where the body of the Unknown Soldier has now been laid. Hence twelve avenues radiate, mostly named after famous generals and victories, and we proceed to the Bois de Boulogne, the Hyde Park of Paris, to the racecourses of Auteuil and Longchamps, where the Grand Prize of Paris is run, the only French race open to foreign horses, and to the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* (Paris Zoo) so depleted by the War that only about three cages are tenanted.

The district is one of big mansions and palace hotels, accessible only to the very rich and the staffs of International Commissions. Here all the beauty and fashion of the metropolis come to take the air in gorgeous equipages, to lunch out of doors by the Cascade in early summer or to drink milk at the Pré Catalan after an all-night carouse. In old days the fashionable quarter was the Faubourg St. Germain, which has now sunk to the level of Bloomsbury.

"Gay Paree"

The pleasure-makers of Paris are a class apart and cater almost exclusively for rich foreigners. Paris has been described as a Sphinx with a mask, but in reality she wears many masks, and the mask of gaiety, not to be confounded here with jollity, is only one among many. If you stroll in to one of the notorious night-haunts of Montmartre, you have the sensation of placing a penny in a slot and setting a crowd of figures to work. As you enter, you perceive men and women lounging and yawning in infinite boredom. Then, so soon as you are espied, they hasten to sing and dance and hover in hopes of being invited to drink high-priced sweet champagne. Many places depend on a pose of eccentricity, sometimes so hoary that it borders on the commonplace. Generations of tourists must have visited the Taverns of Heaven, Hell and Nothingness (*Néant*), luridly decorated to represent their parts. At the *Néant* you are expected to drink out of skulls, see yourself decomposed in a coffin by a play of mirrors, and listen to mock insults intended to pass for wit. You are

accused of killing your mother or living on the contents of blind men's trays, and the odd thing is that the French, who quickly take offence at jokes the English would consider harmless, receive this sort of humour in good part.

There is, however, plenty of real fun to be found in Paris if you know where to go, adapt yourself to the atmosphere and acquire a smattering of *Parigot,* the Paris slang, which differs considerably from polite French. Thus an employer or landlord is *le singe* (the monkey), a five-franc piece is a *thune,* to powder your nose is *sucrer ta gauffrette* (sugar your wafer), to gossip is *tenir le crachoir* (hold the spittoon). There are probably as many music halls in Paris as there are public-houses in London, and they range from great Halls of Varieties to little one-man shows, known as *Boites* (boxes). The utmost licence is universal in dealing not only with morals but also with politics and private persons. There are revues like vocal newspapers and evidently reflecting the public opinion of the hour. Statesmen are ridiculed with incredible ferocity, and when a big case is on a prisoner's guilt is assumed and couplets are sung which would mean imprisonment for contempt of court in our own country. Theatres are either very solemn, with classical dramas in blank verse, or else amazingly free. No doubt most of the lightest plays go over to London, but their authors would not recognise them in their English dress.

Restaurants can be very good, and there are certain dishes (such as *canard pressé*—crushed wild duck) not to be enjoyed in perfection elsewhere. The café life is also pre-eminently Parisian. A café comes to be regarded as a club, like the older London clubs, where members have prescriptive rights to certain chairs and recognise one another but never speak. They read their papers and write their letters there, and no one is impatient if they order only one glass and linger on for hours. When the fickle climate permits, all the broader streets are lined with merry people sitting at little tables on the pavement and sipping deleterious appetizers.

The Latin Quarter

The most obstinately gay Parisians are the students. Balzac's Bohemia has long passed away and strangers now rarely

Photo: Rischgitz Collection.

JOAN OF ARC'S BIRTHPLACE.

At Domrémy-la Pucelle, on the borders of Lorraine. Here it was that, at the age of thirteen, the Maid of Orleans heard mysterious voices, and in the garden is a group representing the French heroine led out of her home by the Genius of France.

Photo: Clive Holland.

THE CAVALRY OF PLOUGASTEL.

Consisting of over 200 figures. Brittany abounds in carved representations of the Crucifixion, often of very primitive designs, but thronged with worshippers at high festivals, which are described in the text.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

VERSAILLES.

One of the cottages in Marie Antoinette's Swiss hamlet, where she used to throw off the cares of State and frolic with her ladies in the woods, dressed as a china shepherdess.

× *Photo.*

THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.

The arch of Napoleon's short-lived triumphs, through which triumphant Germans marched after the Franco-Prussian war, and where the body of the unknown soldier has now been laid. Here twelve avenues radiate, mostly named after famous Generals and victories.

seek pleasure in the Latin Quarter, though there are still plenty of quaint haunts and scenes to be found in and about the famous Boulevard St. Michel, affectionately known as the *Boul' Mich'*. Life there may no longer be one protracted song, but it has not yet lost all its old irresponsible gaiety. Indeed, the life of Paris seems to cling to the Seine—smiling and dreaming beneath her twenty-seven bridges, nursing her two little islands which have been compared to anchored ships in a fairy-tale, she remains all heedless and aloof from her score of bustling ports. Walk along the quays and you feel that you are taken into the confidence of the city. At one place they sell only birds and little animals, at another wine, at another flowers, and here are the famous bookstalls, often spread out on the ramparts of the river, where Bohemians and bargain-hunters browse for hours.

But there is also a gloomy side to Paris. It strikes us the moment we enter any one of her great dark railway-stations. It chokes us in the streets, where the smart folk are lost in a motley crowd, including shoddy workmen with curled moustaches, bill-collectors dressed like field-marshals, ragged rag-pickers flaunting almost incredible poverty. And then the turmoil of those streets, even the daintiest of them all, the meanness of the little taxis, scarcely big enough to hold one fat Frenchman—how they tear and hoot and race round corners on one wheel!—the lumbering 'buses which suddenly charge lamp-posts and kill poor folk huddled on the kerbs and refuges. People have been fined in Paris for the misdemeanour of being run over by these juggernauts, and pedestrians walk abroad at their peril, though the police, fussy fellows waving sugar-sticks in the thick of the traffic, have improved and found confidence after strenuous lessons from London.

§ 1

Versailles

The pleasantest way to visit Versailles is by car, through the lovely forest of St. Cloud, whose trees often meet above the road. The little suburban town has nothing to attract and we rejoice to leave it for the calm majesty of the old Palace. But we shall be wise to choose our day, for on Saturdays and Sundays this paradise becomes a pandemonium of unruly children. It is only

in their absence that we can seize the spirit of the wondrous scene and feast our eyes upon one of the most beautiful views in the world.

The Palace was created out of a hunting-box by Louis XIV, and his successor added two huge wings. Everything is on a gigantic scale and the garden front is nearly 600 yards in length. The cost must have been fabulous even in a time of fabulous expenditure, save for the fact that in those days there were no trades unions, and kings did not deem it necessary to overpay their workmen. Voltaire has said that living there the later Kings of France were "condemned to magnificence." It was here that the fêtes were held which were prodigies of luxury and wasteful expenditure; it was here that was held the meeting of the States-General under Louis XVI which preluded the Revolution. Here a Paris mob forced the King to return to the capital.

Here, too, in the Grand Hall of Mirrors, the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor in 1871, and here again, in June, 1919, by an irony of fate, was assigned the Peace which set the seal on the death-warrant of Imperial Germany. Adjoining this hall was Marie Antoinette's favourite sitting-room, which, oddly enough, bore the name of the *Salon de la Paix* (The Saloon of Peace). It was from the Little Trianon that Marie Antoinette used to step out, dressed like a china shepherdess, and frolic with her ladies in the woods. In the days of the old hunting-box, all the grounds had been wild forest, known as the *Parc aux Cerfs* (Deer Park), with peasants' cottages hidden among the trees, and out of it arose the famous gardens and those pretty châlets, the Great and Little Trianons, which provoked scandal in the breasts of Louis XV's censorious subjects.

The Gardens are the most beautiful part of Versailles, if not of France, and those of Imperial Schönbrunn were modelled on them by Austria's Sovereigns. The well-trimmed trees, the rolling lawns, the fairy fountains, and the great canal carry us straight into dreamland as we stand on the broad steps and survey the wondrous scene amid the all-pervading incense of box-trees which fills the air.

About the same distance from Paris is another Royal castle, that of St. Germain, where peace was dictated to the Austrians

: James.

CATHEDRAL OF TOURS.

scribed by Henry IV as a jewel that lacked only a casket. The front is a ious example of the Flamboyant style, and the towers end in truncated nids surmounted by domes.

× *Photo.*

COLUMN OF JULY, PARIS.

This statue was erected to commemorate the taking of the Bastille prison by the mob in 1789. It is surmounted by a statue of Liberty, holding out the torch of progress and the broken chains of slavery.

× *Photo.*

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

This marvellous tomb at the Invalides is one of the finest sights of Paris. It is of red, highly polished granite, surrounded by twelve colossal figures of Victory and flags captured at Austerlitz. According to Napoleon's wishes, his remains were brought to Paris in 1840 and buried here amid indescribable enthusiasm of the people.

after the Great War. It is a noble, sombre building, erected by Francis I, but chiefly remembered as the place of James II's exile after the English Revolution. Here Louis XIV used to visit him in great state, and in the church hard by we may see his monument with the epitaph *"Magnus in prosperis, in adversis major"* (Great in prosperity; greater in adversity). Almost adjoining the castle, at the edge of a forest, is the immense terrace with so glorious a view that legends place it as the scene of Christ's temptation by the Devil. Here, it is said, the Grand Monarch used to stand and gaze upon the dome of St. Denis, to the north of Paris, the burial-place of the Kings of France.

Fontainebleau

At a greater distance from Paris (thirty-eight miles) than Versailles but still definitely within the radius of the city's life is the Forest of Fontainebleau with its famous palace.

The forest recalls the New Forest in Hampshire but it is not so wild, and although there are deer in Fontainebleau there are no droves of forest ponies. The forest is great in extent and has room for a school of artillery without more inconvenience to wayfarers than being on rare occasions held up for a moment on a road. It was in this forest that the Barbizon village school of painters sought their inspiration and looked up to Corot and Millet as their masters.

The Palace of Fontainebleau dwarfs the little town and spreads its big wings of galleried rooms over many acres. It was built by Francis I, under the influence of the Italian Renascence and by Italian architects; it was a favourite residence of Napoleon, who kept Pope Pius VII a prisoner here and forced him to sign the Concordat, and it was here Napoleon himself abdicated in 1814, before going to Elba. We are shown Josephine's bed-chamber, but not allowed to enter, and it is kept as though inhabited yesterday. Then there is Mme. de Maintenon's bed, so high that she needed a stool to climb in. The ceilings are wonderful; there is a splendid avenue of beech trees, and behind the beautiful gardens a large and lilied pond with giant carp hundreds of years old and tame enough to swim up for crumbs. If fish have memories they can recall the royal magnificence of Louis XIV, the horrors of Revolution, the dictatorship of Napo-

leon, and more recently a scarcity of crumbs during the Great War.

§ 2

Paris means more than furniture, dress luxury, and *le hig-lif* (high-life), which the French rhyme with fig-leaf. It is the true seat of the governance of France intellectual, political and economic. The men who mould French thought are here; the men who rule France politically are here, and here, too, are the great groupings of financial interests which direct industry not only in the country itself but in its great Colonial Empire.

The Académie Française

And here, too, are the centres of those institutions which bulk so much more largely in French than in English life. The Académie Française with its "immortals" is perhaps the best known; it is limited to a membership of forty; it is an institution which Frenchmen and others mock at, but to whose functions they are anxious to be invited. When M. Poincaré wrote a book, he described himself first as "of the French Academy," then, almost as an afterthought, "President of the Republic." Housed in a great domed building by the river, it has been described as the home not of intellect, but of tradition and of distinction.

The University is one of the greatest in the world, with a roll of 14,000 students, and many famous professors. Apart from Paris there are fourteen other universities in France.

The system of education which leads up to the universities is more intellectually trying than that in England, and is in some ways very severe. There is a great mixing of classes in French schools. and the separation is not so marked as in England. Class differences, in fact, do not exist in the same way, the French do not conceive of the reverence for rank existing seriously as in England. If you call yourself a count and are well off, people will call you Monsieur le Comte. But titles have little significance. And the older aristocracy, those who have names which illustrate French history, do not encourage upstarts. The "old *noblesse*" are a little and diminishing group by themselves. What the English call "good family" means in France the professional, managing, active people who belong to the bureaucracy.

§ 3

THE GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE

The Government of France

Paris is the seat of Government. France is a Republic, having at its head a President who holds office for seven years and is eligible for re-election. The legislative bodies are the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate; it is these two bodies acting together who elect the President. It is said that the President reigns, or presides—like a Constitutional Monarch he does not govern; any proclamation he issues must be countersigned by a Minister in order to be valid, and war cannot be declared without the consent of both Chambers. Within the last few years, however, there has been a tendency for the President to intervene more actively in political affairs.

The Chamber of Deputies is elected for four years by universal manhood suffrage, one member for each district into which the Departments are divided. The second ballot is used if an absolute majority is not obtained. All male residents of twenty-one years or over with six months' residential qualification can vote, but a candidate must be twenty-five.

The Senate consists of three hundred members, seventy-five of whom are appointed for life by the National Assembly—the Senate and Chamber of Deputies sitting as an united Assembly —in the first place, and then by the Senate itself. The remainder are elected for nine years by an electoral college which is itself elected by the ordinary voters in the Departments. A Senator must be at least forty years old. The Constitution intended that the Senate should combine the best of experience and maturity.

The Senate has revisionary power over bills passed by the Chamber of Deputies. Without the Senate's approval a bill cannot become law.

There are fewer Ministers than in England, and they need not all be members either of the Chamber of Deputies or of the Senate, but in any case have the right to appear and speak in either Assembly.

The Party System as it is known in England does not exist in France, it is replaced by division into a number of groups which, when allied, keep a government in power, but when at vari-

ance bring governments to defeat. This means in practice that Ministers frequently change, often holding office less than a year, with the corollary that the permanent Civil Service is far more powerful than in Great Britain.

But the Council of State (*le Conseil d' État*) is the centre of the whole administrative system of France. It is under the presidency of the Minister of Justice and consists of (1) the Ministers, (2) thirty-two paid Councillors, and (3) nineteen unpaid Councillors and other subordinate members. The Council advises on legislation and administration and its advice must be asked to render certain decrees and regulations legal; finally it acts judicially as the supreme administrative Court.

Local Government

The power of the central government is greater in France than in Great Britain. The unit of French local government is the Commune, a term applied to towns or villages indifferently and irrespective of their population. Paris is a Commune just like a village of 500 people. The number of Communes in France is over 36,000, of which half have populations of 500 or less and only 1,000 of whom have populations over 3,000. The vast majority of Communes therefore correspond to Parish Councils, but in the larger towns they correspond to urban districts or boroughs. At the head of each Commune is a mayor, elected by the municipal council, and he and his assistants (if any) carry out all the executive and administrative work; the Council merely deliberates and does not have Committees for special purposes as in England.

At one time the Mayors used to wear a handsome costume: blue coat, silver embroidery, an olive branch on the collar, a white waistcoat, a hat with black plumes, and a sword with mother-of-pearl hilt. To-day they are content upon solemn occasions to bind themselves with the tricoloured scarf, which is the emblem of their authority.

The power of the Communes is limited only by their financial resources. They may, for instance, provide hospitals or municipalise industry. Their funds are raised largely by the Octroi, a local Custom-house, which taxes food coming into the Commune from the country.

Photo: E. N. A.

× Photo.

FAMOUS DEVILS AND SYMBOLISED BEASTS.

Which leer and gibber from the roof of Notre Dame de Paris. To appreciate these extraordinary grotesques an arduous climb is required up countless steps, for they appear mere specks when viewed from the ground below.

Photo: E. N. A.

GIRLS OF ALSACE.

Alsatians are a race apart, never having been really absorbed by their French or German masters, and the type retains a mixture of German stolidity and French vivacity. Note the merry faces and the heavy ankles of the girls. The chief feature of their costume is the big bow of black silk, like some huge insect, on their heads. Religious differences may be recognised at once by their short skirts, green in the case of Protestants, red for Catholics.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son, Brussels.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son, Brussels.

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES AND FAIRY FOUNTAINS.

A favourite haunt of Parisians on holiday.

Above the Communes comes the suzerainty of the Departments, of which there are eighty-three carved out of the old provinces which the Revolution abolished as relics of feudalism. At the head of each Department is a Prefect, appointed on political grounds by the central government and working autocratically with a sort of County Council really controlling local affairs, so that the central government keeps a tight hand on the affairs of even the smallest village.

The Prefect, as M. Poincaré says, is a national figure in the midst of local life. To increase the prestige of the Prefects, the Consulate gave them a semi-military, semi-civil uniform; blue coat, waistcoat, white breeches or pantaloons, the collar, pockets, and revers of the coat embroidered in silver, a red scarf with silver fringe, and a three-cornered hat embroidered in silver, and a sword. These high officials held in their hands the entire departmental administration: conscription, taxation, agriculture, commerce, public works, education, and charity.

State Control

Church and State are separate in France. No sect is recognised as a State religion. Education is nominally free and compulsory, though the number of illiterates remains very great. Military service is obligatory. A Frenchman need spend only two years in actual training, but from the age of twenty to forty-five every man remains at the disposal of the military authorities.

The State has a monopoly of certain industrial enterprises. It makes and sells tobacco, matches and playing cards, for example, and no one else is allowed to do so.

Politics are followed with passionate interest in Paris, but in the provinces there is often very little interest indeed, politics being regarded as a career chiefly concerning the politician himself. Chamber and Senate, therefore, reflect public opinion less than in Great Britain.

§ 4

The Legal System

The law in France differs from that in England, being based on Roman-Dutch Law and the Code Napoléon, and affording a striking reflection of national characteristics. The well-known

"confrontation of witnesses," which gives rise on occasion to very dramatic incidents and is a favourite subject with writers of fiction, does not take place in what we should call a court at all, but at a preliminary examination, where the facts of the case are studied, with a view to the presentation of a report on the facts, as at a Military Court of Enquiry.

A man or woman taken "in the act" can be arrested in France, as in England, by the nearest policeman (the *gendarme*), but he is not warned "that anything you say may be taken down and used as evidence" as in England; the accused is in fact taken before a *Juge d'Instruction,* who sits alone with his secretary and tries by every sort of artifice and verbal pressure to extract as complete a story as possible. It is at this step, especially in case of conflict of evidence between accuser and accused or witnesses, that the "confrontation" takes place. It is the business of the *Juge d' Instruction* to form an opinion as to the value of the evidence, conflicting or otherwise, and he may decide that there is "no case," in which event the matter goes no further, or he may send a document, including results of examination, to the *Chambre des Mises en Accusation.*

Procedure in the Courts differs from that in England, in the fact that the prosecution is conducted by an official of the Court, the Public Prosecutor, who has no private cases and occupies the lowest rung of the hierarchy of judges. No judge in France can be removed or transferred from his office without his consent, except for very grave offences, and the magistrature is thus protected against political pressure. It is curious, however, to the British mind, that the judge's summing up has been abolished for the last twenty years, as it was considered to lead to a display of bias. In civil cases there are no juries, but juries of twelve men sit in criminal cases and their judgments of the unwritten law in cases of "crimes of passion" occasionally make very surprising law.

§ 5

LA BELLE FRANCE

To resume our exploration of provincial France. Through Fontainebleau towards Orleans we are in a country of great woods; for mile on mile we travel gently up and gently down

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son, Brussels.

THE HALL OF MIRRORS, AT VERSAILLES.

Here the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor in 1871, and here, in June, 1919, was signed the Peace which sealed the death-warrant of Imperial Germany.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE TROCADERO.

The Albert Hall of Paris, a concert hall seating 6,000 and containing a fine organ. The cascade in front falls through eight basins into a large reservoir flanked by bronze animals.

OYSTER WOMAN.

These fisherwomen have a quaint appearance with their red trousers and slabs of wood in the place of shoes.

Photo: E. N. A.

OYSTER FISHERS AT ARCACHON.

The illustration shows where the finest and fattest oysters in France are produced. The oyster-parks are in a wide lagoon nearly fifty miles in circumference and two-thirds dry at low water.

over an undulating country where forest stretches into the distance on both sides.

Orleans

Orleans clings with desperate pertinacity to the memory of Joan of Arc, almost as though nothing else had happened there before or since she raised the long siege of the British in 1429. Her saintly character is discounted by an equestrian statue, which depicts her trampling on a mortally wounded Englishman, and other statues of the Maid of Orleans flaunt themselves almost at every corner, in every public building. There is a street bearing her name, a church of Our Lady of the Deliverance erected to her memory, a Joan of Arc Museum in a "Maison Jeanne d'Arc" full of her medals and relics, and a high festival is held every year in the month of May in her honour.

On from Orleans to the Loire stretches a stately park-like land; the dreamy river runs in a great broad bed between banks of sedgy pebbles and wide flat shallows; close by are the gentle hills on which the vines of Saumur and Vouvray are climbing indefatigably for miles and miles. Far away are woods, crags, castles, hints of chalk-white houses in the trees, clusters of distant villages—a smiling land where Rabelais roamed and laughed. Then, as the river narrows, we come to gracious towns with high slate-roofed buildings, towers, castellated windows, brooding over their tranquil reflection by some delicately arching bridge. To travel here at night by motor, with our lamps illuminating a kind of forest-tunnel in front, the leaves changing in colour and shimmering in the light, is like drifting into a dream.

The Châteaux of the Loire

To pass from Orleans to Tours, following the river, is to traverse a fairyland of castles set in a country of smiling vineyards and steeped in the magnificence of history as a water-lily in a dark pond is steeped in water. The Valois Princes were indeed wonderful artists in choosing all the most beautiful spots for their royal residences. Instead of the huge dark fortresses of the Middle Ages, they craved for light and air and beauty, delicate frames for a life of daintiness, all the joys which came from Italy with the Renascence.

At Blois, where Louis XIII sent his mother to gilded exile, the chief street runs between two hills topped by the castle and the cathedral, most of the other streets being steep flights of steps. The castle has a prodigious open staircase, which was the scene of most of the dramatic events of a long, tangled history, and rising above it in the air is a crown-shaped loggia surrounded by strange, peering gargoyles.

The Castle of Chambord is within easy reach, a glittering jewel in a cloak of mourning, a village in itself with tall chimneys and crenelated towers and pinnacles, that might have been built by the Djinn for some Sultan of the "Arabian Nights."

Hence we branch aside to Bourges, once an independent State, then for a short while capital of what remained of French France until Joan of Arc relieved Orleans. Adjoining the wondrous carved cathedral is the curious Butter Tower, which, like another of the same name at Rouen, was built with money paid for indulgences to eat butter in Lent.

Tours, capital of Touraine, was British until 1242, and supplied the appanage of Mary Queen of Scots until the day of her death. Henri IV described the cathedral as a jewel that lacked only a casket. Next comes Langeais, a characteristic castle of the Loire, with a village huddled round it within bowshot for protection. There are no passages, so that we must pass from room to room, and all the staircases are like corkscrews, but there is a wealth of splendid tapestries, Flemish cabinets, Spanish leatherwork, French furniture, vast chimneys and rich tiles.

Much of the Castle of Angers has been destroyed, many of the seventeen towers have been razed, but it still remains one of the most imposing feudal strongholds in existence, a five-cornered building standing out boldly on a rock. The city was mauled and modernised in the nineteenth century and is now chiefly interested in the slate-trade, but once upon a time it was the capital of Anjou, a drowsy province which became English under the Plantagenets. There is a Rue Plantagenet at Angers to this day. In the Museum we find an old urn with masks of Bacchus, said to be one of the original waterpots from Cana of Galilee.

Proceeding down the Loire we come to Serrant, one of the finest of the châteaux with its monumental staircase and two

huge round towers. It belonged to the Walshes of Serrant, whose ancestor James Walsh brought King James II over in his ship after the English revolution.

Champtocé, the next castle, is celebrated for the crimes of Gilles de Retz, the original Bluebeard, and finally we reach the mouth of the Loire at Nantes, a flourishing modern town, whose absence of main thoroughfares has made it a labyrinth of little streets and bridges. The river here branches into six arms, on one of which stands the castle, surrounded inland by a deep moat. It was here that the Terrorists sent Carrier, who found he could not kill royalists fast enough with axe and rope and gun, so he instituted the famous *noyades* (drownings) of Nantes, scuttling barges full of them in the harbour.

Bordeaux

Harking back to Tours, we pass through Poitiers, a sleepy place full of religious communities; Ruffac, famous for truffled pies; Angoulême, another city on a hill between two rivers; then we enter a smiling land of little hills, vineyards and open plains, and soon reach Bordeaux, sixty miles up the Garonne, the capital of claret with the largest wine-trade in the world.

The river here is nearly half a mile wide, and deep enough for big sea-going ships to moor at its quays, which are piled high with barrels. Wine in fact is everywhere, its scent is in the air, sometimes the gutters of the streets run red, the very river seems to wear the purple livery of Bacchus.

In its general aspect the town begins to take on something of the warmth of the South, it has large open spaces and great squares, the Place des Quinconces, the Place de la Comédie. The old houses on the quays show a whole series of masks of faces carved in stone. The *Châpeau Fin* is a restaurant not excelled even in Paris, and here many famous people were entertained when the French Government fled from Paris to Bordeaux in the early part of 1914.

The country near Bordeaux is holy ground for lovers of great wines. The famous *châteaux*—modest manor-houses, as a rule—are here, Margaux, Latour and Lafite on the river between Bordeaux and the sea; Yquem at the other end of the vine-bearing region, some forty miles away.

§ 6

The Landes

Beyond Bordeaux we are within hail of the Bay of Biscay, whose furies have been much exaggerated by queasy mariners, but where from time to time we may revel in the grandest storms and breakers mountains high. Arcachon is a French Bournemouth, with pretty villas scattered among dunes and pines, nursery of the finest and fattest oysters in the world. Here is the entrance to the Landes, that huge pine forest which stretches almost to the Pyrenees. It was planted partly to protect the land against the encroachments of the sea and partly to settle the shifting sands. But it has provided a profitable harvest of gums and timber as well as rich tracts of pasturage. It is a district almost as remote and peculiar as Brittany, cut off from the modern world and inhabited by strange gnome-like men and trousered women who lead a solitary forest life far away from modern civilisation. Owing to the bogs and quicksands, they move about on high stilts, balancing themselves with poles, and are so much at home on these strange legs that they do not dismount when hacking trees or knitting, or even when caught in the arms of sleep. Those who do not tend sheep and cattle devote themselves to collecting resin from the trees. The first act is to scar all the trees perpendicularly and affix a sort of flower-pot below. Then at intervals each pot must be emptied and the precious gum be carried off in old-fashioned barrels on donkey-back to be refined at the factories. For tired workers in towns there can be no more life-giving holiday than a few weeks in the atmosphere of these perfumed pines and the Atlantic's ozone, basking on endless stretches of soft silver sand.

The Landes end at Bayonne, whose amazing old citadel and relays of fortress-walls have withstood every siege, including that of the Duke of Wellington in 1814, as the cemetery of the 2nd Life Guards remains to testify. There is a huge bridge over the Adour, here broader than the Thames; the Cathedral, built by the English during their long occupation, has lovely cloisters and a marble pavement which imitates a Turkey carpet. Most of the great Jewish capitalists in France came from Bayonne, and in the old Ghetto of St. Esprit, across the river, we may still find

A. Robidan.

CARCASSONNE.

A mediæval, dreamland city, one of the strangest places in Europe, surrounded by fifty towers. It is a city within a city. Built by the Visigoths in the fifth century, it contains a dungeon where beleaguered garrisons could hold out for months even after the rest of Carcassonne had yielded to the foe.

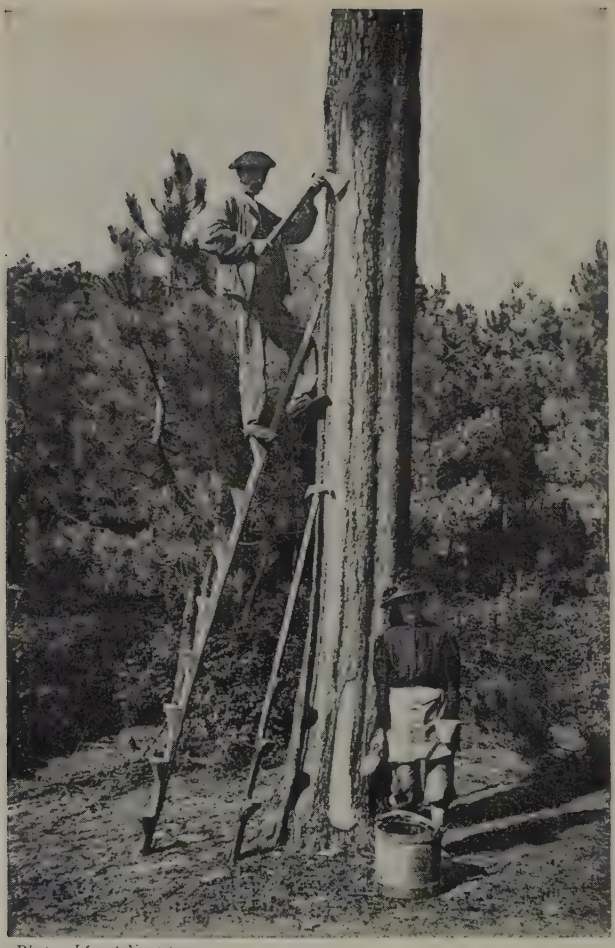


Photo: Lévyet Neurdein.

RESIN-WORKERS IN THE LANDES.

Between Bordeaux and Spain, an old-world race lives in a vast forest, extracting resin from the pines. The plan is to gash the trees in long strips and fix earthenware pots at the base to collect the gum, which is fetched by donkeys with barrels and taken off to be refined.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

CHÂTEAU D'IF.

The Château is a State prison on an island two miles outside Marseilles built by Francis I in 1524. The dungeons are shown, some hollowed out of the rock. The place owes most of its celebrity, however, to Dumas' novel, "Monte Cristo." Among the famous prisoners were the Man with the Iron Mask; Philippe Égalité; de Niozelles who was sentenced to six years for wearing his hat in the presence of Louis XIV; and Mirabeau, who was shut up by his father.

the ancient Spanish and Portuguese names of descendants of such Jews as escaped the Inquisition.

Biarritz and the Basques

Biarritz rose from a rocky little Gascon village to a primitive watering-place when northern Spain was closed by the first Carlist war, and became popular when the Empress Eugénie made it her summer residence. Now it is a French Brighton and more, with great casinos and palace hotels, bathers innumerable, vividly painted shops, promenades edged by sad, stunted old tamarisks, and ever crowded switchback streets where the blue mob-caps of Basque peasants mingle with the millinery of Parisian dames.

The Basques overflow on both sides from their ancient strongholds of the Pyrenees, rather fishes out of water under French republican rule, but enjoying special privileges in Spain. There is something mysterious about their origin. Like the gipsies, they are very reticent, and little is known about them except that they came from the Orient in times beyond the memory of modern man. Their language offers little or no kinship with any other group, unless it be that of South-western Caucasus. They are law-abiding people, with mystic faces, long thin lips, gleaming dark eyes, and someone has compared them to masks carved out of boxwood, half cordial, half ironical.

The Pyrenees

Biarritz and neighbourhood are spring-boards for excursions into the wild recesses of the Pyrenees, where we may take our choice of arduous peaks to climb, all sorts of healing waters, motor roads like billiard-tables and perilous foot-paths above abysses, ruins of castles, beautiful bridges, every extravagance of Nature's charms.

From Bayonne you may go by very slow train to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, a fantastic little town perched on a hill, where every house in the tortuous street leading up to the castle has a date affixed, some as far back as 1500. This is a great centre for English fishermen, who may be seen wading in the river beside the market-place, and it is visited by pilgrims on their way to

Roncesvalles, where Charlemagne's knights were trapped and butchered by the Basques in 778, as that famous epic, the *Chanson de Roland*, tells.

Pau is the old capital of the Béarn, where men talk a provençal dialect of their own, an inland watering-place, almost as fashionable as Biarritz or Nice, but much quieter and pleasanter, and a centre of sport, where an English master long hunted a pack of fox-hounds.

As a contrast to the Calvinism of Béarn we come to Lourdes, which an apparition of the Blessed Virgin made famous throughout the world, so that some 600,000 pilgrims now flock thither every year in hopes of miraculous cures. Then south of Lourdes is the Cirque de Gavarnie, a great natural amphitheatre with imposing glaciers and mighty waterfalls.

Carcassonne is like a mediæval city in a dream. Walled, battlemented, castellated, it seems about to be invaded by knights in armour. There is an antique open-air theatre where the world's great modern plays are performed in the gentle and balmy air. The Cité, or old town, perched on a hill, is certainly the strangest place in Southern France, surrounded by walled fortifications with fifty round towers, erected by the Visigoths in the fifth century. It has an old dungeon, a city within the city, where beleaguered garrisons could hold out for months, even after the rest of Carcassonne had yielded to the foe.

After Carcassonne, the vine rules more tyrannically than elsewhere in the world, expelling olive, fruit trees, vegetables, every conceivable rival of its sway, overwhelming the very life of the people, filling the air with the hammering and singing of coopers, turning the landscape into one vast carpet of royal purple.

This prodigious vineyard is followed by the amazing garden which constitutes the province of Roussillon, miles and miles of apricots, peaches, all the prime vegetables growing almost untended amid a network of irrigation in the prolific sunshine. Then, passing Narbonne's land of honey, we turn south to Perpignan and find first an inhospitable coast of quags and sands, then a little Riviera with pomegranates, aloes, oranges and lemons, sardine-fisheries, and perfumed wine.

N. D. Photo.

NÎMES AMPHITHEATRE.

One of the most beautiful and best preserved in France, though not the largest. The huge stones are built without mortar, as in all big Roman buildings. There were 120 arches and four gateways, and thirty-five rows of seats in four tiers for nobles, knights, commoners, and slaves. Altogether 24,000 could be seated. Gladiatorial games and combats between wild beasts and early Christians have now been succeeded by Spanish bull-fights in defiance of the French law. Note the holes all round the top for affixing a huge awning all over the arena in Roman times.

Photo: E. N. A.

PONT DU GARD.

The most imposing construction which remains from Roman times. It is part of a huge aqueduct built then to bring water to Nîmes from springs twenty-five miles away. This bridge across the river Gard is 880 feet long and 160 feet high, in three tiers of arches with a channel at the top. A flight of steps within one of the arches leads to the top, and it is possible to walk right across and realise the thoroughness of Roman workmanship.

Photo: E. N. A.

ROMAN BATHS AT NÎMES.

These baths were exclusively for ladies, and a *velarium* or awning was stretched all over them. They are still in excellent condition and testify to the exquisiteness of Roman taste. All they have suffered from is being adapted to other uses.

Photo: Photochrom.

LOURDES.

The miraculous grotto containing the healing springs which attract 400,000 cripples every year from all parts of the world. Above the entrance is a white statue of Our Lady as she appeared to the girl Bernadette, whose visions founded the fame of Lourdes. On the left are hung the countless crutches discarded here by persons cured of their diseases.

§ 7

If, instead of journeying to Biarritz or the Pyrenees our destination were the French Riviera, we should follow the track of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway.

Beginning with Burgundy, the pergolas of a hop-land lead us to those immortal vineyards of Chambertin, Clos-Vougeot, Corton, Beaune, which warranted Burgundian Dukes in proclaiming themselves "Sovereigns of the best wines in Christendom." And here we may note the effect of wine-growing on the character, for here are the healthiest, merriest people in France, full of hospitality and imagination. Theirs is a stronghold of art, as we may see at Tonnerre, Dijon, especially at Vézelay, whose Cathedral is considered by many to rank with Chartres as the most perfect in the world.

Lyons, which supplies half the world with silk, is a clean, wind-swept city, often misty, sometimes cold and sombre, but always full of activity. The Cathedral, with a colossal gilt Virgin on the dome, dominates the town, and on clear days, commands a vast panorama extending to the Alps.

Hence the Rhone takes us due South to the Mediterranean, passing through Vienne with a pyramid commonly called Pilate's tomb; Montélimar, famous for nougat, a cloying confection of almonds and honey; Orange, a principality that remained subject to the Dutch from 1531 to the death of William of Orange in 1702—to windy Avignon—*Avenio ventosa*—for sixty-eight years the home of exiled Popes. Their palace remains, a formidable fortress built for defence rather than for pomp or pleasure; and the famous bridge immortalised in song as the scene of merry dances.

Provence

Now we are in Provence, an exotic part of France, for a long time a separate kingdom, then attached to the Germanic Holy Roman Empire, which has been described as neither holy nor Roman nor an empire. The manners, costumes, the very language are foreign to a Frenchman.

We are in the land of Mistral—the name of a cruel wind as well as of a kindly poet—a Southern land, where the citron trees

begin to bloom, a land of sunshine and bright colours, vivacity and noise. From Orange to Avignon is one huge garden like the Roussillon; then beside the river come acres of reeds, where basket-makers dwell, a folk apart, in poor huts far away from the world, with no sound heard save that of the Rhone grimly masticating gravel.

Leaving Tarascon, type of stagnation and laughing-stock of modern Frenchmen, pilloried by Daudet in his novel " Tartarin," we are in the centre of " the glory that was Rome," a veritable store-house of majestic monuments, crumbling reluctantly beneath the blight of modern needs.

Wonderful Arles and Nîmes

The decay is illustrated at Arles, once a queen of commerce, where few boats now visit the ancient quays. But the stately maid of Arles, the *Arlésienne,* who gave her name to an opera, enjoys world-wide renown, and here are an amazing amphitheatre dating back almost to Christ's time, a forum and so many antiquities that Arles is known as "the Gallic Rome." The amphitheatre has two imposing storeys of sixty arches, five corridors and forty-three tiers of seats. In the eighth century it was converted into a stronghold, of which three towers remain; later on it was turned into dwellings for poor families; now it is used for bull-fights and wrestling matches. Bull-fighting, by the way, is forbidden by French law, but the penalty is a trifling fine, which the organisers cheerfully pay in view of huge profits. The Roman theatre has been sadly neglected, but all sorts of precious remains are constantly being unearthed; among them the Venus of Arles, now in the Paris Louvre. In the centre of the town is the mysterious Aliscamps or Champs Elysées, the old cemetery of Romans and mediæval Christians. At one time it was so celebrated for the holiness of its earth that corpses were brought there for burial from great distances. Then it fell out of fashion and the best tombs were removed, some to museums, others to line a strange avenue of lofty plane trees known as the Alley of Tombs. That is typical of the decadence of Arles. Even her dead are forgotten. But her wondrous beauty is immortal. Wander where we will in the labyrinths of her calm and narrow streets, dream under the arches of the marvellous cloisters of St. Trophymus, climb the

steps of the arena and the Roman theatre, go down to the Aliscamps to see the setting sun tinging the trees and tombs with purple, or stroll about after working hours and watch the groups of women, young and old, in their discreet and charming costumes: everywhere we receive the same impression of nobility and natural grace and dreamy sadness.

Still more wonderful, however, is Nîmes, twenty miles away on a branch line, an amazing museum and treasury of the past, containing more ancient monuments than any town in France. The amphitheatre is a little smaller than those of Rome, Verona, and even Arles, but better preserved and capable of seating 24,000 people. Here also is the Maison Carrée, famous throughout the world as one of the finest of Roman temples. It has huge Corinthian columns, rather like the Paris Madeleine, and is now used as a museum after having served as a church, a town hall, and a stable.

A short train journey north of Nîmes is the Pont du Gard, perhaps the most imposing of all the monuments which the Romans have left behind them in the world. It is only part of a vast aqueduct, more than twenty-five miles long, which was built by Agrippa over nineteen hundred years ago to bring water to the Roman encampment at Nîmes. The bridge is nearly 900 feet long and 160 feet high, composed of three tiers of arches of different widths. The stones used are of enormous size and cling together without any cement. There is a flight of steps within one of the arches enabling us to climb to the summit and realise something of the magnificence of Roman workmanship, and the way in which Roman buildings were constructed to endure for ever.

§ 8

Marseilles

The delta of the Rhone is known as the Camargue, a flat country with silver poplars and willows and reed-huts for man and beast, fertile in parts and partly a wind-swept desert, where the mirage may sometimes be seen. Aix, the old capital of Provence, not to be confused with Aix-les-Bains, remains an oasis of olden times, with old stage-coaches and drowsy people loafing among their flowers. Then comes a sudden plunge on this varied

journey to Marseilles, the laughing, jolly city of the South, a Greek settlement in old days and long the gateway of the East. It is the second city of France with a population of over half a million, a meeting place for all the nations of the world, a kind of western Alexandria. And the spirit of Marseilles is no hidden recluse. It can be captured at once by walking down the broad Cannebière, an avenue of plane trees, which cuts straight through the town to the docks. Here is a spirit of crowded, animated, exuberant existence; proud, too, for the natives boast that "if Paris had a Cannebière she would be a little Marseilles." And doubtless they will insist on our tasting their *bouillabaise*, the native dish, a hotchpotch of many fishes and much garlic. Oddly enough, Marseilles retains nothing whatever of her agitated past. Neither the ancients nor the Middle Ages nor the Renascence have left a trace. Of the Revolution nothing remains but a song, the "Marseillaise." But if we are in romantic mood, we may take a motor-boat to the island of Château d'If with Dumas' "Monte Cristo" in our hands, and see the famous dungeons, whose latest occupants were German prisoners during the war.

After Marseilles, the Corniche begins, that wondrous road which travels like a white snake all along the coastline to Italy, one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, all riddled with fairy fjords. The foliage is semi-tropical with palm trees, orange and lemon groves; grey olives on the hills, in the gardens a riot of wild flowers.

The Riviera

Passing the cheery naval base of Toulon, and Hyères, with her "Isles of Gold," we come to Fréjus and St. Raphaël, where the real Riviera begins. Fréjus, once a flourishing port founded by Cæsar, is now nearly a mile inland, but retains fragments of Roman walls and baths and aqueducts, and one of the earliest lighthouses (known as the Lantern of Augustus), as well as an important amphitheatre that used to seat 9,000 spectators. St. Raphaël, whence Buonaparte started for exile at Elba, is a modest winter resort with Valescure inland, a paradise of umbrella pines and aromatic plants, whose odours are wonderfully pungent in the hot sunshine; it is the sort of landscape that Turner loved to paint. Here the Mountains of the Moors end and the Esterels

Photo: E. N. A.

PEASANTS PLOUGHING NEAR BIARRITZ.

The Basques, who inhabit the neighbourhood of Spain, cling to old-world ways, especially in agriculture. They use the most primitive of ploughs, drawn by oxen of great dignity and intelligence, needing only a whisper or a tap on the nose with a stick to make them answer to the slightest order.

Photo: Office Français du Tourisme.

ANNECY.

A delightful little town of Savoy between verdant hills and a glittering lake, dominated by a beautiful old castle. The peaceful canals and arcaded streets give it a strange, archaic fascination, and many artists love it more than any other place in France.

Photo: J. Enrietti.

MONTE CARLO TERRACE.

On the left is the theatre of the Casino, where the best opera in Europe is provided free at the expense of luckless gamblers. The famous terrace is the meeting-place of every visitor, and poignant scenes often take place after disastrous play.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE NUNS OF ANGLET.

Pictures of the interior of convents are very rare. In this one near Biarritz the nuns are vowed, like the Trappist monks, to eternal silence. Here we see them in their refectory enjoying their frugal fare after field-work which includes the digging of their own graves.

begin, a grand range in miniature, with sharp pinnacles and rocks of red porphyry that glitter through the dark pines and cork trees. Not so long ago it was a favourite haunt of brigands, now it is a favourite excursion from Cannes—especially Mont Vinaigre, which has a driving-road to an hour's climb from the summit.

Cannes

Cannes, not a century ago a mere fishing village, was discovered by Lord Brougham in 1834, and is now one of the most select of fashionable resorts, with a dignity of its own that seems to rebuke the noisier haunts of gamblers and tourists further on. Rich English nobles, Russian Grand Dukes and other exclusives used to own beautiful villas and luxuriant gardens before the new poverty was imposed by the war, and their class seem somehow to survive. There is still an aristocratic atmosphere. Golf and tennis count more than casinos and cards, mere money is not a passport to clubs and entertainments, the morning flower-market is one of the events of the day.

Cannes is wonderfully restful. It is a paradise of sunshine and scents and flowers. A short stroll up stony paths, bordered with fountains and wells all thick with maiden-hair ferns, and we are in the most soothing atmosphere imaginable, amid calm, friendly olive groves, all laid out in terraces with vines. Here is an endless garden of wild flowers, where smiling natives make us welcome to pick all we desire—wild flowers here, but such as are tended preciously at home. There are myriads of purple anemones, and scarlet ones more rare; dainty lady-tulips, subtle blend of pinks and whites, gorgeous gladioli, jonquils, narcissus, and masses of violets casting their intoxicating perfumes on the soft southern breeze. And underneath the trees, if we have very sharp eyes, we find trap-door spiders' nests most marvellous of Nature's architecture—those dear little rounded doors about a shilling's size, so neatly hinged, lying well open for unwary insects at the entrance to the spiders' home. All round Cannes are thousands of ideal spots for picnickers, strange old-world villages and places of holy pilgrimage perched on mysterious crags or tucked away in secluded valleys of the hills. Then the Promenade de la Croisette, curving round the bay, retains a simple friendliness, contrasting with the crowded turmoil of the Promenade des

Anglais at Nice. Nor has the old town degenerated into a slum, though it holds with its narrow streets and moss-stained buttresses against earthquakes. Just off Cannes are the Lérins Islands—St. Honorat, with a 1,500-year old monastery that manufactures liqueurs; and St. Marguerite, the prison of the Man with the Iron Mask from 1687 to 1698, and of Bazaine after the Franco-Prussian war. He was accused of treason, but escaped, it is thought with the connivance of the authorities. Among the neighbouring hills is Vallauris, where pottery has been carried on as a home industry for generations with a style of its own, graceful flower-vases for the most part dark green with classical designs, and monster models of the local tree-frogs, whose incessant melodies murder the sleep of nervous invalids all along this coast.

Nice

Nice is best known as the capital of King Carnival, where life seems one long round of fancy balls, battles of flowers, and sports of every kind. It consists of innumerable palace hotels and white villas with red roofs, climbing like sheep from sea to hills. There is a dilapidated old town down some steps near the Casino, but it has no big buildings or sights of interest. Indeed there is no art whatever on this coast, man has created nothing since the days of the Romans, for the natives have been too busy fighting and trading and fishing to concern themselves with the æsthetic side of life. That has been abundantly supplied by the lavish hand of Nature.

Meanwhile the chief impressions of Nice are broad boulevards and graceful palm trees of every shape, luxuriant cactus, acres of mimosa, aloes that bloom once in a hundred years; and, of course, the Promenade des Anglais, a smaller, warmer, windier, more dazzling Brighton front, where the beauty and fashion of all the world saunter in the sun. But the great joy is that we can so quickly escape from the giddy throng by rosy paths to the peace of giant olive trees, the mystery of perfumed valleys, and the silence of almost deserted hills.

Why do visitors forsake this pleasaunce so hurriedly? The Riviera season is bounded, so far as fashion goes, by January and April, but that is foolishness, for throughout autumn the cli-

Photochrom.

NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE, MARSEILLES.

Notre Dame de la Garde, Our Lady of the Watch, is a Byzantine building on a hill above Marseilles. It was consecrated in 1864 on the site of a famous chapel dating from 1214. The bell weighs 18,000 lbs., but the chief feature is the great gilt statue of the Virgin at the top of the tower. From miles away at sea, it comforts the eyes of mariners in distress.

Central Press Photograph.

ULSTER MEMORIAL.

Near Thiépval. Commemorates the heroic struggle of the Ulster Rangers. The memorial raised on the top of the hill in 1921 is a replica of the well-known Helen's tower at Clandeboye in County Down.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

A STREET IN GRASSE.

Here, in the capital of perfumes, the whole air is impregnated with essences of flowers. The natives are rather primitive in their ways, all sorts of domestic animals roam the streets at will, especially goats and cows, who are also brought from door to door at milking time. Note the quaint arch built from wall to wall as a safeguard against earthquakes.

mate is ideal. Nature is lavish, and amusements are already on a sufficient scale; and the end of spring reveals the whole paradise in its most alluring garb with all the flowers in fullest profusion, the rough winds gone, a vision of tropics everywhere. Even summer is quite pleasant if we seek the shade for an hour or so of afternoons. Remember that, despite her vulgar, crowded aspects, Nice remains on the *Baie des Anges*—the Bay of the Angels—and those celestial messengers have not withdrawn their gifts. The summer bathing is ideal, the choking dust of the roads may be forgotten amid the sparkling sheen of sea and sky; the mountains seem to draw nearer, more inviting and sublime. In spring and summer there are delightful rambles up the valley of the Var and its various tributaries, a mine of picturesque landscape, while up the Paillon Valley and the Turin road we find a wild and beautiful country with old-world towns. And few people seem aware of the excellent facilities for boating and sailing which Nice harbour affords. It is true that sudden squalls sometimes sweep down without warning from the mountain gorges to try the skill and temper of the yachtsman, but those who have never ventured on some such excursion have missed one of the grandest sights on the whole coast.

We must remember that it is not so very long since Nice was Italy, and Nice remains largely Italian in rich colours, goldness and gladness of sunshine, as well as in the expansiveness of her Italian-looking folk, whose dark, pleasant faces, easy manners and very dialect are far more Italian than French. Their lives are spent in a promised land of flowers and oil and wine, requiring small effort to thrive on Nature's boundless stores.

Behind Nice, on the hill of Cimiez, where many British officers came to recover from their wounds during the war, are some ruins of an arena, the last remains of the ancient city of Cimella, to which Nike or Nice was the harbour. Further afield, we find a village with petrifying springs, where tourists buy birds' nests, medals and trumpery ornaments which the waters have hardened with a coating of stone.

After Nice there are two Corniche roads, one high up and the other following the sinuosities of the coast. The upper is the Aurelian Way of the Romans, which Buonaparte restored for his wars. The lower brings us to the fine harbour of Villefranche,

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one of the few beauty spots which have not yet been developed for the benefit of winter visitors. Cap Ferrat, however, is becoming popular, and there are many villas and gardens among the villages of the tunny fishers. St. Jean, the chief village, was founded by the Knights of St. John after their expulsion from Rhodes. Beaulieu is fast becoming fashionable in a mild way, and serves as a striking contrast to the amazing little old-world townlet of Eze, a veritable limpet on the rock, with windows looking out over a drop of thousands of feet of sheer rock, an ideal scene for a melodrama.

Monaco and Monte Carlo

Nice is noisy enough, but for real tumult we must press on to the Principality of Monaco, where gamblers congregate from all parts of the world. With less than eight square miles of territory, it has a Prince of its own, who lives in a palace on a sombre rock, where he might be leagues and centuries removed from the rattle of roulette. The late Prince Albert, indeed, held himself as far aloof as possible from the gambling side of his dominions, contenting himself with receiving the wages of other people's sins, and devoting most of his time to travel and scientific research. His great hobby was the exploration of the depths of the sea, and he earned a world-wide reputation by his discoveries, the fruits of which are to be seen in the huge oceanographical museum on the promontory of Monaco.

There are, indeed, two Monacos, first the old pirates' stronghold of the Grimaldis with mediæval buildings, fortress and cathedral, the steep, crooked streets and happy people who are relieved of rates and taxes by the contributions of the Casino, which modestly styles itself the Society of the Sea-Baths of Monaco; secondly, Monte Carlo, with its gorgeous gardens, theatres, the best band in Europe, every delight offered gratis to swell the stream of fashion and riff-raff which rushes to make offerings at the Temple of Chance. The gaming rooms count among the sights of Europe. Vast halls glitter with crystal chandeliers, there are precious pictures on the over-gilded walls, the light is always dim, the atmosphere as solemn as a bank. If we expect to see the haggard faces and wild excitement of cheap fiction we are doomed to disappointment, for there is scarce a sound save the

Photo: E. N. A.

NICE.

The favourite winter resort on the Riviera, where rich and fashionable folk foregather to dodge the rigours of northern winters, in an atmosphere of sunshine and palm trees and blinding seas and skies.

Photo: J. Enrietti.

MONTE CARLO CASINO.

The entrance to the Temple of Chance is up the steps below the two towers. In this square a constant throng seeks refreshment from the excitement of gambling, seated outside the Café de Paris, which belongs to the Administration and is almost as old as the Casino itself.

Photo: L. E. A.

THE GAMBLING ROOMS AT MONTE CARLO.

This picture, by Lucien Jonas, gives a good idea of a gambling scene at night time in the casino. The ball is about to settle in the roulette wheel (lower right hand corner), and some eagerness is shown, though the majority of players steel themselves to an appearance of stoicism. Most indifferent of all is the croupier holding a rake to draw in the bank's winnings.

grim calls of the croupiers and the relentless rattle of roulette balls round their wheels.

Gambling at Monte Carlo

The gamblers may be divided roughly into two classes. There are the rich and reckless, attracted by the excitement and careless whether they win or lose the large sums they scatter on the board of green cloth. Then, preferred by the Administration, we find the numerous system-players, who stake only at long intervals after long calculations. All sorts of shabby old men and women hover about the rooms for ten or twelve hours a day, and some of them are said to have made regular incomes of a pound or so a day all through their lives; but the majority are amiable maniacs who bring their regular incomes and sacrifice them in a vain attempt to pit themselves against the laws of chance.

It would be idle to describe Monte Carlo without saying something about the games on which the whole place depends. The most important is roulette, said to have been invented by the saintly philosopher Pascal. There is a cylinder with thirty-seven numbers, of which zero counts for the bank, though punters may stake upon it if they please. The effect of zero is to give the bank an advantage of from one and a half to three per cent on every stake and, assuming that the game is played fairly, it is this percentage which provides all the huge profits of the Administration. Punters may stake on eighteen numbers—all the reds or the blacks or the odds or the evens—and have their money doubled if they win; or they may receive the odds of two to one against twelve numbers, five to one against six numbers, eight to one against four numbers, seventeen to one against two numbers, and thirty-five to one against a single number, known as *en plein.*

There are, of course, innumerable combinations, and many systems of play have been evolved, which sound quite plausible at home but do not last very long when put to the test, for the bank has not only the advantage of its percentage but also that of limiting the maximum stakes. For instance, it would appear quite easy to defeat the bank by staking a dollar on red and doubling up again and again after every loss, relying upon the fact that

black cannot come up for ever. But it must be remembered that money doubles up very fast, and that eleven consecutive losses bring the punter up to the maximum, when he is automatically prevented from doubling again. Not long ago there was a man who possessed a capital of perhaps £1,000 and went to try this elementary system at Monte Carlo. For two or three months all went well. With about an hour's daily work he was able to take a nice villa and live on the fat of the land. But fate lay in wait for him, and one fine morning he was to be seen ghastly pale, with trembling hands, wondering what he should do next. There had been a long run against him and he had lost all the winnings of the season and could double no more.

An even worse fate befell the notorious Wells, who was immortalised in the music-halls as "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo." He devised a far more plausible and elaborate system, based upon the mathematical fact that equilibriums eventually re-establish themselves. When there have been six hundred reds and four hundred blacks out of a thousand spins, the probability is that black will presently retrieve its arrears. Some mathematicians, among them the late Sir Hiram Maxim, have contended that the past does not affect the future, and that a run of forty reds, for instance—a run which has never been known in the history of the game—would not prevent red from coming up a forty-first time. On the other hand, the law of averages certainly does exist. Insurance companies base their existence upon it, and there is no reason why it should not work when applied to a game of chance. For some time it worked very well for Wells. His sensational winnings were telegraphed all over Europe, and if he did not break the bank, he certainly won a great deal of money. The popular idea about breaking the bank is that the bank, or at least one particular gambling table, has to close for the day; as a matter of fact, it only means that play has to be suspended for a few minutes until more money can be fetched from the cashier. The result of Wells' short-lived triumphs was that he fancied himself invincible, and began to play with other people's money as well as his own. Then the inevitable crash came, he was held responsible, and lodged in gaol.

The other game at Monte Carlo is known as trente-et-

Photo: J. Enrietti.

MONACO.

On the rock jutting out into the sea is the old town of Monaco. On the left of it are the palace and barracks. On the left of the picture we have a glimpse of the famous Corniche road; over the hill is Monte Carlo, and beyond stretch towns and promontories as far as Italy, with Bordighera on the most distant headland. It is a scene of rare beauty, full of lights and shades and sunshine and reflections in the glorious sea.

N. D. Photo.

A RIVIERA PEASANT GIRL.

Framed in a natural window of rock, a Riviera peasant girl looks very charming as she poses with her donkey. She brings the heavy oil barrels down from the hills, in her neat white skirt and flowered shawl and quaint pancake hat of embroidered straw

Photo: Sport & General

VILLA VALETTA, CANNES.

A characteristic Riviera house, shrouded in palms and surrounded by gorgeous sub-tropical gardens. Mr. Lloyd George stayed in this particular villa when engaged in one of the international conferences.

Photo: Sport & General.

MENTONE.

The last town in France, for a long time Mentone attracted chiefly consumptives owing to its sheltered position, but now it ministers sedately to pleasures too. The absence of winds has made the vegetation specially luxuriant, and few resorts offer a greater variety of delightful excursions.

quarante. The dealer spreads out two rows of cards, counting the pips until they pass the total of thirty. The first row is for black and the second for red, and the lowest total wins. It is a very simple game with none of the excitement of roulette, but it is often played for very high stakes and commands considerable popularity. These two games, depending entirely upon chance, were for a long time prohibited all over Europe except in the Principality of Monaco, but now they are cropping up again in Spain, Austria, and some of the new States which have followed the war.

Monaco is a little world in itself. The police and their espionage are the most elaborate anywhere, every visitor is watched and indexed silently, until his whole past is laid bare, for the Administration's one desire is to avoid scandal. Ruined gamesters are actually paid to go away. And yet scandals do occur outside the rooms in spite of all, as the pathetic little cemetery for suicides is there to testify. The Principality is nominally independent, but practically under the thumb of France, which tolerates little more than the games of roulette and trente-et-quarante, an issue of postage stamps, a tiny army of comic opera, and local police-courts for trivial cases.

From Monte Carlo's terrace Italy seems very near across the cobalt sea. The white snake-road wiggles in and out of tree-clad fjords, past soothing Cap Martin, home of exiled royalties, the relaxing bay of Mentone, where consumptives seek a cure, and up to the Bridge of St. Louis, which spans a ravine and bids farewell to France.

§ 9

Wonderful Mountain Villages

Inland are many little townships and villages perched high on the summit of the hills or gathered together crowding for protection near some crag, often so completely welded into the landscape that it is difficult to see where houses end and rock begins. The reason is simple—for hundreds of years these villages were in constant danger from Moorish and Barbary pirates, who scoured these seas. For centuries, almost down to the memory of living man, it was unsafe to fish or even venture down to the sea. At any moment light, swift vessels would appear crowded

with buccaneers, who leaped ashore to pillage, burn and devastate, worst of all to carry off young men and maidens for the slave markets of Tunis and Algiers. This accounts for all the ruined watch-towers still to be seen on almost every crag.

Straight up above Monte Carlo a funicular railway takes us to the very ancient village of Turbie, containing the remains of a triumphal tower raised by the Romans to celebrate their defeat of the Ligurians. A few minutes farther on is the famous sanctuary of Laghet, visited by thousands of pilgrims from far and near every Trinity Sunday, when a great fair is held with all sorts of fantastic carouses. The church contains one of the strangest and fullest collections of votive offerings imaginable, mostly pictures of the crudest and most grotesque kind: a woman falling headlong down a frightful precipice not much bigger than herself; Noah's Ark persons leaping out of blazing houses; people praying in the midst of earthquakes and floods and collisions; whole galleries of primitive scenes testify to the powerful help of the local Madonna and the poverty of local artists.

Behind Cannes lies the little town of Grasse, centre of the scent trade of the world. All around among the olives are great fields of violets, narcissus, carnations, gardenias, roses and tuberose, whose mingled perfumes rise like incense in the air. Long before we reach them, we know we are approaching the promised land described by mediæval hymns. And as a contrast, like cathedral gargoyles, women in strange soup-plate hats of straw are toiling at the fragrant harvest; they take the blooms to Grasse, whose streets impregnate us so violently that our clothes will reek for weeks. It is a simple process to extract and liquefy the treasure of the flowers: some are plunged at once into alcohol, while thick petals must first be laid on trays of lard. Some flowers also become sweetmeats and many luscious fruits are here preserved and crystallised. Oddly enough, however, the French prefer to come to us for jams.

§ 10

Savoy

When the Riviera season closes in April or May, just at the time when the Riviera becomes most charming and full of flowers,

there is a general migration of all the parasites of Society—waiters, tradesmen, barmen, barbers, cabmen—to Savoy. The cabmen drive their vehicles across the Alps to Aix-les-Bains and gladly offer a cheap, agreeable trip with stoppages at quaint places on the way. There is also an organised motor-service in summer from Nice right up to Besançon and Belfort. Aix-les-Bains is a hot, fashionable resort, where crowds come to play baccarat and take sulphur baths. On the way there we shall have visited Grenoble and, amid glorious scenery, the neighbouring monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, whose monks, the makers of a famed liqueur, were needlessly expelled by the Republic in 1903.

Chamounix

The popular idea is that all the Alps and all the snows are Swiss, but if we press on, we shall find that the southern part of the Lake of Geneva is French, and so is Chamounix, the starting-place for climbers of Monte Blanc. Not many years ago, Chamounix was a mere village, chiefly patronised by real Alpinists, but now the wooden inns have been replaced by palace hotels, cosmopolitan crowds come for winter-sports, dress for dinner and visit the glaciers by rope railways. The first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1786 thrilled the world almost as much as the swimming of the Channel does to-day, but now with many guides and precautions it has become child's-play. The air and scenery of high mountains are always inspiring, though there is usually nothing to see from the summit of Mont Blanc owing to mists and clouds of snow.

§ 11

Central France

Central France has attractions all its own. It is a beautiful journey from Paris down the Loire valley to Nevers, and then on to Moulins and thence to the great Massif Central, the central mountain range of France. On the highest point of the Puy-de-Dôme there are still remains of a pagan temple of the ancient Romans. But it is the natural beauties that will chiefly interest a traveller. The rivers have a character of their own—the charac-

ter of vanishing into the earth and flowing through unfathomed caves.

It is a land of high cliffs and narrow valleys only wide enough for a mountain torrent, and near to Rocamadour are the wonderful caves of Eyzies in the valley of Vézère, the pits of Padirac and the grottoes of Lacarve. Rocamadour is the wonder spot of Central France. Grottoes innumerable pierce the sides of the mountains, whole rivers are suddenly lost to the world, others rise as suddenly, as if from nowhere.

Here are huge stalactites rivalling in whiteness driven snow and more resplendent than the glacier under the sun's rays—fantastic columns, large and small, poised in mid-air, resembling transparent marble, stalactites and stalagmites rising from the ground or descending from the roof to meet after many centuries. Here, after centuries of darkness, the fish have lost their eyes. Here boats can cross the subterranean rivers, dark and suggestive of gnomes, sorcerers and phantoms, where the many-coloured rocks assume the most fantastic forms and shapes imaginable.

§ 12

The Vosges

The mysterious region of the Vosges, with the Ballon d'Alsace topped by a statue of the Virgin, is full of strange valleys bitten out by glaciers once upon a time, and tiny lakes and giant trees. The summits of these very old mountains are either rounded like mosques or stretched out like hogs' backs, and they are all clothed with sturdy forests, where we may light on prehistoric sacrificial stones, mediæval hermits' caves and traces of monastic ruins. The population now consists chiefly of charcoal-burners, woodcutters and shepherds, who produce a rustic cheese. Not long ago French tourists came here with diffidence, for it was the border of a hostile State and they never knew when they might not be challenged by some German official.

Alsace and Lorraine

Alsace, French once more, lies on the eastern slopes of the Vosges, a fertile plain dotted with the prettiest villages, where storks nest upon the roofs and the women wear a quaint costume with large black bows like butterflies' wings behind their heads

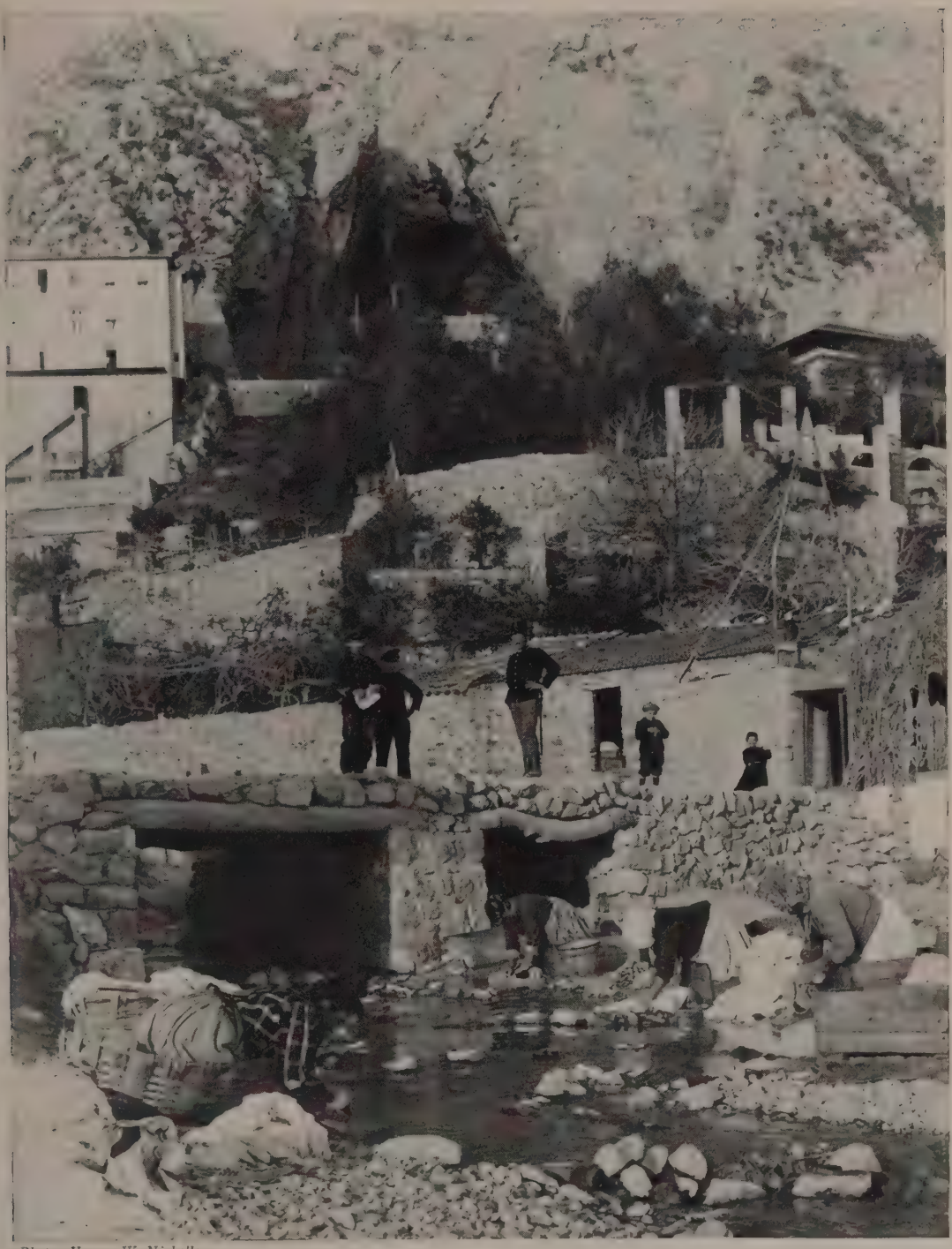

Photo: Horace W. Nicholls.

THE ITALIAN FRONTIER.

On a bridge over the little stream of St. Louis just outside Mentone we reach the end of France, where French and Italian soldiers are seen standing at the frontier of their lands. Here and in the hills above, the game of smuggling requires constant vigilance. How easy it would be, for instance, for one of these simple washerwomen to fling a parcel of tobacco or a flask of wine across while the watchers' backs were turned.

GORGE DE LA DIOSAZ.

Some eight miles from Chamounix. The torrent rushes in seven successive cascades from crag to crag to a narrow cleft, between lofty walls of rock, where an iron verandah has been fixed to enable visitors to view the wondrous scene.

and aprons embroidered in bright colours. There are few sights more charming than some of these Alsatian villages with their wooden houses and cross-beams and sculptured balconies full of flowers. An industrial population works in the mills and factories of the valleys, but as elsewhere in France the cultivation of the land dominates over all; cereals, tobacco and the vine are the triune deities.

Ever since very old times, Alsace has been a place of European crossroads for all traffic of the North Sea to southern climes, from Paris to the Danube and the golden East. Strassburg especially, the capital, known as "the city of roads," was the chief gainer by this geographical advantage. Now it is chiefly known for goose-liver pies, and we may go to see the geese being forcibly fed almost to bursting point. The storks, too, are such an institution that we cannot escape them anywhere. They figure on picture postcards, pottery and ornaments. They inspire all sorts of legends and superstitions, and the keenest interest is taken in their arrival and departure, especially by children who are told the storks bring babies to mamma. The Cathedral is higher than St. Paul's and has stranger gargoyles even than those of Notre Dame at Paris. Bold tourists venture to the steeple's very top, up the most alarming, narrow steps. There is not the slightest protection to save them from the awful gulf below. The guide balances himself on the extreme edge with arms outstretched, holding out his cloak as a poor protection against giddiness. Here we obtain a real thrill, for one false step. . . .

Lorraine is flatter and less picturesque than Alsace. It possesses a different individuality and climate; the character and lives of the people are not the same. There are long winters and short summers, dense fogs and copious rains. Instead of coquettish villages, we find clusters of ugly houses by the roadside; sheds and manure-heaps take the place of flowers. Mushroom towns arise with high furnaces for steel and iron. The workers are hard and obstinate and cold.

Nancy, the old seat of the Dukes of Lorraine, was one of the first towns to welcome the French Revolution, and when the Germans came in 1870 they were received without a blow. Verdun gave them a very different welcome in the Great War, escaping destruction only by a miracle. The whole countryside was

ploughed and razed by shells, every tree has disappeared, not the smallest trace of prosperous villages remains.

Rheims

If from Verdun we turn back to Rheims, we find another holocaust. The Cathedral, where Kings of France were crowned, is now a charnel-house of ruins. No doubt some day it will be restored, but who will give back the statues, the wondrous stained glass, all the treasures that have been blown to bits, or the famous angel who welcomed the faithful on the threshold, calmed their fears, and seemed to point the way to Paradise! The only interest of post-War Rheims is that it remains the metropolis of Champagne, with miles of subterranean labyrinths of caves to husband the golden wine. These galleries have been cut out of the chalk hills like catacombs to receive the vast provision of champagne, which accumulates at the rate of five million bottles a year, to nurse it and treat it with all the succession of delicate operations needful for perfect maturity. The present stock is roughly 121 million bottles. In 1914 some 12,000,000 bottles were made; in 1915, as many as 15,000,000, both fine vintages.

The process of manufacture is briefly as follows. Black and white grapes are used indiscriminately and the juice is kept in casks in a perfectly even temperature, day and night, from September to January. If the quality of the year has been indifferent, it is improved by the addition of old first-class wine. In any case the all-important process of blending now takes place, using wine from different vineyards in the right proportions, one to give body, another bouquet, other various flavours. Each firm follows its own traditions, and the secrets of the blending are jealously guarded. So far, the wine has shown no trace of effervescence, but under the influence of the first spring days, a period of fermentation begins, and it is now that a certain quantity of sugar candy is added before the bottling begins. After about three weeks of fermentation, the wine becomes sparkling but has lost its clearness and needs a rest of two or three years. During that time a deposit forms and has to be removed before the wine is fit for consumption. For this purpose the bottles are placed upside down inside sloping tables or "desks" pierced with holes, and each bottle must be shaken every day for

Photo: E. N. A.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS (FROM THE RIVER).

Photo: E. N. A.

CHAMOUNIX.

The *Mer de Glace* (sea of ice) offers one of the favourite excursions from Chamounix, whence it can be reached in three hours afoot or one by mountain railway. This glacier takes about half an hour to cross but offers few difficulties, and there is no need to rope a party together. From the bosom of this tumbling sea of ice enormous granite needles shoot into the sky, an amazing pinnacle of rock like the spire of a colossal cathedral, where no snow can cling. At the base are formed those eternal drifting ranges of snow that sweep down and feed the immeasurable masses of the glacier.

Page 1 N 1.

ROCAMADOUR.

A stupendous place of pilgrimage with the most striking ceremonies and romantic associations. According to tradition it was founded by Zacchæus, the publican of the Gospels, who established himself here as a hermit in the first century. His body was supposed to be found perfectly preserved in his cell after 1,000 years, and the miraculous Black Virgin of the place is believed to have worked wonders for centuries. This marvellous place is described in the text.

some three months to accumulate the deposit on the cork. Then the deposit is removed by exploding the corks, and the wine-making is completed by an addition of old champagne, brandy and sugar. It is this which brings about the difference between "natural" or sweet, "dry" and "extra dry" champagne. The French themselves, and indeed most Continental nations prefer it sweet, and drink it only at dessert, leaving the more precious and perfect brands to the British and American market. One reason why champagne is so much more expensive than any other wine is that a large proportion is wasted through the bursting of the bottles. It is a comparatively new wine, dating back only to the seventeenth century, and depends more upon its exhilarating effervescence than on any special flavour of its own. The effervescence is due to the detention of the carbonic acid gas, caused by fermentation in all wines, and the gas is kept liquid under its own pressure until the cork is removed.

Arras

Arras, of greater interest as the grave of thousands of British soldiers, suffered even more. The beauties of the venerable streets remain, but the Cathedral and Town Hall were destroyed and fine old Spanish houses shattered in the great square. On the other hand, the moated town of Lille, which gave its name to Lisle thread as Arras did to tapestry, escaped material damage by an enemy occupation throughout the War.

§ 13

France after the War

Go where you will in France, you cannot escape the ghastly wounds, moral or material, inflicted by the War. The political life of France is dominated by the questions of the reconstruction of devastated regions, of obtaining reparations and security against future German aggression, and behind all the threatened conflict of capital and labour.

One-thirteenth of the area of France was devasted and over 4,500,000 of her people were compelled to seek refuge elsewhere, but by January, 1923, over 4,000,000 of the people had been repatriated and over 4,000,000 acres restored to cultivation. Of the hundreds of miles of trenches to be filled in, nearly 10 million

cubic feet of the 11¾ millions had been completed by January, 1923, and nearly 350 million square yards of barbed wire removed. Unfortunately for France, the area devastated was one of the richest and most thickly populated in the country, for from this one-thirteenth of her area France collected one-fifth of her taxes.

FRENCH COLONIES AND POSSESSIONS

The various French colonies will be dealt with in their proper place later on. At the close of the eighteenth century, the French had become unsuccessful as colonists, losing Canada, Haiti, and nearly all the India they had succeeded in wresting from Great Britain. They now retain five small patches on the Indian peninsula, with a total area of 196 square miles; their four large provinces of Indo-China amount to 256,878 square miles with a population of 20,000,000; and in Asia they also have the administration of the Mandatory Territory of Syria. Across the Atlantic they possess two small islands to the south of Newfoundland, a few unimportant islands in the West Indies, and 32,000 square miles in the south of Guiana. In Oceania they have the New Caledonia Archipelago (7,650 square miles), Tahiti and other Pacific Ocean groups. But where they have concentrated most successfully is in Africa. Algeria, for some time a Protectorate, is now treated as an integral part of France; Tunisia, though nominally under its own Bey, is scarcely less French; and Morocco remains "protected" or conquered since the Great War. Thus France practically owns some 5,000,000 square miles of the African Continent, including nearly all North Africa as well as French Somaliland, the French Congo, French West Africa, French Equatorial Africa, the Cameroons, and the vast island of Madagascar (228,000 square miles), the Komoro Archipelago (10,000 square miles), Réunion, etc., in the Indian Ocean.

FRENCH PRODUCTS AND CHIEF TOWNS

The area of France (including Alsace-Lorraine) is 212,659 square miles. Population, 39,209,766: Paris (2,906,472); Marseilles (586,341); Lyons (561,592); Bordeaux (267,409); Strassburg (166,767); Nice (155,839).

Agriculture, fruit-growing, viticulture, sericulture, mining, manufactures, and fishing are the principal occupations. Products are wheat, mixed corn, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, sugar-beet; coal, lignite, iron ore, lead, zinc, silver, antimony, manganese, salt, potash; wines, spirits; fish and lobsters; silk, cotton, and woollen fabrics, etc.

N. D. Photo.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Rheims is the chief of the martyred towns of France. The Cathedral, where French Kings were crowned, ranks among the noblest of Gothic fanes and is specially remarkable for its sculpture and stained glass, although terrific damage was done by German fire and shells; but the main fabric is capable of restoration.

CHAMPAGNE VAULTS.

Vast galleries like catacombs have been cut out of the chalk hills at Epernay to receive the world's chief stock of champagne, now amounting to 121 million bottles. Our illustration shows the men at work in one of Moët and Chandon's great cellars, which stretches away out of sight. The man on the right is shaking the bottles head downwards to remove the sediment; this has to be done every day for months.

II

BELGIUM

BELGIUM

First Impressions

A COBBLED road above the level of the fields, bordered by lines of trees and ditches half full of water; a mud path at each side, and a blue hazy distance where the road loses itself; a little village, and a tall church belfry—such are the first impressions of the Belgian provinces of Flanders. Sometimes in the fields on one side grow tall, heavy-trailing hops, as at Poperinghe; sometimes the fields grow sugar-beet or potatoes or corn, more rarely they are pastures studded with heavy, thick-limbed beasts. But for the most part they are stretches of vegetable gardens with big, glossy green stuff rising out of the rich black soil. And through the blue haze, which we know in the great Flemish pictures, comes the scent of Flemish earth, heavy, fruitful, tinged with decay.

At short intervals all along the roads are low, white-washed houses with tightly shut windows and precise little gardens scantily stocked with flowers. From time to time we come upon little villages, their houses sheer on the street, steps up to the doors, and a few shops with poor wares in the narrow windows, some vegetables and many runs for fowls. And here and there are little shrines with holy images either perched on posts or sheltered in little tabernacles like sentry boxes.

Every few miles there may be a small town whose cobbled streets wind into a main square, whose church towers stand out as a landmark, and whose mediæval buildings have remained unchanged for centuries. Electric or steam trams connect the towns and villages, grinding and puffing through the narrow streets with much groaning of wheels, rattling of chains, and blowing of horns. And along the roads from village to village and field to field are the slow-moving tillers of the soil in sacks and blouses, often mended and neatly patched, their feet in wooden shoes, their

ideas of distance being the "hours afoot," with which they reckon as though tram and rail had not yet been invented.

The coming of the motor has meant a good deal to Belgium, for everybody travels nowadays. Even before motors, the train services attracted all sorts of tourists by their system of fortnightly tickets permitting travel anywhere at the cheapest rate in the world. That is no doubt one reason why there are so few big towns in Belgium outside the strip of coal-bearing country which vaguely resembles the north of England—vaguely, for in Belgium agriculture dominates town industry, and even artisans may be described as country people working in the towns.

§ 1

The seven and a half million people of Belgium belong to two races, which would have been violently antagonistic anywhere else, but here exist side by side like cats and dogs in a well conducted household. Few people are more difficult to know. The Flemings have all the reserve of people who have been struggling against oppression for centuries, while the Walloons, like the French, are always painting themselves blacker or at least otherwise than they really are.

The Belgian Character

To understand the Belgians we must go among them in peace time with open hands and open hearts, sympathise with the difficulties of centuries, and make allowances for characters that have been tried by fire and sword. Modern Belgium is essentially a product of the nineteenth century, with Victorian qualities of Whiggery, closeness, beefiness, materialism mixed with mysticism, and a tendency to mistake liberalism for liberty. Instead of "Union makes Strength," "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," might be the legend on the Belgian coat-of-arms. Every school-child is given a savings-bank book, where in England he would probably receive a cricket bat or a Bible. Your Belgian takes his pleasures more sadly than the British, for he does not even drink tea. Nor does he find time to sit and sip spirits as appetisers before every meal as French burghers do. He has poor taste in clothes and furniture. He does not read much, except newspapers—and they are all poor except the *Indépendence Belge*. *La Libre*

Belgique is interesting as it appeared surreptitiously all through the German occupation. Belgian authors must go to Paris for publication. Even Maeterlinck, that luminous and inspiring writer, is so shy about his masterpieces that he refuses to discuss them in private life.

Music, however, has charms for every Belgian. Not a commune but has its own band, more often two, for politics call the tune. Wherever we go, we find a Catholic band and a Liberal band, while even Socialists conform so far as to march to the sound of drums and trumpets and shawms.

Belgians are noisy and fussy and jolly among themselves, with most of the vices and virtues of modern democracy. What some people admire in them is their rare sense of equality. Apart from the few families who call themselves Society, there are scarcely any class differences in Belgium, certainly fewer than in any other country in the world. And snobbery is unknown, though Antwerp reveres successful business men, and Brussels bows down to bureaucrats.

Among the whole people "Union makes Strength," as the national motto proclaims, a patriotic unity that has contrived to weld even the racial differences of Fleming and Walloon. But the people are clannish rather than convivial, clinging to their homes and families, cherishing instincts of aloofness acquired through generations of constant vigilance against successive foes.

§ 2

The Cockpit of Europe

Throughout her history Belgium has been the scene of wars and rumours of wars, marchings and counter-marchings, burnings and pillagings, in the Middle Ages on account of trade jealousies, and in latter days on account of her strategical position.

Early in the fifteenth century, Holland and Belgium, known as the Netherlands, were united under the Dukes of Burgundy, great patrons of art; in 1477, these countries passed by marriage to the German Empire, and in 1555, on the abdication of Charles V, they became the Spanish Netherlands, which were in a constant state of religious revolt. In 1598, the Spanish Netherlands became the Austrian Netherlands and enjoyed great prosperity under wise and benevolent rule. The Austrians

brought over Rubens and filled the land with masterpieces of art and architecture. The Netherlands were overrun and annexed by the French after the Revolution, but in 1814 became the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which lasted till 1830, when the Belgians revolted and declared themselves a separate kingdom.

A Constitutional Monarchy was then set up on a model of England, with a Senate and a Chamber of Representatives. There were property and university qualifications for the vote, which gave the few wealthy educated Belgians a preponderant power, but since the war universal manhood suffrage has been introduced, and a particular provision of war significance, for there are votes for mothers and widows of dead soldiers, as well as for women who suffered during the German occupation. Belgium is democratic, but King Albert's popularity is so great that, if he were not King, he would certainly be elected president.

Land Tenure

Education is practical, being restricted chiefly to what workers need to know, especially the workers on the land, for most of the population live under rural conditions, and most of the peasant cultivators own their plots of ground. Great landowners are few, and many of the old nobility have no land at all. The conditions of the agricultural classes would be considered intolerably hard by English labourers; even the sense of possessing the land on which they toil would be considered a poor compensation. The Flemish peasant labours all day from early childhood, and his day lasts from sunrise until well after sunset. You may see grey figures moving along the roads or across the fields while gleams of light alone show the dawn of the coming day. They are working for themselves, and very likely they would grumble if they were asked to work so hard for a master. But hard work seems to agree with them, for, despite privations and frugal fare, they are healthy and contented and long-lived.

Dense Population

The greater part of Belgium is densely populated and intensively cultivated, making the most of every inch of soil. The old name of Netherlands or Low Countries accurately expresses the flat surface, sometimes below the level of the sea and inter-

Photo: E. N. A.

BRUSSELS HOTEL DE VILLE.

The Gothic arches and windows and the graceful outlines of the fifteenth century tower combine to form one of the most striking buildings of the Netherlands. Out of the Flemish mind there bloomed the wonderful mediæval period of Belgium and the conception of the Trade Guild which influenced workers of the Middle Ages, and by whom those beautiful and amazing Town Halls and Guild Houses were built.

Photo: E. N. A.

A CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF THE YSER.

For four years during the Great War, this river was a scene of devastation. Day and night, tornadoes of shell tore up the land and woods, reduced farms and villages and towns to ruins. Here, while advancing on Calais, the Germans fought the Belgians from October 16 to November 10, 1914.

Photo: E. N. A.

LACE-MAKERS AT BRUGES.

Belgian lace-making remains first in the world and keeps over 50,000 women at work. There are 160 schools for training them, mostly run by convents. Also 150 factories, but most of the lace is made at home, and in fine weather women of all ages may be seen in the streets outside their cottage-doors, gossiping over their cushions and bobbins.

sected by ditches, canals and rivers, the total extent of waterways being about 1,300 miles in an area of 11,000 square miles. A bird's-eye view reveals a continuous mosaic carpet of cultivated fields scattered with little farms, dotted with villages and small towns displaying their industries by the plumed smoke of their factories. There are few places between the French border and Brussels where we can escape the sight of a house for more than a few yards. Ruined buildings, shell-pitted earth and remains of trenches are still visible, but the scars of war are brightened by the healing colour of new red-brick walls and red-tiled roofs. In a few years no reminder of carnage will remain, only the monuments erected at the wayside here and there, a few museums of warfare, and preserved trenches growing gradually more and more unlike the real thing, and the cemeteries with their rows on rows of crosses, that look as if whole regiments of men with rifle at the shoulder and fixed bayonets had sunk standing into the mud.

§ 3

Flemings and Walloons

Though the people of Belgium are of mixed origin, like everybody else in Europe, there is a distinct Belgian type embracing the two races which survive to-day, the Flemings chiefly in the basin of the Scheldt, the Walloons in that of the Meuse. The Flemings are short, fair people, broad of face and thick of limb, surly and slow of movement, yet at the same time pleasure-seeking, fiery of temperament, ardent Catholics, mystical and capable of tremendous enthusiasm. The Walloons are of much the same physical type, gayer and lighter, but taking less pride in the past. They are wrapped up in modern industrialism and materialism, bitterly anticlerical and inclined to socialism and revolutionary ideas. The Flemish spirit is waking up in Flanders and challenging the Walloons, not in a spirit of hostility, but of active rivalry. And the Flemings are helped by their superior birth-rate: as someone has said, "Wallonia loses a battle every day to Flanders."

The Language Question

The chief bone of contention has long been the language question, and seems likely to remain so. Wallon, the French

dialect of Belgium, differs considerably from standard French. It is really an independent Latin tongue as much as is Provençal or Limousin, with Celtic and Teutonic elements thrown in, and as unintelligible to a Frenchman as Flemish is to a German. Belgian-French is sometimes more practical than orthodox French, as in the use of *nonante* (ninety), instead of the clumsy *quatre-vingt-dix*—four times twenty and ten—with which the French mystify mankind. And Flemish is a rude Dutch dialect with an accent of its own, indeed a variety of dialects, which cause the inhabitants of villages a few miles apart to understand one another uneasily. To-day it is not an unheard of thing to find in Brussels a Flemish-speaking Belgian working alongside his mate speaking the Walloon dialect, neither understanding what the other says.

The main point is that the language question reflects a class struggle. It symbolises the mediæval defiance of cities against their alien rulers, a form of civil war that has now come to represent the conflict of those who use their hands against those who use their heads.

After the revolution of 1830, the governing power belonged exclusively to the French element, which comprised most of the intellectual classes, owing to the fact that Flemish had been suppressed and Flemish literature burned by the Duke of Alva after the Dutch War of Independence. It was not until much later that a general use of Flemish was tolerated in the Flemish provinces, and Flemish introduced into middle class schools. Later still, a knowledge of Flemish was made obligatory for military officers, and official decrees are now printed in both Flemish and French. But French remains the language of the Government, the army, science, intellect and public affairs, and this is what the Flemings are fighting. This is why they are so persistent in pushing their language, and have succeeded in obtaining equality as far as administrative orders go. Indeed, the equality has penetrated even to the Congo Colony, where negroes now have to struggle with Flemish as well as French. But the champions of French offer passive resistance, as was shown in a letter from the head of the Customs at Brussels, publicly requesting the Flemish provinces to send their returns in French, "as not a single member of my staff understands Flemish."

Photo: Sport & General.

BLESSING THE SEA AT OSTEND.

Every year on the 30th of June the mob of pleasure seekers on the Ostend front is superseded by a very different throng. All the fisher-folk are here in a vast procession led by clergy and monks and confraternities with flags and crucifixes and bands. A shepherdess appears bearing the Pascal lamb, followed by four fisherwomen dressed as brides with a banner of Our Lady, and then the Bishop stands beside an improvised altar to bless the sea. And when the sea is blessed, the guns of Ostend boom three times, and pious folk go home assured of plenteous draughts of fishes and safety from the storms.

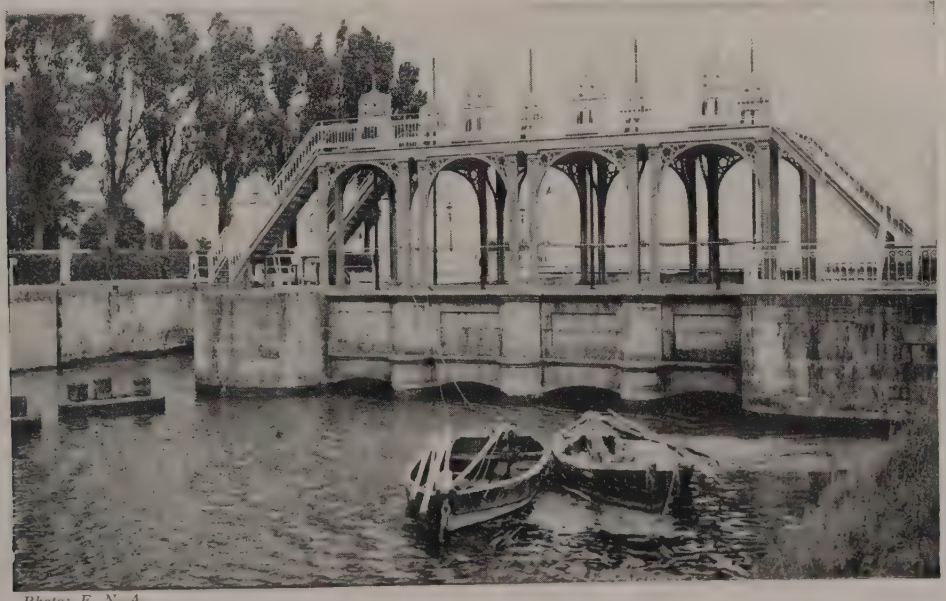

Photo: E. N. A.

THE LOCKS AT NIEUPORT.

When the Belgians were on the point of defeat on the Yser in 1914, they opened the sluices which held back the sea. Thus they flooded the land for miles around and inflicted severe loss on the Germans, both of men and materials.

Photo: Horace W. Nicholls.

OSTEND.

The great Belgian watering-place and pleasure resort, visited every year by a million persons of every land and class. This sea-wall, 90 feet wide and smoothly paved, extends for miles along the front, a glorified Blackpool, with its huge new palaces and vast expanses of soft, golden sands.

Photo: A. Pitcairn-Knowles.

FISH-CURING AT LA PANNE.

The fisherfolk dry their catches in primitive fashion on the Belgian coast. A favourite way is to take the fish on to an exposed part of the dunes, where there is plenty of sun and air, and hang them in rows on long stretches of wire. To help the curing, a preservative is squirted from a flask, and this has the advantage of scaring greedy birds.

There has recently been a heated conflict over the use of Flemish in the University in Ghent, and a Belgian government fell in the turmoil.

Never in the long course of their combined history have the two races engaged in racial war, and this absence of strife has left an abiding impression on their relations. The two races remain naturally complementary; like married people who have their little tiffs, they have been so long joined together that it is difficult for them to think of life apart, and indeed they never even dream of separation.

The fervour of small nations for their own language may not be readily understood in England, but Flemish has stood throughout history and still stands for the expression of the mind of the people, often repressed, often in a position of economic inferiority, but always enduring.

Meanwhile the war has left a legacy of peculiar bastard English which recalls the *Kierseli* ("Gie us a light"), which the Hindoos derived from the British, and some Anglo-Belgian expressions will need modification before they are fit for polite society. Many natives have been remarkably successful in assimilating the accents of Lancashire and the New Cut. Ask a waitress in your politest French, *"Parlez-vous anglais, mademoiselle?"* and you are as likely as not to be answered, "Not 'arf, cocky!"

Guilds

Out of the Flemish mind there bloomed the wonderful mediæval period of Belgium, and the conception of the Trade Guild, which influenced workers of the Middle Ages more profoundly than any trade union has ever affected them in modern times. It was by Guild workers that the beautiful buildings of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Ypres were placed stone on stone, especially those amazing Guild houses with their high-pointed gables and grey roofs and time-stained beams. It was by the Guilds too, that the traditions of textile craft were laid, that rich carved furniture, cathedral sculptures, belfries, castles and palaces, engraved weapons and beautiful mediæval costumes came to life. It was the Flemish mind which gave us the masterpieces of Rubens, Van Dyck, Memling, and other masters of the Flemish School.

With regard to architecture, it may suffice to say that the old Gothic buildings were peculiarly appropriate to civic pomp. They, too, were subject to the influence of the Renascence, as we may see in the pinnacles and lace-like tracery of their vast town halls, their belfries like grim watch-towers adopted through Italy from the Orient. Their lofty gabled houses belong to a more Teutonic age, but delight by their quaint charms, and hopes for Belgium's artistic future may be found in the fact that modern architects have had the sense to model their new buildings on the old.

§ 4

Curious Sports of the People

The Flemings have always been fond of sport. In old days they used to go hawking and hunting in their vast forests, which teemed with wolves and wild boar. But throughout the ages to this day, their favourite sport has been to shoot with bows and arrows at a woollen bird—the popinjay—fixed on a high pole. They had archery clubs everywhere, some of which still survive, and there were exciting competitions for prizes of golden birds. These were suspended round the winners' necks, a solemn ceremony, followed by registration in a roll of honour; and the first act of a new ruler after his Joyous Entry was to shoot at the popinjay, some of his popularity depending on his success. Shooting with cross-bows has also survived since the days of the Battle of the Spurs, and the old British long-bow, six feet long, is still used on village greens by men dressed up in leathern jerkins and buskins and feathered hats like Robin Hood.

In England cock-crowing is usually regarded as a nuisance, but in Flanders it is encouraged and regarded as a sport. The owners of cocks train them by tickling their necks. Then, on an appointed day, the birds are brought to a meeting-place, and hung in boxes on the walls, a dark cloth over each box so that the artificial night may deceive competitors. When the cloth is removed, a cock hails what he fancies is the morn with a lusty crow, scoring a point each time.

Then there is cock-fighting, supposed to be forbidden in Belgium as in England, but still popular and defiant of the law. There are, of course, no regular cockpits with rules and referees

Photochrom.

THE OLD BELFRY OF BRUGES.

"In the market place of Bruges
Stands the Belfry, old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
Still it watches o'er the town."

Longfellow.

and bookmakers and scales as in Spain. Everything has to be arranged secretly in holes and corners by peasants who bring their birds in sacks to some lonely wood or farm. But the sport is very much alive, and to show our interest in it is a sure way to the dourest Fleming's heart.

Another amusement is to suspend dead cocks head downwards in baskets in the air. Competitors are blindfolded and slash with swords in public squares, the reward of successful beheading being possession of the bird.

More dainty and poetic are the finch-warbling competitions, usually held in the yard or bowling-greens of inns. The cages are placed on the ground in front of a hedge and, as each bird trills, a point is scored. There are at least a score of different trills, but only certain ones count—those provoked by a desire to fight another bird.

Pigeon-flying, however, remains the most popular sport of all, and it is said that every workman divides his earnings into three parts: one for housekeeping, one for pleasure, and a third for his pigeons. Railway companies take as much as three million francs a year for conveying pigeons to and fro, big prizes are offered, large sums lost and won in bets. Immense crowds attend meetings, which afford a wonderful sight, especially at the moment when large numbers of birds are released—on one occasion as many as 100,000 at a time.

The Flemings are great horse-breeders and proud of the Flemish stock. Besides the ordinary race meetings, which are almost as popular as in England, there are rustic trotting races in open fields under very primitive conditions, the public standing in rows on each side of the track.

And at kermesses you may see dog races over the cobbles of a town. The animals are placed in a long wired cage; a flag falls and the doors are thrown open. Then the excited competitors make a wild dash for their masters awaiting them at the end of the course. A kermesse is merely a country fair with booths, merry-go-rounds, menageries, and the usual sort of rustic fun, but the function has a religious origin, as is shown by the derivation of the word from kirk and mass. It affords a tabloid summary of Flemish development, for the birth of a Flemish township was usually on this wise:—settlers camped together near

some waterway; as their numbers grew, they built a church in the eighth century, a wall in the ninth, and a cloth-market in the tenth. These were the three stages of progress—religion, defence, and industry—which have proved "not three almighties, but one almighty."

§ 5

Ostend

The sea coast of Flanders is one long beach bordered by a strip of sand dunes. Here Ostend surveys the sea, rather forlorn at the recurring periods when gambling is forbidden. Built in the chocolate-box style of architecture of the immediate pre-war era, it is characteristic of nothing but Ostend. Still, when the merry-makers of half Europe arrive, Ostend has few rivals for strenuous gaiety. The great digue or sea front, above the beach as at Brighton, but sloping down, is three miles long and stretches away along the coast. At all hours it is thronged with cosmopolitan crowds, gamblers in the height of fashion, the new rich, trippers, racecourse roughs. The Kursaal is immense with all its turrets and minarets, ball-rooms and gilded restaurants and expensive gardens, in some ways more magnificent than Monte Carlo. There are countless florid hotels, every sort of entertainment for every purse, a frenzied atmosphere of Vanity Fair. The wonderful sea-bathing appeals to all classes; on the jetty are rows of people fishing for shrimps and flounders with hand-nets and pulleys; and the sport of sand-yachting is full of thrills. The sand-yacht is rigged like a small sailing-boat, mounted on four wheels and guided by a steering-wheel. The long firm banks of sand are ideal for these land-ships, which attain to very high speeds in expert hands.

War Memories

At Nieuport the River Yser comes down to the sea, and the little port, which was completely demolished during the war, is now almost entirely rebuilt. Just to the north of the dock basin runs the line of trenches held by the Allies—the trenches, the dug-outs and the land around them being kept more or less in their original condition as a war memorial.

Nieuport's name will always remain gloriously enshrined in

Photo: A. Pitcairn-Knowles.

COCK-CROWING COMPETITION.

A favourite sport in Belgium is to hang cocks in boxes against a wall and see which crows best and loudest when exposed to the light. Here a bird's throat is being tickled to train it to crow well.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

MARBLE WORKERS' QUAY, BRUGES.

One of the most fascinating examples of still life in Bruges. Above the dark red walls of the old houses which rise sheer from the waters, we can espy the top of the Belfry, and the roof of the Town Hall.

ENTRANCE TO THE BÉGUINAGE AT BRUGES.

One of the most picturesque spots in Bruges, which is described in the text.

Belgian history as the last remnant of Belgium unconquered by the Germans. Here it was, in October, 1914, that the Belgians checked the enemy's advance and defended themselves by opening the sluices, flooding the flat country and drowning or expelling the invaders.

Zeebrugge, where steamers call from Hull, will always be remembered for the British naval exploit of St. George's Day in 1918, still recalled by twisted iron hulls, cracked piers, and sunken ships.

Visitors to the coast resorts often remain sublimely unconscious of the mediæval Flemish life, and many delightful little places lurking so close at hand.

The much advertised plage of La Panne is only an hour's walk from Furnes, whose great cathedral can be seen from the coast dominating the land, and whose courts of justice were a meeting place of the Spanish inquisition. On the last Sunday in July there goes through the streets of Furnes a wonderful procession, a veritable mystery play of the Passion of Christ. Pilgrimages and religious observances of ceremonial nature such as the blessing of the sea are widespread.

In the country just inland, the fisher-folk retain the peculiar habit of fishing for shrimps on horseback with great shrimping nets piled on the pommel of the saddle. For all the tourists know or care, the interior might still be fen and forest, crag and torrent, filled with wild beasts and wilder men. In their carnival of baccarat and jazz, no whiff reaches them of the serener atmosphere scarcely a gunshot away on the low horizon. It would be news to them that, when their countrymen went about in woad, settlers were building a bridge over a torrent, and here arose a townlet called Brugge, the bridge, and Brugge became Bruges.

§ 6

Bruges

Bruges is only half an hour away from the turmoil of tourists, but remains shrouded in the Middle Ages. The Walloons call her *La Morte* (the Dead), but for the Flemings she will always remain *De Schoone* (the Beautiful). There is no reason why she should not be both, but the names illustrate the different points of view.

The wise traveller will arrive afoot after dark, if possible on a moonlight night. As the towers and spires gradually rise into greater distinctness, he will enter, not only into the city, but also into the spirit of Bruges. And if he walk the streets of Bruges when the good citizens have gone to bed and their yellow window-panes flicker out one by one, he may catch the veritable tang and taste of life as it was five and six hundred years ago. In the canals by which he walks, overhung by ancient houses and fretted lattices, the bridges on which he leans, the massive churches, the great Hospital of St. John, the serene *béguinage*, the stately Town Hall, the old houses of the Guilds, there are in truth the flesh and bones of a real mediæval city.

Bruges throve amazingly for centuries in spite of constant sieges and civil wars. She once had a population of 200,000 (now reduced to 52,000) and 150 ships arrived on one day. From all parts of three continents came gold and silver, wools and hides, and coal and wine and cheese. There were—

> "Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies,
> Ministers from twenty nations; more royal pomp and ease."

Even the troubles which drove trade away to Antwerp and emptied 5,000 merchants' houses did not sign her doom. It was only when the delta of the Scheldt choked up the river Zwijn with mud and cut her off from the sea that Bruges sank into the glorious dimness of to-day.

But Bruges seems more lovely dead than alive, for Time, that great artist, has softened and mellowed the tints of every brick and stone. She is such a dainty miniature, such a little place, that you need scarcely two hours to stroll around, for the most part along the raised boulevard of the ramparts or along her wonderfully picturesque canals, where on a summer's day artists from all parts of the world sit engrossed with subjects that confront the eye. It may be the Quai du Rosaire, the Quai du Mirroir, or the Quai du Vert; the delightful Minnewater or Lac d'Amour, the *béguinage* or the Grande Place and the world-famous Belfry. Few places anywhere possess the old-world fascination and charm that belongs to Bruges. As we wander by the canals and bridges, through her narrow streets, often overgrown with grass, lingering in front of curious old buildings,

Photo: Ernest Thill, Brussels.

BRUGES: CASKET OF ST. URSULA.

This famous miniature Gothic chapel, painted by Memling for the Hospital of St. John, regarded as one of his masterpieces, is described in the text.

Photo: E. N. A.

PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD.

Christ's holy blood was brought to Bruges by a Crusader and is credited with many miracles. Every May it is still carried in a jewelled tabernacle through the streets, followed by vast crowds, including priests, friars, pilgrims and members of confraternities. The houses are beflagged, bells peal, bands play and incense fills the air.

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

ROSARY QUAY, BRUGES.

A delightful spot where the water lingers among weather-beaten houses reflecting all their moods in an atmosphere of perfect peace.

Photo: E. N. A.

BRUGES: THE LAKE OF LOVE.

The Lac d'Amour, a dreamland spot, where if you go at midnight they say your wishes are all fulfilled.

charmed by the mellow tints of old walls or ancient gilded arches of this sleeping mediæval town, in parts as silent as the grave, we feel the glamour of la Morte Bruges—and every stone has a story of its own.

For one of the charms of Bruges, as of every work of art, is that there is so much to be discovered individually.

No efficient traveller will fail to find, when he explores under little porticoes leading into enclosed courtyards, or wanders along the quay-sides of the canals that thread through the town, all kinds of little gems of architecture, of heraldic carving, and nooks and corners that belong to another age.

Bruges has neither grown nor shrunk during the last six centuries, and her modern houses lose themselves in their mediæval frame. They are often built in a mediæval way, the sides sloping up to the roof-point by flights of steps apparently designed to incite dare-devil climbing by the younger generation, and the modern life in the streets is diversified by the frequent passing of nuns in ample robes, and brown-cloaked, barefoot priests, and little milk-carts with their shining yellow cans drawn by dogs.

Bruges cherishes all the memories of her past. Here are the Street of the Blind Donkey, a narrow lane with an arch of gilded stonework; Spanish Street, with dark cellars where Spanish merchandise was stored and English Street, where English merchant adventurers traded in a house called The Tower of London.

The Market Place has scarcely changed through countless years. Markets remain the throbbing heart of every Flemish town. There on market-days we are plunged into the life of the people, introduced to all their trivial interests and wares, their eager chaffering over Ali Baba jars, garish native crockery, lamps, hairpins, wooden shoes, all sorts of cheapest clothes. They overflow on to the cobbles from shaky stalls with white awnings. Here whilom knights and dames assembled for jousts and junketings, and the old houses, kindly and serene, tower above the low eating-houses of to-day.

The Famous Belfry

Markets, as we have seen, clung to associations of kirk and mass; church belfries, on the other hand, became symbols of independence. During all the national struggles, the first demand

of an insurgent town was for a belfry of her own. And Bruges' Belfry is the most famous of all. Legend attributes it to the ninth century, but all we really know is that it was restored in the thirteenth. Three hundred and fifty feet in height, it dominates the drowsy city, tries even to rouse it with sweet persistent chimes, so persistent that a guide-book warns "nervous sleepers" to avoid them by a careful choice of rooms. All through the year, they resound four times an hour, clanging out into the silence or vying with winter storms. And three times a week there are chime performances, worked on musical-box lines with a copper cylinder weighing over eight tons and punched with some 30,000 holes; it is revolved by releasing a weight of nearly two tons, and sets in motion the hammers of the bells, which include a tocsin of eight tons. As Longfellow reminds us:—

"In the market place of Bruges
Stands the Belfry, old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
Still it watches o'er the town."

And as of old, watchmen still stand there to watch for fires, and, as of old, we listen with Longfellow to the clamour of the bells:—

"In the ancient town of Bruges;
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times, and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry, in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges."

No eager tourist will fail to visit the world-famous Memling pictures in the Hospital of St. John, nor to admire the paintings by Pourbus and Adrien Isenbrandt in Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, nor the Gruuthuuse nor the *béguinage*.

In Memling, who settled in Bruges about 1467, the school of the Van Eycks reached its highest development. He introduced correct drawing into his pure and luminous works, and it was said that he painted souls as well as faces. His Madonnas

with their wonderful golden hair, combined dignity with loveliness, and his Shrine of St. Ursula in the Hospital of St. John, a casket made to hold the relics of the Saint, deserves to be reckoned among the wonders of the world. Though only three feet long and less than three feet high, this casket—shaped like a Gothic chapel—is covered with eight panel paintings and six medallions on the roof slopes. The scenes illustrate the story of St. Ursula, and the beauty of the work is manifest. We are fascinated and bewitched by the bijou qualities of the Fleming's art. The almost ghostly spirituality of his portraits has caused them to be likened to the visions of a sick man in convalescence.

The legend goes that Memling, while fighting as a soldier of Charles the Bold, was desperately wounded, and dragged himself to the Hospital of St. John at Bruges, where he was kindly received and his wound tended. When cured, out of gratitude and for no fee, he painted the picture still to be seen in the hospital.

Bruges remains one of the most Catholic cities in Catholic Flanders. One of her chief sights is a *béguinage;* rather a peaceful, happy almshouse than a convent, where holy women are vowed to obedience and chastity but remain free to leave at will. Indeed, they upset all preconceived notions about nunneries. Instead of a jealously guarded building, where the intrusion even of the most ancient and ill-favoured male would arouse as much resentment as that of a hawk into a dovecot, we find a kindly welcome to all who care to visit them. The *béguinage* has its own circle of houses, and its own village green planted with tall trees.

Close by the *béguinage* is the *Minnewater,* or Lake of Love, one of the loveliest nooks of Bruges, a busy harbour very long ago; now you are told that if you go there alone at midnight your wishes will come true. Then there is the miniature Church of Jerusalem, with a Holy Sepulchre copied from Palestine; here we crawl into a dark vault and find a mysterious figure wrapped in a white linen cloth. And at Notre Dame we may revere a fragment of Christ's cross, worker of countless miracles.

Procession of the Holy Blood

But the most striking example of religious fervour is the annual procession of the Holy Blood. This blood, collected by Joseph of Arimathea, was brought here by a crusader and housed

in its own chapel. After a time it dried; until the year 1325 it liquefied every Friday at six in the afternoon, recalling the well-known liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples; but since then the miracle has occurred only once, when it was transferred to a new crystal tube. The Holy Blood, however, is credited with many other miracles, including the cure of paralysis and raising from the dead. And on a Monday in May every year it is carried out in a jewelled tabernacle through the streets, attracting the strangest concourse of people. All the houses are beflagged and illuminated, bells peel, bands play, and incense fills the air. Banners, images, crucifixes, caskets of relics, palms, crowns of thorns are borne aloft amid a crowd of priests, friars, acolytes, pages, heralds, members of confraternities, and barefooted pilgrims. It is a sort of sacred carnival with organised groups. The Saviour carrying His Cross is flanked by Roman soldiers, prophets walk with their persecutors, Abraham leads Isaac to the sacrifice, the three Kings bear their offerings, Joseph accompanies Mary and the Holy Child in the flight to Egypt. As the relic follows beneath a canopy with attendant bishops in gorgeous vestments, the spectators sink devoutly to their knees. And when, at the end of the procession's pilgrimage, all are arrived upon the mediæval Place du Bourg, with quaint dress, impressive figures, sacred images, and waving display of many banners to receive the Benediction, then, indeed, we are back in Bruges of the Middle Ages.

No one ever seemed more pious than these peasants as they passed with bowed heads, telling their beads and moving their lips in ceaseless prayer. Yet no sooner have they received the final blessing than they throng the countless taverns throughout the town, and indulge in wild conviviality.

With decadence came unemployment, nearly one-fifth of the population being paupers to-day; and pauperism has been dealt with on good old mediæval lines. Thanks to the Church, there are almhouses everywhere—God's houses they are called—pretty little houses covered with moss and lichen, each with its own chapel and ever open doors. And yet beggars swarm.

The rich have suffered, too, and great mansions fallen to decay, among them No. 6, High Street, once known as the House of the Seven Towers. Here the English Merry Monarch held

QUAI VERT, BRUGES.

The Green Quay is well-named. It is a paradise of greenery, with verdure peeping out everywhere amid the russet roofs and walls, filling the silent canal with reflected gleams of green. Save for the silvery peals of bells at intervals, this sleeping waterway scarcely stirs or yields the slightest sound.

his exiled court in great penury and high spirits, joining the Archers' Club and excelling as a marksman at the popinjay.

Battle of the Golden Spurs

But while the Flemings have always loved England, they have often hated France. One landmark in their history is known as the Bruges Matins. It was in May, 1302, after months of civil warfare, that the burghers rose against the French, caught them sleeping and slaughtered them all day. Two thousand Frenchmen lay dead in the streets, whose gutters ran with blood. The reply was a punitive expedition of 40,000 led by the flower of France, but Flemish patriots rallied from all parts of the country, prepared pitfalls with brushwood for the heavy cavalry, and won the Battle of the Golden Spurs, the Flemish Bannockburn.

Thus, we are told, " the gorgeous city rose, clothed herself in all the colours of the rainbow, glittered for a time, and sank into darkness," in which she remained for more than four hundred years.

At the end of the nineteenth century she was still stranded; the ship canal, which goes to Ostend on the one hand and Ghent on the other, had become a quiet backwater. But in the twentieth century, signs of slow restoration began with the cutting of a ship canal to the North Sea, and now, over the mediæval spires and turrets, we may espy the rigging of three- and four-masted sailing vessels moored at her quays to discharge cargoes borne from overseas.

§ 7

Ghent

Bruges, the dead capital of West Flanders, and eager, busy Ghent, the capital of East Flanders, are only half an hour's journey apart by rail, but in temperament and appearance they seem as far removed as East from West. We remember in our school history-books about the Emperor who made the punning remark that he could put all Paris in his glove, *Gand* being the French for Ghent, and *gant* for glove. And we probably had to learn " How they brought the good news from Aix to Ghent." But now the place proclaims itself by garish advertisements of trade

fairs. The population, which sank from 250,000 in her golden age to 40,000 in her decline, has now soared back to 211,000, including the suburbs.

At one time grass grew in the streets of Ghent; like Bruges, she became a silent spectre of departed glories; but now everybody is a hustler here, loading or unloading ships and barges on the two great canals, manufacturing cotton or linen goods, dyeing leather, and forcing countless camellias, azaleas, palms, and other hot-house plants for export. The only sluggards here, the Rivers Lys and Scheldt, met and formed islands, on which the first wooden houses of the town were built; as each island was occupied, a bridge was thrown over to the next one, and so on to others, until about thirty were colonised and thus Ghent came into existence.

Beautiful Guild-Houses

One of the most delightful things here is to wander through the narrow streets and along the quays of the canals; the Quai aux Herbes is one of the most beautiful in the world. Here we make acquaintance with the five Guild-houses which still remain. The Watermen's House, said to be the finest Gothic Guild-house in Belgium, dates from the sixteenth century, the Grain Measurers' from the seventeenth. The watermen had the privilege of piloting through the canals. St. Anthony was patron of the armourers, St. George of the cross-bow men, and they had their Guild-houses, too. Then there is the "Grand Butchery," the headquarters of the Butchers' Guild; it obtained its privileges through a butcher's pretty daughter, who gave a son to Charles the Fifth. The butchers were known as "Servants of the Prince," and had to do police work when called upon.

On the left bank of the Lys, in the very centre of the town, rise the remains of a grim, forbidding stronghold known as the Castle of the Counts of Flanders. In great part built by a crusader on the model of castles in Palestine, it yet recalls Conway or Carnarvon with its high black walls rising straight out of the water on three sides. There is a vast, dim banqueting hall, with an enormous chimney-piece and tiny windows. Dark, narrow staircases lead from floor to floor within the thickness of the walls, or wind up turrets lighted only by peep-holes a few inches square.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE GATE OF GHENT AT BRUGES.

Built in the fifteenth century and scarcely changed to-day, except that trams have taken the place of stately processions of knights in shining armour.

Photo: E. N. A.

GHENT: STATUE OF THE BROTHERS VAN EYCK.

Jan and Hubert Van Eyck, said to have been the inventors of oil-painting, settled at Ghent in the fifteenth century. Their most famous work is the huge altarpiece of St. Bavon, described in the text.

Photo: W. A. Mansell & Co.

HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, BRUGES.

The famous shrine in Bruges which contains some of Memling's most famous works, including the altarpiece of St. John and the Adoration of the Magi.

Photo: E. N. A.

BELGIAN MILK-CARTS.

Carts drawn by dogs are a feature of Belgian streets. Here we see a milkman about to start on his rounds with beautifully polished cans and an alert, friendly dog who seems eager for his day's work, hard though it often is.

Photo: E. N. A.

GHENT: CASTLE OF THE COUNTS OF FLANDERS.

Founded in the ninth century and rebuilt by a Crusader, this unique fortress reflects its troubled story. The dungeons are alive with memories of torture and secret executions during the religious wars.

In the middle of the courtyard is the dungeon, over a thousand years old, and the very cellars were used as torture chambers in the Middle Ages, as an iron chest containing skeletons is there to testify.

The Grand Béguinage

From this gloomy place it is a relief to turn aside to the silence and seclusion of the little houses which constitute the two *béguinages*. These are indeed almost the only silent spots in this busy place, amazingly picturesque with very dark red-brick walls and tufts of greenery. Through the windows and doorways we espy the patient sisters adding another touch of colour with their bright blue dresses and huge white linen coifs, spending their days in lace-making and prayer. The encircling wall of the Grand Béguinage encloses an area of many acres. Every street and every house appears the exact counterpart of its fellow; each is of the same venerable red brick with the same tiled gables and queer, high chimneys. In front of each is a small patch of fragrant garden, full of hollyhocks and other old-fashioned flowers, with branches of bright laburnum and other trees nodding over the high walls.

The Van Eyck Pictures

The ruins of the old Abbey of St. Bavon also have a dreamy atmosphere. All sorts of thick creepers cloak the walls and there are long vaulted cloisters with strange figures of grim men in stone. It was here that Charles V and John of Gaunt—"time-honoured Lancaster," as Shakespeare called him—were born, and here the Spaniards fired volleys at Roland, the famous bell, which was regarded as the greatest rebel among all the turbulent burghers of Ghent. On it was inscribed: "When I toll there is a fire, and when I ring there is victory in Flanders," but its peals usually rang a call to revolt; when Charles V hanged fourteen rebels, and compelled other citizens to crave his pardon with bare feet and ropes round their necks, Roland was sentenced to be taken down as a punishment for treason, though afterwards reprieved.

In the Cathedral of St. Bavon are four copper candelabra, which bear the royal arms of England. Cromwell stole them

from St. Paul's and sold them to the Flemings, thus unconsciously saving them from destruction in the great fire of London. Here too is the gigantic altar-piece, "The Adoration of the Lamb," over 1,000 square feet in area; it was begun by Hubert van Eyck and finished by his brother, and in many respects it has never been surpassed. It is not one picture but a whole collection of pictures. The complete altar-piece consisted of twelve panels. The centre panel, from which the whole takes its name, is surmounted by three panels representing the Virgin Mary, God the Father, and St. John. One of these represents a judge in a black garment with a red rosary, and was said to be a portrait of Jan van Eyck himself in mourning for his brother's death. Another, entitled "Christ's Warriors," is a striking portrait of crusaders, bearing likenesses to John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, and Godfrey de Bouillon, first King of Jerusalem. Two of them, with nude figures of Adam and Eve, were removed in 1775 as unsuitable for a church. Early in the nineteenth century the other ten were sold to an Englishman for 100,000 francs, and he resold them to the King of Prussia for four times that sum; they were placed in the museum at Berlin. Later on, copies of all the panels, including Adam and Eve, were added to the central part of the great picture at Ghent. When Ghent was occupied during the Great War, Berlin rejoiced that it would soon secure the centrepiece to add to the panels at Berlin, but it had been so securely hidden as never to be discovered. In 1920 the Germans were forced, under the Versailles treaty, to give up the original panels in part reparation for works of art destroyed during the war, and thus they were restored to Ghent.

Flemish painting began with the Van Eycks; indeed, Hubert was said to be the inventor of oil-painting. In any case, he was the first to depart from primitive painting, which makes saints and kings look like court cards.

The Flemish artists of the fourteenth century were the first to introduce into pictures of gods and saints the palpitating joys and the carnal beauties of Nature. This blend of realism and idealism has always been and still remains the outstanding feature of Belgian art. The realism reveals itself most often by depicting the coarse, material, rollicking life of the Flemish peasant with his lumbering dances, his boisterous village holidays

Photo: E. N. A.

THE CLOTH HALL, YPRES.

Prior to the Great War one of the finest monuments of Gothic Art in Flanders. Thanks to the protecting arms of the English, Ypres was never taken during the war, but the German bombardment reduced the Cloth Hall and every other building there to heaps of stones.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE PULPIT OF SAINTE GUDULE, BRUSSELS.

The most striking piece of wood-carving in Belgium, executed in 1699. At the top is the tree of knowledge, surmounted by the Virgin and Infant Christ crushing the serpent with a cross, while underneath are Adam and Eve being expelled from Paradise. The railing was added in 1780, and affords a strange contrast with quaint animals representing human vices.

and all the details of his precise home. And the same spirit has brooded out of doors over wind-swept sands and dreary dunes, sea-life and sea-scapes, glittering white winters and steaming summers, canal life with barges or sledges, great galleons, formal avenues and streets, processions with archers and halberdiers.

A Grim Museum

The Archæological Museum should be seen if only for the complete collection of instruments of torture, including headsmen's swords and branding-irons and the huge toasting-fork with which the executioner used to stir the fire, like some devil in a primitive picture, when the victims were burnt alive. There is also a strange old picture representing a headsman's sword-blade being turned aside supernaturally when he was trying to decapitate his own father.

Wander where we will, we are sure to light upon all sorts of fascinating old houses in Ghent. Among them is a mediæval inn called "The Seven Works of Mercy," with bas-reliefs of them all and, of course, most prominently, of the virtue of entertaining strangers. Then in the Square of the Great Cannon is the famous piece of ordnance called "Mad Meg," made of welded plates bound together by huge iron hoops, somewhat like the Mons "Meg" of Edinburgh Castle. Not long ago the Belgian Government appointed a commission to catalogue and value the most important monuments of the past, and it decided that Ghent possessed a greater number of them than any other place in the land.

The University

The University of Ghent, near the famous Butter Market, has roused fierce controversy during recent years. During their long occupation of Ghent throughout the war, the Germans tried to make it entirely Flemish to annoy the Walloons, and the Flemings have since tried to continue this policy, contending that the place was originally founded for their benefit. This, however, is only one important incident in the violent struggle over the language question, all the more important because it occurs at Ghent, most obstinate and turbulent of towns, always at war with somebody, especially Bruges and Ypres.

§ 8

Ypres and Battle-Lines

At the end of July, 1914, Ypres retained much of her great inheritance from the Middle Ages, and ranked among the most fascinating towns in Europe. Most of her buildings were survivals from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and she slept within her moat and enormous ramparts as though the storm and stress of darker days were never to return. During seven centuries her 4,000 looms had never closed, and she continued to provide the world with linen, lace and thread, as the word diaper, a contraction of *d'Ypres*, confirms. And yet distractions were not lacking throughout those troublous times. Ypres was besieged and burnt by Ghent, terrorised by the Spaniards, four times taken and sacked by the French. Yet still she survived and throve until the Germans came to deal destruction's devastating doom. Thanks to the British, Ypres was never taken throughout the war; she held out to the very last, so much the last that, save for a few columns and the fragments of a tower, nothing of Ypres was left standing. The Cloth Hall, Belgium's grandest monument, the great Belfry, the Church of St. Martin, with its wondrous spire—all are reduced to heaps of stones. Restorers have set to work with new red houses, cunning imitations of the old, but these must wait for centuries to be transfigured by the mellowing touch of time. During the Great War there were three great Battles of Ypres, the first of which cost the Allies over 100,000 men and the Germans 250,000.

There are now hotels, pensions and restaurants at Ypres again, and we may stand upon the ramparts, too enormous to be destroyed even by heavy bombardment, and look out over the old battle area down the Menin Road, to Hooge Gheluvelt and Menin, and towards St. Julien, Poelcappelle and Paschendaele or Langemark and the Forest of Houthulst. British and German and French dead lie there in battalions, brigades, divisions and armies. Nothing can undo the terrible triumph of death, and Ypres remains a holy place of pilgrimage. The activity of natives is doubtless praiseworthy, but somehow it seems to jar. We feel that men should walk reverently there,

Photo: E. N. A.

THE GROTTOES OF HAN.

This wonderful series of caverns is found high above the little village of Han. At every turn some new freak of Nature presents an effect of terrifying wonder, stalagmites of dazzling whiteness, grotesque shapes of rocks, or uncanny echoes of the noisy Lesse, which tumbles through the caverns.

Photo: A. Pitcairn-Knowles.

FISHING ON HORSEBACK.

Belgium is the only place in Europe where this unique and picturesque method of fishing still survives. The water between Nieuport and Coxyde is so shallow that the fishermen can ride far out to sea, dragging their nets behind them. Generations ago this was quite a popular way of earning a living, but now the mounted fishermen are few and far between.

Photochrom.

BRUSSELS: ANSPACH MONUMENT.

Erected in 1897 in memory of Burgomaster Anspach, one of the chief promoters of the boulevards.

Photo: E. N. A.

BRUSSELS: MAISON DU ROI.

One of the finest Gothic buildings in Flanders, it stands in the Grande Place, which ranks among the most beautiful Squares in Europe. Tradition relates that Counts Egmont and Hoorn passed their last night on earth in the Maison du Roi, walking straight from the balcony to the block by means of scaffolding.

bareheaded perhaps, and the new life pouring in, the building of houses, the serving of meals and drinks, the selling of souvenirs in the streets seem out of place.

The old battle line can still be explored in part; Poelcappelle is a village now and not a ruin, Kemmel Hill and Hill 60 are the scene of peaceful agricultural labours. Wytschaete, Dickisbush, the road to Vlamerting and Elverdinghe, Gold Fish Château and old "Pop" (Poperinghe) are restored to the uses of normal life.

The storm of battle has passed away with all its screaming shells; the plaintive low of cattle and the hum of reapers proclaim an atmosphere of peace; but still the scars remain. Mothers, sweethearts, comrades, streams of pious pilgrims, come to gaze reverently over the land which took their dearest from them, to offer the last tribute of a posy or a tear.

The transformation is incrédible. It seems but the other day that hell was let loose, that man's loud thunderbolts and bursting clouds filled the air with shrieks and moans, that vast hosts wrestled in the grip of death. Places consecrated in heroes' blood, names hallowed on the roll of honour cannot be traced. Red villages arise with taverns for pilgrims, fresh farmsteads whisper of prosperity regained, new forests peer hopefully from the shattered soil.

The battlefields have returned to corn and pasturage, but memories remain. Man has raised heavy monuments, simple cemeteries have spread their white arms over hill and dale, but once again it is Nature who, with unerring hand, provides the very right memorial; for here the gleaming chalk of trenches is adorned with a luxuriant growth of big daisies, cornflowers and poppies, painting the hillside and vale and pasture land in sharp zigzags of red, white and blue.

§ 9

Brussels

Like Bucharest and other snobbish little capitals, Brussels feels flattered when strangers can be persuaded to call her "a little Paris," forgetful of her humble origin and the derivation of her name. Like Bruges, she began with a small settlement on an island in a swamp, and Brussels is merely *Broek-sele,* the

House on the Marsh. We might find one analogy in the fact that Paris is on the Seine and Brussels on the Senne, but otherwise there is no great similarity. The aristocratic residential quarter, however, stretches away on the higher ground towards the Wood of the Cambre, vaguely reminiscent of the Bois de Boulogne. This wood, laid out as a large park and interspersed with restaurants, melts into the great Forest of Soignes and there, on holidays, that half of the population which does not prefer the open country of Laeken, comes to wander among the trees or spend its money at one of the three racecourses. And in the late afternoons, the beauty and the chivalry of Belgium's capital may be met disporting themselves, caracolling on thoroughbreds, or loafing in gorgeous cars. The way to the Cambre, a fine wood of stately trees and magnificent alleys, is by the Avenue Louise, a splendid avenue a mile and a half long and about two hundred feet wide. Here behind the row of chestnuts on each side of the avenue are the sumptuous houses of Brussels' fashionable citizens.

But visitors are usually deceived when they assume that this garish international side of Brussels embraces the whole atmosphere. Old Belgium peers out beneath the veneer on every hand. The Grande Place may rank among the most beautiful squares in Europe, its old style houses have pointed gables and gilded cornices. Here is the Town Hall with its cunning carvings and a spire that has been called a miracle of needlework in stone; also the "King's House," formerly called the Bread House, where the price of bread was fixed in ancient days; and the Weigh House and the Houses of the Guilds. The rare beauty of the carved buildings provides the best of every style and period, and at one end are ancient coffee-houses approached by wide and lordly flights of stairs.

The Boulevard Anspach is the main street in what is the lower town, the upper town being the fashionable quarter of Brussels. The immense Palais de Justice, a notable building of magnificent proportions, stands on high ground and dominates the city. It has been severely criticised from the architectural point of view, but it was intended to achieve an effect of massive strength by the introduction of Egyptian and Assyrian methods, and few can resist its spell.

Photochrom.

BAYARD ROCK ON THE MEUSE.

According to a legend, it was from this rock that a horse named Bayard leaped into the river with four men on his back and bore them away to safety when pursued by Charlemagne.

An Eccentric Artist

The Wiertz Museum occupies the house where the artist lived and is worth visiting by people in search of sensations. It is one of the most remarkable collections of paintings in Europe, exhibiting as it does the great eccentricity of the artist. He was born in 1806 and died in 1865, and may be regarded as the forerunner of Futurist, post-impressionist, and other modern eccentric schools. His contemporaries regarded him as a raving lunatic, but no one can deny his originality and realism. The Gallery suggests a chamber of horrors, and the effects are heightened by the use of screens and glasses through which we have to peep. There is a dog in a corner so well shaded that it seems almost alive; and a decapitated head, which he painted as a protest against capital punishment, might just have been brought in from the headsman. His "Sects according to Christ" shows a ghastly, half-naked man brandishing chains and wrestling with two wild-eyed fanatics. But perhaps his masterpiece is "Napoleon in Hell," though his wild "Calabrian Brigand," roaring with very wide-open mouth and pointing a blunderbuss at us through a doorway in the mountains, is horrible enough to keep nervous people awake at nights.

The Cathedral of St. Gudule was entirely restored in 1840, but retains an imposing front of the sixteenth century, a wonderful pulpit of carved oak, depicting Adam and Eve's expulsion from Paradise, and some fine stained glass with scenes from the lives of the Virgin Mary and various Hapsburg princes.

§ 10

Artistic Fame

The educated classes of Brussels speak French, but the language of the lower class and the working people is for the most part Flemish.

Brussels is provincial in many ways, but very proud of her musical fame and her full intellectual life. The large Dutch, French, and British colonies, the returned officials and merchants from the Belgian Congo, the racial rivalries of Flemings and Walloons, all stimulate criticism and artistic achievements. Side by side with the keen political conflicts in Parliament, the student may investigate interesting social and co-operative experiments,

or he may turn aside into galleries and museums where the great Flemish School of painting is richly represented. The theatres now depend almost entirely on French playwrights, for Belgium has produced few native plays, little beyond the grotesque old passion dramas such as the "Tragedy of the Passion," which used to be acted in the sixteenth century at the Convent of the Carmelites.

The Monnaie, a subsidised theatre built on the old Mint, always failed while unendowed. Now, however, it is playing to crowded houses, and is a great feature of Brussels life.

Luxury and Vice

Brussels chiefly impresses us by the space and movement of her streets and the activity of her industries. Once upon a time England ruined the linen trade of Brabant by prohibiting exports, but political economy teaches us that, when one trade proves unprofitable, workers must and can make good in some other direction; and political economy was justified when Brussels turned to flax and dye-works, armour, and tapestry.

Huge wealth ensued, and with wealth came great festivals and luxury and vice. The streets were full of men in cloth of gold with retinues of servants. Almost every other house was a tavern or a gambling den, and whole quarters were haunts of sin. A lock-up at each city gate kept open house for dissolute young men, and special laws had to be passed to prevent them from mortgaging their prospects before they reached the age of twenty-eight. There were feasts with wine flowing in the streets and half the population drunk; every year there was a procession with carnival cars, giants, blaring bands and banners of confraternities. At the worst hours of civic strife, for instance, when malcontent nobles dressed themselves up as beggars in order to extort concessions from the Dukes, the people were kept amused by official street-shows with ships, giants, dragons, dromedaries, elephants, and whales. It was the old story of providing "bread and circuses" to keep the people in good humour, and the policy proved successful on the whole, for while Flanders was always fighting, while Bruges, Ghent and Ypres were always at each other's throats, Brussels, indeed all Brabant sought peace and ensued trade.

Photo: Braun.

"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," BY RUBENS.

This supreme masterpiece is in Antwerp Cathedral, where there is quite an impressive ceremony when it is uneviled for visitors to see

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

VALLEY OF THE MEUSE.

One of the most picturesque places on the river; the little village of Houx nestles at the foot of a lofty rock, on which stand the ruins of Poilvache, destroyed by the French in 1554.

Photo: E. N. A.

BRUSSELS LAW COURTS.

This immense "Palace of Justice" is one of the finest modern buildings in the world and seems to dominate the whole city. It took sixteen years to build at a cost of nearly £2,000,000, is 590 feet long, 560 feet wide and 340 feet high. The dome is adorned with statues representing Justice, Power and Clemency.

Laeken

Laeken, once a separate village, is now a suburb of Brussels. The chief sight is the cemetery, which is packed with monuments and has long underground galleries, with rows of vaults divided into cells for coffins like those in Genoa and the South of Spain. A broad boulevard leads to the royal palace, originally built for the Austrian governor of the Netherlands, but destroyed by fire in 1890. The modern palace is garish rather than beautiful with its mosaic pavement and rotunda of blue granite, but the hot-houses are filled with an amazing wealth of rare flowers, and outside them is a mound covered with every imaginable kind of creeping and standard roses. Oddly enough, the royal chapel is built of glass and cannot outwardly be distinguished from the surrounding hot-houses.

Waterloo

At Evere, in a dry sandy plain, we find the cemetery of the officers who fell at Waterloo, with a colossal bronze statue of Britannia. The historic battlefield is within easy reach of Brussels, and even in these days with records of battles on a far greater scale than Waterloo, the historic field repays a visit. It is approached by a delightful road, a journey of nine miles through the finest scenery, indeed a tramway runs to the mound on which the Belgian lion stands, and the scene of the great battlefield is little changed to-day. Houses have sprung up on the road to Mont St. Jean, and the Duke of Wellington's tree has vanished long ago, but that great scene of carnage, the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, still stands, and down to the right, looking from Mont St. Jean, we can still see the Château of Hougoumont just as it was after the battle, riddled by shot and fire amid dark trees and orchard walls. A footpath leads across the fields to La Belle Alliance, the farm-inn where Wellington shook hands with Prussian Blucher in the flush of victory. How long ago it seems to-day!

§ 11

Antwerp

Twenty-seven miles from Brussels and about sixty up the Scheldt, we come to Antwerp, in point of size the largest city in

Belgium; for wealth and commerce the most important of all. In fact, it is one of the most important ports in Europe, for the river is over 2,000 feet wide, and the biggest ships can come right up to the wharves.

Once upon a time it was the wealthiest city on the Continent. Then it suffered pillage and arson under the Spaniards, losing its commerce and seeing its silk-weavers flee to England. During the last sixty years, however, it has enjoyed great prosperity, but it might enjoy far more, but for the strange fact that, with all their enterprise and industry, the Belgians can create no shipping of their own. Almost the whole of their trade is carried on in foreign vessels, the one exception being a line of steamers, which plies to and from the Congo, and that is subsidised by the State.

Belgian imports of coal and coke slightly overbalance the exports, but the country depends chiefly on its exports, more than half the steel and iron going abroad, more than two-thirds of the flax, and 95 per cent. of the glass.

Antwerp is a modern city with slums and mediæval houses near the quays, including a tumble-down Spanish wood-house not unlike Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop. The Guild-houses are quaint and fanciful, especially the old meat-market with its stripes of red and black brick, in one of the worst slums. The Cathedral is the largest in Belgium, and would be the most imposing if not hemmed in by houses. It is nearly as big as St. Paul's in London and half the size of St. Peter's in Rome. The tall spire has exquisite open-work, but the interior has been spoiled by whitewash and the best of the stained glass is no more. The carved choir-stalls and huge pillars are impressive, and there are three of Rubens' masterpieces, the "Descent from the Cross," the "Elevation of the Cross" and "Assumption of the Virgin." With its gorgeous colours, the flowing design and wonderful realism, the "Descent from the Cross" counts as a supreme masterpiece. There is quite an impressive ceremony when tourists come to visit it. They have to take tickets, assemble as though for a military parade, and then wait patiently until a beadle withdraws a curtain revealing the picture.

Rubens, whose name is the most famous in Flemish Art, studied in Italy and remained there for eight years, taking service

Photo: E. N. A.

ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

The largest and most beautiful Gothic church in Belgium, especially famous for its fine spire towering into the sky. The Cathedral is disfigured by the mean houses clustered around. It contains Rubens' famous work "The Descent from the Cross" and many other masterpieces.

Photo. E. N. A.

BOUVIGNES.

A lovely bit of Meuse scenery with the ruined castle of Crève-Cœur on the hill to the right. What remains of Dinant can be seen in the distance.

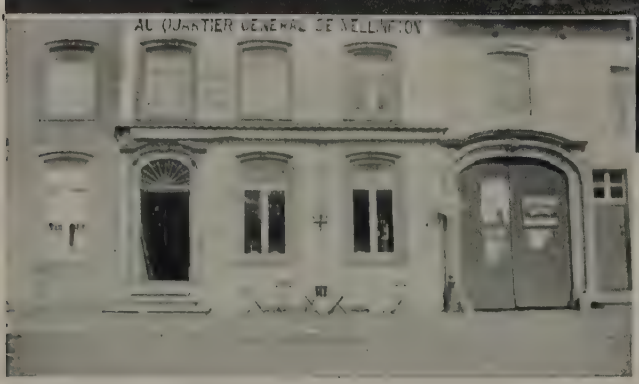

Photo: E. N. A.

WATERLOO: CHATEAU D'HOUGOUMONT.

The field of Waterloo still retains much to interest the many pilgrims who come to visit it. The top illustration shows the spot of a scene of frightful carnage during the battle. No less than 12,000 men were launched against it but the garrison held out to the last. The place bears a shattered and ruinous aspect to this day. The lower picture is the house in the village where Wellington penned his famous despatch.

with the roystering, pleasure-loving Duke of Mantua. He became a bond between Italy and the North, but retained his individuality. On his return to Antwerp he displayed such amazing activity that no less than 2,000 pictures bear his name, many doubtless through the assistance of his countless pupils.

The Plantin Museum is full of interest. Plantin was a rich printer of the sixteenth century, and his family continued the business for three hundred years. Wandering about his house, which the Municipality bought from his descendant, we can see how burghers lived in his day, and follow the development of his industry from wooden block letters to metal type. Everything remains as it was arranged for work in old days—proof-sheets and revises on the desks in the proof-readers' room, old matrices in the type-room, and sixteenth century presses in the composing room. There are also interesting family portraits by Rubens and other masters.

The interior of the nineteenth century Bourse is remarkable for its dainty work, with stones that seem alive, and there is a Calvary of cobbles and slag at the Church of St. Paul, tawdry and grotesque perhaps, but not without a certain quaintness. The picture gallery at the Palais de Beaux Arts is the finest in Belgium, and no one omits to visit the Folk-Lore Museum and watch the diamond-cutters at their work.

§ 12

Malines, or Mechlin, is full of pretty little courts and alleys and irregular old houses, forming almost a true circle with the Church of St. Rombold in the centre, a landmark for miles around. Here is a greater sense of decay than even at Bruges, the only surviving industry being the famous Mechlin lace. The Church of Notre Dame contains Rubens' remarkable picture representing the miraculous "Draught of Fishes."

Louvain

Louvain still has a marvellous Town Hall, but her chief glory was the University Library, which the Germans deliberately destroyed by fire in 1914, leaving nothing but ashes in the place of hundreds of priceless manuscripts, portraits, busts and treasures of science and art.

There was an almost unique collection of over a thousand incunabula—specimens of primitive printing between 1449, when the art was invented, and 1500 when it began to take definite shape; there were unreplaceable works of great antiquity dealing with every science; and perhaps less to be deplored, innumerable books on all the intricate religious controversies of the centuries of religious warfare.

§ 13

Liége

When we go further eastward from Flanders to the old Principality of Liége and the country of the Walloons, we find ourselves in a very different world. Here is the great national playground of the Ardennes, where the old oak forests have been replaced by firs, and winding rivers are dotted at intervals with ruined castles on sheer rocks.

Liége, which was ruled for centuries by Prince-Bishops, has a character of its own, and its people are said to be unlike any others in the world. Their motto is "Long live ourselves," and their history has left deep marks, a history of feudal romance and terrible deeds and poverty and, oddly enough, of good government. While Flanders and Brabant were rich and restive, Liége enjoyed something very like a modern constitution. The Principality was governed and taxed by clergy, nobles and people in agreement, arbitrary arrests were unknown, the poorest man's home was his castle; all this in an atmosphere of fire and sword.

Liége must have been a wonderful old place in the days of the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, so familiar in Scott's "Quentin Durward." There was a fortress on the only bridge which crossed the Meuse. Armed with big guns covering both sides of the river, it left but one narrow waterway, known as "the Dardanelles," for ships to pass. This disappeared long ago, like almost everything else of interest here. Liége has been called the "Birmingham of Belgium"; all its old martial spirit has been diverted into hard labour in coal-pits and ironworks. Strangely enough, the picturesqueness of the city has not been hurt by industry. When at nightfall we gaze down from the surrounding heights upon the valley, where huge furnaces glare and the pud-

Photo: E. N. A.

LOUVAIN TOWN HALL.

One of the most marvellous Gothic buildings in Belgium, dating back to 1450 but rebuilt in 1842. The only criticism ever brought is that it is too beautiful and elaborate. Each of the three storeys has ten exquisite windows, there are no less than 250 perfect statues and the general effect must fire the imagination of every beholder. By good fortune the Germans spared it when they destroyed the University Library in 1914.

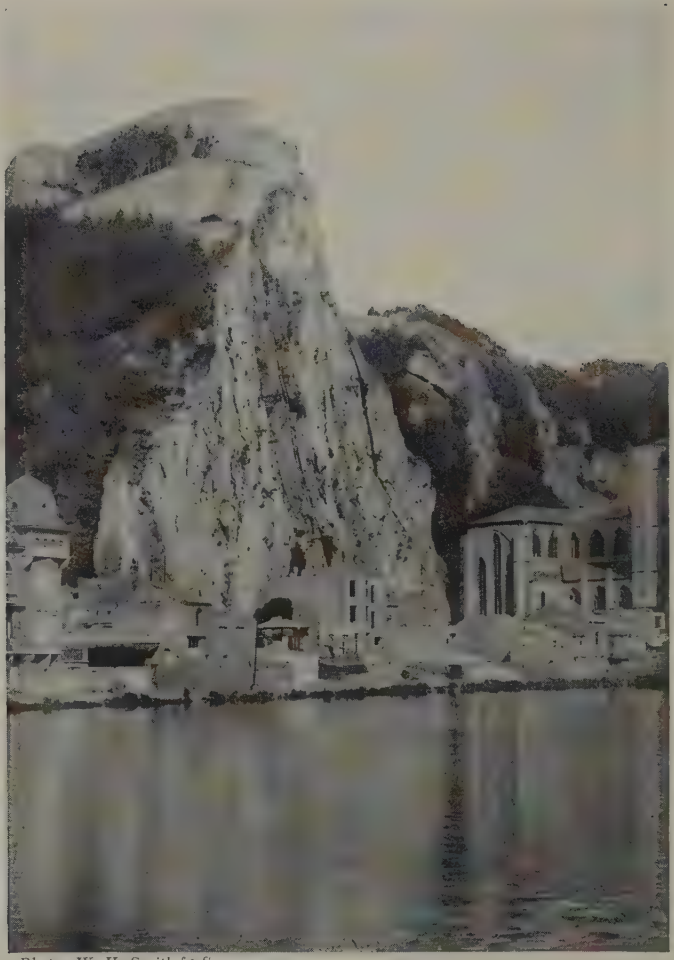

Photo: W. H. Smith & Son.

FORTRESS OF DINANT.

Dinant, where the Germans showed themselves at their worst during the great war suffered almost as much from the French in previous centuries. The ruined fortress, which surmounts the sheer limestone cliff, was taken by Philip "the Good" in 1466, when he drowned 800 of the population in the river.

dled ores light up the heavens, Liége seems crowned with flames and folded in a scarlet oriflamme.

Going up the Meuse from Liége we come to Huy, with a terraced citadel partly hewn out of the rock and a severe church of black limestone. Here the river is wonderfully beautiful in spite of a long series of factories all the way to Namur, a pretty place with many open spaces at the junction of the Sambre. One picturesque feature here is that every lamp-post forms a miniature garden. Below the lantern, a circular wire-work basket, over two feet in diameter, is filled with lobelias, geraniums, nasturtiums and other gay plants, giving a touch of vivid colour to the streets.

In old days there used to be exciting battles or jousts on stilts between rival factions dressed up in bright colours. They were so skilful in falling on their feet that few serious accidents occurred, but the French Revolution abolished the sport as a relic of feudalism.

§ 14

The Beautiful Ardennes

It is easy to roam about the Ardennes, for there are many light railways, so small that they do not impair the landscape; indeed, they almost provide fresh charms as they puff their smoke through the forests. Tourists are attracted in summer swarms, especially to the best known centres—Spa, Dinant, Rochefort and La Roche. But they are rare on the Semois, almost unknown in the prettiest parts of the Ourthe Valley.

Spa was long a resort of fashionable folk attracted by the gambling and mud baths. During Armageddon it was the headquarters of War-lords, and here the German Emperor signed his abdication on hearing that revolutionary troops were marching from Aix-la-Chapelle.

Grottoes

Rochefort is visited only as a centre for the grotto region, where little rivers disappear mysteriously underground. Explorers and scientists have striven for centuries to discover where they go, but all in vain. During the researches, however, the grotto of Rochefort was discovered some forty years

ago inside the hill topped by a ruined castle. This grotto contains three fine halls and amazing stalactites and stalagmites from roof and floor. There is no difficulty about visiting it; indeed, it has been arranged almost too comfortably for tourists, who are provided with safe paths and electric light.

Still more interesting is Han—a Walloon word for a hole in the ground. Here the river Lesse plunges into a hole in the hill above the village, and becomes a vaulted gulf in pitch darkness within the hill; then it emerges at last on the other side, having revealed nothing but a tiny trickle, which filters through the main hall of the grotto.

We enter the grottoes near the river's hole, which is known as the gate of the Lesse, and pass through corridors connecting nearly twenty halls, freaks of Nature's architecture. Some of the stalactites meet the stalagmites and form columns; all are beautiful and of fantastic shapes, suggesting names for the halls —the Alhambra, the Mosque, the Portico. Sometimes they are as exquisite as carvings of ivory. But the most amazing scene presents itself when we emerge from a long passage where rocks were strewn by an earthquake a century ago. We step into wide barges, twelve passengers for each, and feel as though we were about to be ferried across the Styx into the infernal region. A few dancing lanterns add to the ghostliness of the awful gulf, whose black waters are of unknown depth, perhaps even bottomless. When our eyes are accustomed to the gloom we espy a tiny twinkle of light revealing the exit some two hundred yards away. Then we are suddenly brought back to modern times by our boatman, who fires a pistol shot and frightens us out of our wits —it is the very place for some dark deed.

La Roche depends chiefly on its lovely woods, showing what the old forest must have been. Here are the ruins of the Castle of the Counts, but still more remarkable is the Devil's Castle, a freak of Nature representing a feudal fortress with towers and bastions and barbican and wall, all formed out of the living rock.

Hence, if we walk up the Ourthe Valley, we may reach real solitude, far from the madding crowd. in the Abbey and Forest of St. Hubert. He is the patron of hunters, owing to the story of his conversion, which has been immortalised extensively in art and song, telling how he encountered a stag, who

bore a fiery cross between his horns. Hence during a thousand years his shrine has been preferred to any Pasteur Institute when pious people were bitten by mad dogs, no less than 50,000 pilgrims arriving within the octave of his day. Once upon a time his abbey ruled over forty villages, but its glories have departed, for it has suffered as much from bad restoration as from French revolutionary mobs.

Dinant

Dinant used to be a pleasant little place with its summer châlets, boating and fishing, and in winter it offered an impressive sight when the river, running like a mill race, brought down blocks of ice formed from mountain snows. But now little remains beyond a ruined heap of stones, and restoration is likely to be slow. Here the Germans showed themselves at their very worst, destroying more than 1,200 houses, shooting and torturing more than 600 civilians, including many women and children. There is no longer much inducement to stay at Dinant, but in the neighbourhood is the romantic Château de Walzin, which stands out sheer above a precipitous rock and the dark waters of the Lesse; Furfooz, too, with stone-age caves, the royal domain of the Ardennes. And hence we may visit the charming region round Chimay, more primitive even than many places in the heart of the Ardennes, and, on the right bank of the river is a strange pyramid known as the Bayard Rock, which has nothing to do with the knight "without fear and without reproach," but recalls a famous horse of the eighth century, which leaped into the river from this rock and escaped from Charlemagne by swimming across the Meuse with four men on its back.

Further up, the Meuse is joined by the placid, sinuous river Semois, so sinuous that it covers 120 miles which a crow could fly in sixty-five. It is embowered in woods that come right down to the banks, and these are so precipitous that in some places there is no footpath, and travellers must cross again and again in boats in order to advance.

A Lovely Spot

Almost surrounded by a loop of the river is the Castle of Bouillon, which gives an idea of the immense strength of mediæ-

val fortresses, though its strength did not prevent it from being taken more often than any other fortress in Europe. It was sold by Godfrey de Bouillon to the Prince-Bishop of Liége in order to obtain enough money to go to the Crusades, and after the French Revolution it remained a small independent republic until Waterloo. The little village, which crouched for protection at the foot of the castle, is one of the loveliest spots in the Ardennes. Here in 1870, behind the white blinds of the Hôtel de la Poste, a restless shadow might have been seen moving about all night long. It was the shadow of the last Buonaparte, Napoleon III, a prisoner of the victorious Germans, and the neighbourhood was filled with the frantic cries and sobs of the wreckage of the French Army.

The charm of the Ardennes lies in the comfortable wildness, the sober brilliancy, the bustle and the solitudes. From a tourist steamer the cascading forests seem a veritable jungle firing the imagination with fairy tales and legends; they people themselves with fierce wild boars, strange snakes, primitive charcoal burners, Robin Hoods, gnomes, ghosts of romantic days; their feathery outlines and ever changing hues are picturesque enough to be unreal, mere shifting canvases forming a giant panorama from some old master's brush. In spring the pale green tenderness is heightened by the contrast of cataracts of golden gorse upon the hills; the genial blaze of summer slowly fades away into the sad browns and purples and virginia creeper tints of dying leaves. And always there are savage cliffs, defiant in their ruggedness, with castles and ruins of robber barons, suggesting scenes of storming parties with grappling irons repulsed at point of pike or drenched in boiling oil and molten lead. The rock of Hulsonniaux presents an impassable barrier to the river and turns it round its base. Its side is battered and breathed by the storms of countless centuries, its grey and reddish wall might be the face of a fortress frowning after a long siege. The rivers minister to every mood, here soft and silvery and sluggish, there turbulently fighting their way through gorges, tearing their rock beds, lashing themselves in furious foam.

We may spend a holiday in the Ardennes according to our fancy. There are personally conducted parties and chars-à-bancs, and hooting steamers and table-d'hôtes, all the jolly merriment

of holiday throngs. But let us hope that we are wiser and with boon companion explore afoot this beautiful romantic countryside. In an hour or two we may be so far removed from mortal ken that town life seems an ugly dream. We can camp and tramp and entrench ourselves in caves of the reindeer age, find lakes with fish so tame they clamour to be caught, commune with herons and kingfishers, lose ourselves in Nature's company. There are still haunts in the Ardennes where the world can be forgotten, where we can be by the world forgot.

CHIEF TOWNS AND COLONIAL POSSESSIONS

Belgium covers an area of 11,744 square miles. The population is 7,684,272; Brussels (with suburbs), 684,870; Antwerp, 333,882; Ghent, 165, 910; Liége, 165,117; Malines, 60,118; Bruges, 54,306. An agricultural, mining and industrial country. Exports: sugar, iron and steel, coal, wool, cotton, flax, hides, textiles, glass-ware, zinc, chemicals and machinery.

The Belgian Congo in Equatorial Africa is the only colonial possession and has an area of 909,654 square miles and a population of 11,000,000.

III

THE GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG

THE GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG

LUXEMBURG has nothing about it of comic opera or Ruritania except that it is small and romantic. It consists of a thousand square miles, has a population of 236,000 and an army of 145 men, not to mention a Constitution and a Chamber of Deputies. Practically everybody is a Roman Catholic, but the stock is decidedly pagan with many ancient beliefs and old folk-lore and superstitions about serpent-women and white ladies and pixies which still linger in the land.

That, however, does not prevent hard work and successful agriculture with good tobacco crops. Nearly every peasant has his own small holding, which grows smaller and smaller owing to a law enforcing an infinite subdivision among children and children's children. There are also iron and coal mines worked by an Italian population, but Luxemburg is very far from being a black country.

The race is mixed more than most, though a German dialect predominates, without, however, implying that the Grand Duchy has German inclinations. There was a Latin verse during old turmoils, to the effect that French lilies do not grow on the native rocks, which are rather a nesting-place for Austrian eagles. But when the Germans shattered treaties and entered Luxemburg at the beginning of the Great War, the little Grand Duchess stood at the frontier proclaiming that she would yield only to force. Since then, however, she has abdicated under pressure and been sent to a convent and succeeded by her young sister.

Luxemburg has contributed emperors, kings and all sorts of great men to the history of Europe. It owes its importance to the amazing strength of its strategic position. The fortress of the capital used to be the strongest in Europe after Gibraltar.

It is situated on a rock with precipitous descents on three sides and still contains vaults, redoubts, bastions and subterranean labyrinths, many of which have never been explored. The natives call it "The Hollow Tooth," and it is still capable of offering an effective resistance against modern armies.

The Grand Duchy is covered with old castles, some turned into farms, also abbeys and churches and Roman remains, including a memorial to the goddess Diana. Everywhere you find rocks, ravines, mountain gorges, woods, rivers, sandstone cliffs, time-stained farms roofed with mossy tiles, all sorts of fantastic scenery. In one valley there is an enormous rock with a cavern formed by the quarrying of millstones with a pillar of rock supporting the roof.

Vianden is by far the most picturesque of the towns. The Castle has an interesting double chapel with ten angles built at the beginning of the thirteenth century; it has Gothic halls, a wonderful chimney-piece and mysterious vaults hewn out of the rock.

Diekirch is a pretty summer resort whose fortifications have been turned into boulevards. Near by is the odd little colony of Gilsdorf, started by the English over a thousand years ago and still retaining an antiquated English dialect.

The holy city of Echternach was founded by St. Willebrord, an English missionary in the year 698, and retains an extraordinary procession which has been going on every year at Whitsuntide ever since. It had its origin in a cattle plague which the people tried to exorcise by dancing and jumping about and imitating animals. When they found this had no effect they decided that a band of "springing saints" or "holy dancers" should visit the shrine of the saint and the murrain was immediately stayed. Accordingly the procession has been continued to this day, except on one occasion when the authorities stopped it and the result was a recurrence of the pest. This pilgrimage is probably the oldest of its kind in Europe and the fervour of the participants shows no signs of abatement. They line up, at least twenty thousand of them in modern dress at nine in the morning, with a hundred and twenty priests and banners and noisy bands. Then they proceed to leap and dance seven abreast for five hours, keeping together by holding pocket handkerchiefs or scarves.

JUMPING PROCESSION AT ECHTERNACH.

This strange survival of days when the people kept off plague by religious dances is fully described in the text.

First they move three steps forward and then two back, and the most tiring part is when they reach the sixty-two stairs which lead up to the Church of St.Peter, stairs which have been worn away considerably by all these exercises during eleven hundred years.

Luxemburg, the capital, has a palace that was built in 1680 and rebuilt in 1890 rather on Potsdam lines. It is a beautiful rather than an interesting place, with strangely-shaped rocks and bold vertical cliffs and a mixture of stairs and well-kept zig-zag roads leading to the lower town. There is a great fair at the end of August, and holiday-makers find it a convenient centre for fishing, but otherwise the capital of the Grand Duchy remains dreamy and serene in an atmosphere of dainty, mediæval calm.

IV

HOLLAND

HOLLAND

IT is interesting to reflect on the great part Holland played in national struggles of ancient times and the small part she plays in the world to-day.

We hear of courage and a spirit of freedom in the days of Cæsar. During the sixteenth century most of Europe was given over to religious wars, and the Netherlands, under the domination of Spain, suffered their full share as the cockpit of Europe. The first effective struggles for independence began under the great leader of the Dutch, William the Silent, Prince of Orange. Mr. H. G. Wells, in the *Outline of History,* writing of this popular resistance, says "it is now impossible to disentangle the objection to taxation from the objection to religious persecution." Civil war continued off and on until 1581, when the United Provinces signed an Act of Abjuration of allegiance to the King of Spain and the new nation was born. William the Silent became Stadtholder and ruled until his assassination in 1584. Although the Netherlands did not become effectively independent until 1609, the country reached great power and prosperity, sweeping the seas and founding colonies all over the world, but not keeping them very long. In the Napoleonic period Louis Buonaparte was set up as King of Holland, and presently Holland was incorporated with France, Napoleon remarking that its soil was merely the deposit of French rivers. It was not till after Waterloo that Holland was free of the French, when Holland and Belgium became the Kingdom of the Netherlands, from which Belgium separated in 1830 by a successful revolution.

§ 1

Ancient Rivalries

The old days of the Dutch wars with England, when a Dutch Admiral ventured right up the Thames, left a bad taste

in British mouths, or, at any rate, in the vitriolic ink of contemporary writers. Then dislike seemed safely buried until the end of the nineteenth century, when the Dutch began to hate the British with real if short-lived violence, for their invasion of the Transvaal. The present kindliness dates from the Great War, when, if they were tempted to drink Mr. Kipling's toast of "Damn all neutrals!" Englishmen could not fail to recognise the tact and propriety with which their old enemies played a very delicate and difficult part.

The old spite was proclaimed by some of the best and brightest of English poets. Andrew Marvell, for instance, delivered himself of the following:

> "Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
> As but th' off-scouring of the British sand,
> This indigested vomit of the sea,
> Fell to the Dutch by just propriety . . . .
> Yet still his claim the injur'd ocean laid
> And oft at leap-frog ore their steeples plaid."

Marvell also laughed at the funny little foot-stoves of burning peat which Dutch women still take to church and hide under many skirts to warm themselves. Sir Thomas Overbury said in 1609: "They are neither much devout nor much wicked, given all to drink and eminently to no other vice; hard in bargaining but just; surly and respectless, as in all democracies; disheartened upon the least ill-success and insolent upon good." A critic of 1664 said the Dutch soldiers spent all their pay in drink, and "the habitations of the people are kept handsomer than their bodies, and their bodies than their souls."

Cleanliness and Canniness

This would be considered a gross libel nowadays by most visitors, who come back singing the praises of the spotless cleanliness everywhere, a cleanliness that becomes almost a rage, and is almost as much a national characteristic as canniness among Scotsmen. Nearly everybody seems to persist in it with utter disregard for the discomforts it involves. Wherever we go, we see women kneeling at the sides of the canals, polishing and re-

polishing their brilliant copper pots and pans; the beautifully polished furniture, the glittering metal, the smooth tiles, make Dutch interiors very charming to look upon. Many people consider that this is very much a case of "the outside of the cup and the platter"; the best Dutch painters, especially Mieris and Ostade, reveal the fact that every Dutchman is not always clean; and there is certainly a striking contrast between the spick and span insides of the houses and the stench of the canals without. One answer is that, if the housewives were not almost supernaturally clean, disease would overwhelm them, for Holland is a wet and misty land, and does not receive sufficient sunshine to act as a disinfectant.

The next most popular opinion about the Dutch is their meanness. As the great Canning wrote:—

> "In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
> Is offering too little and asking too much."

This may only imply that they are very cautious and resolutely determined never to live beyond their means, but they are certainly not enterprising. A good instance of this is their delay over the Zuider Zee drainage, now decided upon but recognised as practicable for over seventy years, during which period the Suez and Panama Canals and the great dams of the Nile have been built. One reason for the delay is probably Dutch disinclination to employ foreign capital on public works.

The farmers—practically all small farmers—have much more scientific agricultural knowledge than ourselves. Half of them are proprietors of their own acres.

The Dutch are as slow of thought and speech as they are lethargic in habits. Every hour of the day and night seems to be devoted to business, but it takes them a day to decide a matter which others would resolve in an hour. Yet when they do give orders it is usually on a big scale, and their careful methods certainly succeed, for the Dutch wax fat in every sense of the word. Their one bogey is the dread of being taken in, especially in small things. The country people always imagine that the townsmen are trying to exploit them, and the townsmen are always trying to get the better of the meanest fishwife in the markets.

And yet, for centuries Holland has had very many benevolent institutions—hospitals, orphanages and almshouses are numerous. Before the war, in Amsterdam alone, there were over a hundred such institutions, and in the war the help and shelter given by the Dutch to the Belgians and other belligerents was done on a large scale, and since the war there is probably no part of Europe affected by war in which the Dutch have not helped.

National Temperament

In personal intercourse, the Dutch are candid, not to say tactless, obliging but not courteous. They keep their word and tell the truth, sometimes the whole truth to a painful degree. They mistrust flattery, give few thanks and no compliments. They are not very sentimental and despise every kind of emotion. Their stolidity expresses itself in lack of enterprise, and we may note when they travel from one province to another how they talk of "going abroad." But their stolidity must not be mistaken for stupidity, as we hint in the phrase: "Well, I'm a Dutchman."

In every walk of life the Dutch are slaves of tradition. Their Protestantism is very austere, but not very reverent; the churches, which may have been very beautiful long ago, are now often spoiled by the introduction of wooden stalls and pews. As in Belgium, there is no State Church. Many Dutchmen go to church only once a year, but there are usually large congregations, which revel in endless sermons. Sometimes the sight of a long row of women in huge linen coifs is quite pleasing, like a set of pale stained-glass windows. Somebody once said that, if the Dutch came to London they would whitewash the Abbey, but that if the British took over Holland they would flood Holland's meadows with cricket and football. But football has now taken hold.

Sailing and swimming are also popular sports; every town has its rowing club, and Dutch crews have been seen at Henley; on the ice the Dutch are traditionally very expert, and we may see skaters who rush straight ahead in a bee-line, boasting that they can beat an express train, thinking nothing of an excursion of a hundred miles and establishing a record of four miles in five minutes.

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A FLOWER GIRL IN HOLLAND.

(FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE HITCHCOCK.)

A picturesque scene of Dutch Life.

But the favourite sport of all in Holland is cycling, and here again business comes before pleasure. If you want to meet the real Flying Dutchman go to any Dutch town just before or just after business hours. Very often you will see more cyclists than pedestrians. In Amsterdam, for instance, it has been estimated that there are over half a million bicycles for a population of 700,000. The cyclist dominates the scene even more completely than the motorbus in Oxford Street or the tramcar in Manchester. Cyclists ride in flocks—men, women and children, old and young, long lines of them rendering the streets impossible to cross. And just outside the towns, along the roads that border the canals, the swarms of cyclists forbid anyone else to use his legs. So much is cycling a part of the national transport that special rates are conceded for bicycles by rail, and at stations there are grooves beside the staircases for pushing cycles up and down.

The great festival used to be the annual *"Kermis,"* which was a more boisterous variety of the Belgian *Kermesse.* This institution, at one time a sort of Bacchanalian orgy, exists now only in a chastened form. In many places it has been completely suppressed, and the old stories of debauch are being rapidly forgotten.

§ 2

The Fight with the Sea

There is a saying that when Providence gave each nation a share of the earth, the Dutch were forgotten and had to find a place which others did not want. The Dutch may be a slow-moving people, but they are incredibly tenacious of their purpose, and in their struggles against the power of the sea, they have gone, despite floods and disasters and wars and persecutions, from one victory to another, reclaiming mile upon mile. "God gave the sea," they say, " but we made the shore," and instead of " keeping your head above water," they talk of " keeping the water out."

Originally Holland, " the hollow land," consisted of dunes and marshes with a hinterland of forests. The earliest settlers engaged in one long struggle to make existence possible by fortifying the land against the waters. Amsterdam and Rotterdam

were mere fishing villages when Ghent and Bruges were fighting within walled cities for their independence from the Spaniards. The Dutch have accordingly a more recent civilisation than their neighbours, but they must have been filled with amazing courage and determination to persevere in their enormous task when plenty of more comfortable lands offered themselves for settlement hard by.

Even when they had obtained security, they were still subject to the surprise of inundations, such as that at the end of the thirteenth century, which swept away a thousand villages and formed the Zuider Zee where there had previously been dry land. Their homes seemed safer after they had fortified their dunes and supplemented them by sea-walls, ramparts, breakwaters, to repel the ruthless invader, but the sea has never been completely mastered. Worse still, over a hundred years ago, another enemy was discovered, the insidious woodworm, which had been eating up the piles which supported the whole fabric. The enemy was at the gate once more and the call for a national effort awakened even the lethargic Dutch. They rose as one man for the salvation of their country in danger, and now they can flatter themselves that the whole of their fortification has been permanently secured with iron and copper.

The dunes and sea-dykes rise forty feet above the North Sea. Behind them, some twenty to forty feet below the sea level, are the polders or cultivated fields of Western Holland, where, after arresting the sea, the Dutch had to reclaim land below the water. This stupendous work has been going on ever since the sixteenth century and is now to be extended to the tremendous task of draining the Zuider Zee. Apart from that encroaching sea, that Hindenburg line of the ocean, the waters have wrested 400,000 acres during historical times and man has restored over a million.

When it is accomplished, the reclamation of the Zuider Zee will certainly count among the greatest victories obtained against the sea, shutting off the Zuider Zee by a dyke extending from the Island of Wieringen just off the North Holland coast to the shores of Friesland. The distance is about two hours' steaming in a Zuider Zee packet, and is about half the journey from Amsterdam to Rotterdam. The whole of the lower part of the

Photo: de Prins, Amsterdam.

FRISIAN ICE SPORTS.

Hindeloopen has long been celebrated for its gay costumes. The women don their best on holidays and push themselves about on little sledges over the ice by means of sticks. Near by is the Vrouwensand (woman's sandbank). The story goes that a lady told a captain to bring her "the most precious thing in the world." He returned with a cargo of wheat which she angrily threw overboard and it took root and formed the sandbank.

Photo: de Prins, Amsterdam.

OLD SCHIEDAM.

Celebrated all over the world for the manufacture of Hollands gin, which almost attains to the dignity of a liqueur in this country. The word gin is derived from the juniper berries, which supply the dainty flavour.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

ISLAND OF MARKEN.

Inundations are so frequent here that a boat is considered an indispensable article in every household.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK.

One of the prettiest sights in Holland are the tiny tots of Volendam, who are always exact duplicates of their parents in miniature.

Photo: E. N. A.

FIGHTING THE SEA.

Part of a great work intended to reclaim 500,000 acres from the Zuider Zee. Workers are laying down brushwood as a foundation for a new dam of stone and concrete.

Zuider Zee will be drained and converted into very fertile polders. The islands of Urk and Shokland, now in the middle of the sea, will be joined to Friesland by continuous land, and the Island of Wieringen will form part of the dyke behind which a large area, including the dead city of Medemblik, will be added to North Holland. The cost is estimated at about twenty million sterling, and is to be spread over a period of thirty years, with eventually a very handsome profit from the sale of the polders. The fight against the sea is the Dutch form of national defence, and one of the Dutch jokes is to represent the reclamation of land as "imperialism."

A Network of Canals

There are two kinds of canals, those for ocean-going traffic and those for internal communications. The two chief sea-canals serve Amsterdam, which lies on an arm of the Zuider Zee. They are the North Canal and the North Sea Canal. The former begins with a great lock called Willemsluis, and traverses the province of North Holland from south to north. It is forty-seven miles long, and was built between 1819 and 1825, at a cost of £666,000. The latter cuts the isthmus west of Amsterdam, is fifteen miles long, and was built between 1865 and 1875 at a cost of £3,000,000, and carries the bulk of the traffic.

The interior canals are made with two objects, first to control the overflow waters of the Rhine and Meuse, secondly to provide the cheapest form of transport. Roads are difficult to make in most parts of Holland, and canals still play a more important part in Dutch life even than railways. They are veins and arteries of prosperity, but little or no effort is made to obtain speed. The roads, such as they are, narrow and shaded by trees, run alongside the canals; while much more than footpaths (for occasional motors run along them) they are certainly less than roads in the ordinary sense. They are too narrow for heavy traffic, and their surface, paved with little red bricks, is usually so full of depressions and irregularities that any journey in a vehicle becomes a very bumpy proceeding. The omnipresence of the canal, and the freedom of the streets from road traffic, make the appearance of the towns very different from anything known in England. Congestion, as known in England, does not exist. In

Amsterdam and Rotterdam, for instance, there are relatively few carts of any kind in the streets, and scarcely any motors. What carts we find are long and narrow to suit the sideways along the canals and they rattle rather noisily; some are piled high with vegetables, or hung all round with cases of bottled milk and huge yellow milk cans, like Ali Baba's oil jars; some are pulled by a horse, but more are pushed by a man with a dog harnessed beneath pulling and straining at traces attached to the axle, and sometimes crying out pitifully as he tugs up the incline to a bridge. No street is more than a minute or two's walk from a canal, and goods are frequently taken up to the very doors of the warehouse by waterway, and lifted directly into the store-rooms. The canals of Holland may be said to reproduce two of the characteristics of Venice—her silence and her smells.

Barges and Bargees

The barges used to be drawn by horses or men, but tugs are in use on the Rhine and the Meuse. It is only lately that petrol engines have been added to barges, and they are now nearly all driven by motive power, but in spite of that they still merit their description as "arks of peace." Every barge has its name like a suburban villa, and seems to be cleaned all day and every-day. The canal population numbers at least fifty thousand, perhaps even a hundred thousand. Many live in their boats and have no other homes.

The barges used to be regarded as ancestral domains, family possessions like farms, and it was the ambition of every man of the canal population to possess his own. As the bargees form a close corporation, almost entirely restricted to their own families, they run no risk of competition from intruding landsmen. The barges illustrate the typical charm and daintiness of Holland, each of them painted like a Dutch cottage with bright shutters to the windows, a garden by the tiller and the stern fitted up as a dwelling with the usual wealth of glittering brass.

The children are born and grow up on water [we are told], the boat carries all the family's belongings, their domestic affections, their past, their present and their future. They labour and save, and after many years they buy a larger boat, selling the old one to a family poorer than

Photo: de Prins, Amsterdam.

A FRIESLAND INTERIOR.

The Frisians are the oldest and friendliest people in Holland; big, healthy, fair-haired folk, who cling to their pretty costumes of long ago: dainty embroidered robes and waistcoats like coloured chintz and graceful shady caps. The household is posing for its picture with grandpapa presiding over the family Bible at tea-time in a doll's-house atmosphere.

Photo: Official Information Office for Tourists, The Hague.

A DREAMY SCENE IN AMSTERDAM.

This placid corner of Amsterdam with dreamy Dutchmen gazing at their reflections over a bridge and lounging lazily on a cart on the quay, is typical of the serenity of Dutch canals. Even the barge laden with gin barrels accords with the atmosphere of comfort and peace.

Photo: Official Information Office for Tourists, The Hague.

COUNTRY CANALS.

This photograph illustrates the ubiquity of Dutch canals; how they cut into the country and turn it into one big garden. Planks have to be thrown over them everywhere to enable people to get about.

themselves, or handing it over to the eldest son, who in his turn installs his wife, taken from another boat, and seen for the first time at a chance meeting on the canal.

Mr. E. V. Lucas tells us that he

can think of no more reposeful holiday than to step on board one of the barges wedged together in a Rotterdam canal, and, never lifting a finger to alter the natural course of events—to accelerate or divert—be carried by it, say, to Harlingen, in Friesland; between the meadows; under the noses of the great black and white cows; past herons, fishing in the rushes; through little villages with dazzling milk cans being scoured on the banks, and the good wives washing and saturnine smokers in black velvet slippers passing the time of day; through big towns, by rows of sombre houses seen through a delicate screen of leaves; under low bridges crowded with children, through narrow locks; ever moving, moving, slowly and surely, sometimes sailing, sometimes quanting, sometimes being towed, with the wide Dutch sky overhead, and the plovers crying in it, and the clean west wind driving the windmills, and everything just as it was in Rembrandt's day, and just as it will be five hundred years hence.

§ 3

The Preciseness of Holland

The slowness of the barges accords with the deliberateness of the Dutch. In order to live securely, the Dutchman is obliged to give unremitting attention to his works of defence against the sea, to the work of maintaining his land by pumping and his communications by the upkeep of the canals. Without order and regularity Holland could not exist, and these qualities are reflected in the Dutch character as the houses are reflected in the canals. These characteristics express themselves again in the formal avenues of trees by the roadside, and in the artificial shape of the trees themselves. The traditional "Dutch garden" is a place of square and angle, the bushes are clipped into rectilinear or fantastic shapes, branches are lopped off regularly, and though few gardens in Holland now follow the old lines, Nature is curbed and held in check. There is something indeed reminiscent of the ship's cabin in many a little garden or yard; you may see a precisely limited area for the dog, a wired-off patch for the

fowls, a corner for the plants and tubs and pots, everything like a game of noughts and crosses, all fitted into its own small space. The Dutch seem offended by the carelessness of Nature. Everything must be ruled in parallelograms. All trees must be equidistant, the very tulip-beds must be geometrical. All the same, they are very gorgeous in the early spring, those startling patches of scarlet and orange tulips, acres of them on every hand; and still more beautiful are the same fields when August comes and replaces the flowers by huge purple-green cabbages, transfigured by the evening light.

The Appearance of the Country

There are beautiful faces which are repellent because they are false or arrogant, and there are homely faces that become beautiful when lighted up with kindliness. And while it must be admitted that Holland has a plain face, it is also true that sunset or sunrise or spring-time can make her very winsome. This applies to the fields, canals, inland seas and meres, but the towns, large and small alike, have a beauty of their own. The towns of Holland have lived through many centuries, and bear the marks of their experience and their wisdom on their brows. The ancient buildings reflected in the canals, the dappled sun-and-shadow patterns cast on the surface by the trees, the quaint folk in their baggy trousers, all are instinct with quietness and content.

The belt of land which includes the cities from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, may be regarded as one great urbanised area, threaded with hundreds of ramifying canals, connected by steam and electric railways and electric trams. At certain points this urban cluster consists of houses, warehouses, canal harbours, groups of factories, and great public buildings; at other points it has left part of its area comparatively free and uses it for the pasture-land of vast daily farms or for the endless little fields of bulks and flowers that grow round Haarlem, or the regimented ranks of cabbages and market-garden produce that gleam green into the distance. This district is not, of course, the whole of Holland, though it contains more than one-third of the population. But it is the type of Holland, because Holland has been so largely urbanised. The canal is the road of this urbanised community, the windmill the chief and efficient machinery with which

Photochrom.

ROTTERDAM.

Cosmopolitan rather than Dutch, Rotterdam looks like a succession of barracks arrayed on Cyclopean rafts.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

KAMPEN.

Once situated on the Zuider Zee, but now the sea is some miles away, owing to the silting of the harbour. The fourteenth century church in the centre is one of the most imposing in Holland.

Photo: Horace W. Nicholls.

A FAMILY OF SABOTS.

When Dutch folk pay calls, they must take off their wooden shoes and leave them outside. A whole family of them from the big sabots of papa and the smaller ones of mamma to a trail of little ones down to the pair worn by this tiny tot, who seems the living image of a Dutch doll.

Photo: Elmendorf.

ZAANDIJK.

Windmills are not so numerous in Holland as they used to be, but they are still a feature of the Dutch landscape, and here they are used to grind American grain. It was in this village on the North Sea canal that Peter the Great of Russia lived when learning how to build ships.

the low-lying fields, often lower than the canals, are kept drained; and little factories, surrounded perhaps with trees and sheltering the spires of churches, are everywhere.

But all of Holland is not low—indeed, about one-half of it is safe from highest tides. Going from Rotterdam to Utrecht, the canals which intersect the fields sink away to become damp depressions and, finally, mere boundaries, and from Utrecht towards the border of Germany the country rises slowly. Much of it is covered with pine woods, and there are some little hills at last, friendly and pleasant little hills, though not even so wild as Surrey.

In most civilised lands the towns may be regarded as man's own, but in the country he is at best a dominant partner where Nature keeps her secrets and her wildness even if curbed and controlled. In Holland, however, the country, created by man's labour, becomes man's slave and chattel; the industry of agriculture acquires something in the regularity, the monotony and the efficiency of a machine process. Between Rotterdam and Delft the land is all one big dairy farm, with an occasional factory chimney as a reminder of efficient exploitation. From Amsterdam through North Holland to the Zuider Zee, large dairy farms alternate with incredibly prolific market gardens, and Friesland, across the Zuider Zee, is one of the richest dairy lands in the world.

Comfort plays a great part in a Dutchman's life; his home is furnished solidly, his food is solidly prepared and resembles that of Yorkshire or Northern England more than what we usually think of as "continental." The Dutch cannot be described as convivial people, but the many coffee houses seem always full of men drinking spirits and smoking cigars over their business deals. Hence the unkind phrase, "Dutch courage," which implies that nothing can be done in Holland without a stimulant, almost as unfair as "Dutch gold" for pinchbeck, "talking like a Dutch uncle" for surly criticism, and "double Dutch" for gibberish.

The Women of Holland

In old days the Dutch wife—or "old Dutch"—was very much the grey mare, but nowadays she does not rule the house-

hold much oftener than her English sister. According to Davies, a historian of Holland,

> to be master of his own house is an idea that seems never to have occurred to the mind of a genuine Dutchman; nor did he often commence any undertaking, whether public or private, without first consulting the partner of his cares; and it is even said that some of the statesmen most distinguished for their influence in the affairs of the world were accustomed to receive instructions at home, which they ventured not to oppose. But the dominion of these lordly dames, all despotic though it were, was ever exerted for the benefit of those who obeyed. It was the earnest and undaunted spirit of their women which encouraged the Dutch to endure the toils and sufferings of the struggle against Spain; it was their activity and thrift that supplied the means of defraying an amount of national expenditure unexampled in history; and to their influence is to be ascribed, above all, the decorum of manners and the purity of morals for which the society of Holland has at all times been remarkable. But the habit which the Dutch youth acquired, among other foreign customs, of seeking amusement abroad, rendered them less dependent for happiness on the comforts of a married life; while, accustomed to the more dazzling allurements of the women of France and Italy, they were apt to overlook or despise the quiet and unobtrusive beauties of those of their own country.

The women have no reputation for beauty, and one pictures them all as rather devoid of expression and grace. There are, however, plenty of pretty girls to be found in Holland, full of sunshine and friendliness, if we are not alarmed by the opulence of their charms and the stolidity of their temper. Marriages are decided by solid worth of character and dowry, and mere comeliness is relegated to the background. The wedding functions are but slightly touched with romance. Most couples are satisfied with a civil function, and even the little enclosures, in which the church celebrates marriages, has all the businesslike appearance of a registry office. The only attempt at decoration is the provision of five different carpets, hired at prices which vary according to the means or ostentation of the families.

§ 4

Picturesque Costumes

The people of Holland are best known outside their own country for their national costumes, some quite picturesque and

Photo: Official Information Office for Tourists, The Hague.

"Winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep."

some the reverse, but they are now rarely seen in the large towns. It is only in certain localities, among the fisherfolk on the Zuider Zee, in parts of Friesland in the North and Zeeland in the South, that anything out of the ordinary survives. The most that is still to be found on the beaten track is an occasional white cap with ornaments of gilded copper, like short antennæ sticking out from the forehead, often enough half concealed by a flat bonnet embroidered with jet, such as was long a type of respectability all over Europe; and short skirts and wooden shoes give a touch of picturesqueness to most working-women's costumes. Frequently at the door of a house we see a whole family's sabots, for their wearers remove them on going inside; there will be the big sabots of papa, the smaller ones of mamma, and a trail of little ones going *diminuendo* to those of the tiniest tots.

Volendam

But to see the real costume we must leave the big towns altogether and seek out those special places where the traditions of the past are still strong. Near Amsterdam there are two such places, the fishing village of Volendam on the Zuider Zee and the Island of Marken close by. It is indeed the costumes of these two places, sketched and painted by innumerable artists, which have done so much to familiarise us with the Dutchman's clothes. At Volendam, which consists of little more than a single street, the old costume is still worn by nearly everybody, chiefly because the natives are sufficiently businesslike to know that this is a way of attracting visitors and artists, who bring money into the place. The men dress in enormously baggy trousers which come down to the ankle, a tight-fitting coat with a coloured neckcloth, and a cap recalling those of railway porters and staff officers. The women wear white head-dresses covering the hair and winged at either side, a tight-fitting bodice, a skirt reaching the ankle, and an apron of some coloured or check-pattern material. The skirts are voluminous and thickly quilted so that they stand out from the body.

Marken

Marken is an island community with costumes just as they were two hundred years ago. It is only a few acres in extent,

and quaint because the houses are built in piles and stand up out of the ground to guard against floods from the sea. The whole population is less than 1,500, and the men go away for long periods to fish on the Newfoundland banks. Meanwhile, the women work in the fields and load up the canal barges. Their costume is more coloured than at Volendam, and they have two plaits of hair hanging down on either side of their faces from a close-fitting white cap with wings. The men wear short knee-breeches, round hats and loose blouses. At both these places there is a regular tariff for sketching men, women and children in their brightly polished houses, where a visitor can look his fill without discourtesy.

The Island of Urk

Less accessible to tourists, but no less curious is the Island of Urk, where nearly three thousand people live. It is in the middle of the Zuider Zee and almost entirely devoted to fishing. The men and women are tall and athletic looking with clear-cut, handsome features and considerable alertness about the trend of modern affairs. Here the women wear large curved metal plates, which fit over the side of the head under the white cap, embroidered bodices, sometimes draped with an Indian shawl, and wide skirts which give a sort of crinoline effect. The men wear black, close-fitting blouse-coats, belted at the waist, a pair of knickerbockers hanging loose below the knees, black-braided stockings and Puritan-looking shoes. Under the blouse is a red-striped shirt peeping out at the waist and neckband, and the blouse itself is fastened in front with a row of close-set large buttons. A story is told of Urk in the eighteenth century. The natives unanimously decided to form a drill club, but when the time came to collect subscriptions, it was found only one man had joined. Hence "an Urk Club" as a variant of the three tailors of Tooley Street.

§ 5

The Hague

The Hague is the seat of the Court, and a favourite meeting-place of international conferences. The city is not very Dutch,

DELFT.

Delft is one of the few places in Holland where we feel the real spirit of the Middle Ages. Its lime-bordered canals flow as peacefully now as they did when William the Silent ruled the country, when the pottery, now quite common, was rare and famous, and when the New Church, whose spire we see in the background, really was new.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

A GREENGROCER'S CART AT MIDDELBURG.

A dog-cart does not mean the same in Holland as in England. There most of the tradesmen employ dogs on their rounds, and the dogs are said to like it, though they look remarkably intelligent.

VOLENDAM.

Volendam is one of the two places in Holland where the national costume is still the daily garb, principally because the natives know that tourists expect costumes and will visit the towns where they are still to be found.

especially since the destruction of many old houses, whose reflections in the canals must have been very beautiful once upon a time. The chief interest there is the famous picture gallery, the Mauritshuis, which contains Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," Paul Potter's "Bull," and Jan Vermeer's "Famous View of Delft."

The picture gallery contains also works by Van Dyck, Teniers, Rubens, and other great painters. The natives are chiefly proud of the Bosch, formerly a great wood, but now containing only a few trees round the Palace known as the House in the Wood, which has fine Chinese and Japanese decorations. The Gevangenpoort, or prison, is worth visiting by anyone with a taste for tortures. Here is a stone hallowed by the drops of water that splashed from a prisoner's head, on which they were timed to fall at quick intervals—a Chinese torture which presently leads to madness and death.

Scheveningen

All good Dutchmen are supposed to go to Scheveningen when they die, and we may go there now from The Hague by the straightest and shadiest road in Holland, the "Oude Scheveningen Weg." But it is not everybody's idea of a paradise. Partly a fishing town, the other and greater part constitutes a monstrous pleasure resort, a cross between Brighton and Blackpool. Scheveningen is the sea front of The Hague, with great stretches of sand, where thousands of hooded basket chairs like sentry boxes give an impression of insect life. The people inside them might be likened to big snails, and somehow their immobility seems to add to the restlessness of the seething mass. There are also innumerable children, who spend most of their time in digging trenches round the basket chairs. Fishwives are also prominent in blue shawls, and many of them are said to wear as many as thirty petticoats when they go to welcome their returning husbands, who wear crimson knickerbockers as brilliant as the crimson trousers of fishermen in Western France.

A Town on Fifty Islands

Leyden stands on fifty small islands made by the Rhine as it flows through to the sea, and they are connected by 145 bridges.

Oliver Goldsmith studied at the University here, expecting to keep himself by teaching English to the Dutch without knowing a word of their language, and accordingly he had some amusing experiences to relate. Besides the University, whose science has been memorable for centuries, there are two huge bare churches, some quaint almshouses smothered in geraniums, and the Burg, a strange round fortress hidden away among the houses between two rivers. In 1573 and 1574 it endured a great siege at the hands of the Spaniards, for which Leyden is chiefly famous. Relief came at last by flooding the country and bringing in ships, and the population behaved so heroically that they were offered the choice of a remission of taxes or the foundation of a University. On the Town Hall we may still read a quaint old inscription in 131 letters (one for each day of the siege): "When the Black famine had brought to the death six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish."

§ 6

Amsterdam

Amsterdam, the nominal capital, is a bewildering combination of old and new, possessing a distinct character of her own. She rivals Stockholm in claiming to be "Venice of the North," though both differ vastly from the real. Amsterdam, especially, has none of the gaiety of Venice, none of her fairy outlines and subtle colours and amazing palaces. Often shrouded in mists, always in a hurry, with ceaseless, clanging trams; crowded with new rich houses, frequently repainted in black and white, and dour old houses dark with damp and smoke, terminating in odd gables with steps and cranes and pulleys;—she stands on ninety islands connected by innumerable bridges. She possesses, of course, canals, but none of them are much used in daily life. There is a tendency to fill them up, but some of the most beautiful remain. Sometimes we see fashionable houses on one side of a canal facing the slums of sailors and fishermen.

Dirtiest of all is the Jewish quarter, a veritable rabbit warren of poverty and squalor, with an amazingly overcrowded population. Some of the streets are so narrow that the houses on either

Photo: Donald McLeish.

LONG JOHN OF MIDDELBURG.

Showing the mechanism of the thirteenth century chimes, worked on the lines of an old-fashioned musical box. Long John, as the Belfry is affectionately called, is the pride and protection of Middelburg, and his forty-one bells are supposed to ring eight times an hour, but they seem to break out into popular tunes whenever the fancy takes him.

Photo: Official Information Office for Tourists, The Hague.

PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE.

Known as The House in the Wood, a royal villa built in 1645; famous for international peace conferences.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

CANAL LIFE AT EDAM.

Once important as the water-gate of Amsterdam, Edam has dwindled to a dainty village where canal-life wears its friendliest smile. It still possesses a huge church entered by a tiny door at the side, and the people say that it was only when the building was finished that the architect remembered a door was necessary.

side can be touched by outstretched arms. Here Spinoza was born and Rembrandt lived for sixteen years.

And here to-day we may see the diamond cutters at work, or follow the diamond merchants into their coffee-houses, where they crouch over priceless heaps, turning them over with the long finger-nails which they use as scoops. The Cullinan, Koh-i-Noor and the Victorian Diamonds were all cut and polished in Amsterdam. The number of operatives engaged is over 8,000. The suburbs are well-to-do, but some of the older parts of the city are frightful slums. The side streets consist of narrow unprotected pavements along the canals, and one wonders why more children are not drowned.

But Amsterdam abounds in parks. There are masses of greenery everywhere, and the twin islands called Plantage are full of bright flower beds. They are joined by bridges and contain one of the best Zoos in Europe, as well as Botanical Gardens where society takes the air. Amsterdam is more animated than The Hague, has better shops and restaurants, even some night-life, a rarity among the sober Dutch. In the streets of the residential quarters, however, there is little life to be seen save a few servants beating carpets and men trundling brass and copper milk cans which gleam like molten gold. The people seem to live behind their lace curtains, and all their interests are concentrated indoors. There you may find a profusion of ornaments, glittering nails and hinges to the doors, bright warming-pans on the walls, and in the older parts high beds enclosed with wainscot and requiring step-ladders at bed-time.

Amsterdam was named from a dam on the River Amstel. Originally a fishing village, she rose out of the waters and shifting sands, and had a great trade in the sixteenth century. In 1648, when the closing of the Scheldt stopped the competition of Antwerp, Amsterdam became the first commercial city of Europe. The original dam for keeping off floods stood in the open square which to-day bears the brief name of Dam. The canals divide Amsterdam like the lines of a spider's web, chief among them are Heerengracht, Keizersgracht and Prinsengracht. Gracht means a canal, and in the old days the outermost of all was Singel, the girdle. The water is changed every twenty-four hours

by a centrifugal pump, which carries it away into the North Sea Canal and replaces it from the Zuider Zee.

A Temple of Art

The Rijks-Museum (State Museum) at Amsterdam is one of the most spaciously conceived temples erected to Art in any land—a temple to the art of Rembrandt and others in Amsterdam as the tomb of Napoleon is a temple of the Napoleon cult in Paris. Its vast proportions, the spaciousness of the Gallery of Honour for the Great Painters of the past, and its rooms devoted to Rembrandt, must impress everyone. In the Annexe, there is a room specially set apart for that greatest picture of Rembrandt, "The Night Watch." The giant proportions of the picture stretch across the room in which it is hung alone, in the solitude of genius. The light, specially shaded, falls on it exactly at the right angle; nothing else is allowed to obscure the view or distract the attention, for all the light is on the picture, and the dark wood-work of the room is only background.

Of Rembrandt's works only thirty remain in Holland out of a possible five hundred and fifty. Like Hals, he infused soul into his portraits. One sees here how the real magic of his art lies in the play of golden lights, which give the effect of a lamp behind the canvas and fill the atmosphere with fire.

A City built on Piles

The whole of the city is built on piles, some of them from fifty to eighty feet long, and the Palace on the Dam stands on no less than 14,000 piles. These were driven into the shifting loam and sand of the original site and, as at Venice, the question sometimes arises, will the city collapse some day? It is said that the mud petrifies the piles and their wooden girders in the course of years, but many of the old houses lean alarmingly out of the perpendicular, and roadways occasionally break down under heavy traffic.

From a distance Amsterdam looks like a city of towers and masts, but she is disappointing at close quarters. The square called the Dam is the centre to which all the chief streets converge. Here is the Church of St. Catherine, called the New Church though it was built in the sixteenth century, and the

Photo: Donald McLeish.

MIDDELBURG TOWN HALL.

Too ornate and florid perhaps, but considered the finest civic building in Holland. The clock has been called Foolish Betsy, because of her refusal to keep time with Long John, as the Belfry is called.

LITTLE DUTCH WIVES.

Dutchwomen are always neat and dainty and busy. Never a single moment is allowed to be wasted, and even while waiting for a steamer, they ply their needles with unflagging industry. National costumes are fast fading away everywhere, but these peasants contrive to provide a pleasing effect with their wide mauve skirts, gay gold zouaves and immaculate wideawake caps.

Kodak Snapshot.

GORINCHEM: MILL.

The windmill, though fast disappearing, still plays a great part in Dutch life, and an even greater part in Dutch scenery.

Royal Palace, formerly the Town Hall, both built of Carrara marble. It has a hundred windows in front, but such an insignificant entrance that it is known as "the house without a door," whereas the modern Exchange with its ambitious portals is known as " the door without a house." In the Dam palace, which still flaunts English flags taken by De Ruyter, the Sovereign passes a week every June as the city's guest, receiving almost the whole population to shake hands, after the fashion of American Presidents. The Exchange carries on the largest grain and colonial transactions on the Continent, and during the *Kermis* it used to be opened as a children's playground every afternoon in reward for the heroism of children in 1622, who discovered a sort of Guy Fawkes' plot to blow up the old Bourse.

The port of Amsterdam has a granite quay along the face of three mud banks or islands, and two huge dykes for protection against the Zuider Zee. The three docks can hold a thousand steamers, and here is the Weeping Tower, where fishwives used to come and say good-bye to their sailor husbands, as an iron bas-relief is there to testify.

§ 7

Touring Holland

The way to travel in Holland, if we want to enter into the spirit of the country, is by canal or by bicycle, and Amsterdam is a good starting place for either kind of tour. If we make little voyages up the Amstel, we shall find plenty of pleasant waterside hotels, motor-launches, canoes, skiffs rowed by men and women; or we may go to Volendam and Marken and Edam for a glimpse of that flat and shallow sea, the Zuider Zee, which can be rough enough when ruffled. To catch the true atmosphere, however, we should press on to the so-called Dead Cities, which are really only sleepy little towns for ever lamenting their former prosperity. The Zuider Zee is little traversed, a grey, monotonous sea surrounded by flat land with the sort of beauty we associate with the east coast of England: the beauty of isolation, of delicate lights at sunset and especially of silence. It seems almost like a forgotten sea.

Close to Amsterdam is Monnickendam, where no one ever seems at home and the silence is so great that we expect to hear

the grass grow in the streets. Edam is famous for red cheese and old brick and some stained glass. For colour it is perhaps unsurpassed by any place in the world.

Rotterdam

Like the capital, Rotterdam developed from a fishing village and acquired prosperity at the expense of Bruges and Antwerp, but her great prosperity dates from 1830, when the Netherlands finally broke up into Holland and Belgium. This is not a pleasant city. Dirt and noise and bustle and drunken sailors are too much in evidence; altogether Rotterdam is rather cosmopolitan than Dutch.

About one-half of the total national sea-imports and nearly one-half of the exports pass through Rotterdam, besides four-fifths of the Dutch trade with the Rhine. The riverside is one long line of magnificent quays shaded by lime trees, an embankment known as De Boompjes, which means "little trees." The variety of barges and boats is infinite, and we note the absence of man in them when they are at rest; the only living things we see are snarling dogs. In some canals the shipping is so tightly packed that one despairs of ever seeing it disentangled.

In the Boymans Museum are collected the art treasures of Rotterdam, but compared with other towns the collection is meagre. Here are to be seen specimens of the work of such great artists as Cuyp, Dürer, Van Dyck, Rubens and Rembrandt.

Delft

Delft is best known for its pottery, which was famous in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but has now become quite commonplace. At best it was an imitation of Chinese and Japanese porcelain, though very good of its kind. Delft is one of the cities in which one can best feel the spirit of the Holland of two or three hundreds years ago. One of its charms is its great Square with its Town Hall and its fine fourteenth century church, and there are many narrow canal-centred streets with precipitous small bridges and drooping trees. The city possesses another interest in the Prinzenhof, where William the Silent, the national hero, was assassinated. The dining-room, out of which he stepped to his death is now used as a museum. On the wall of the stair-

case outside this room we can still see the bullet holes of the assassin's pistol.

The Tulip Country

Haarlem is a more attractive place, the capital of the tulip country and a blaze of colour in the spring-time. Like everything else in Holland, the rows of plants are painfully geometrical, but on the edges of the canals there are great blazing heaps of blossoms waiting to become manure, for flowers are very much a matter of business. Flowers are seen in extraordinary profusion, for the Dutch supply the greater part of the world with tulips, hyacinths, anemones and lilies. The tulip trade, however, is now very dull compared with its ancient glories. Prodigious sums were paid in the seventeenth century for single bulbs, and at one time there was a mania for speculating in tulips, which became gambling counters, sometimes never existing at all. There was one, especially famous, called "Semper Augusta," which fetched over a thousand pounds and then fell to five pounds when this form of gambling was suppressed. Dumas' romance of the " Black Tulip " was founded on fact, Haarlem having offered a prize of one hundred thousand florins for an absolutely black flower, now almost as common as the black swan, which was regarded by the ancients as a symbol of impossibility. Dumas' pretty poem about tulips may be remembered, with its comparisons to " daughters of the fire which circulates in the veins of the earth, daughters of dawn and dew, daughters of air and water, but, above all, daughters of Heaven." Holland exports no less than 25,000 tons of bulbs per annum.

Haarlem is notable for the museum of Franz Hals. Franz Hals, the Velasquez of Holland, was usually in debt or in his cups, and his character is reflected in the countless roysterers he has left to entrance mankind; we can almost trace the fumes of wine as we gaze upon the tipsy, careless fellows. But to see him in profusion we must seek him at Haarlem, though " The Laughing Cavalier " in the Wallace Collection may serve to whet our appetites with all its varied expressions and changing moods.

The Church of St. Bavo at Haarlem is beautiful, and has curious frescoes on the columns round the choir. The organ is a wonderful instrument and although it is no longer one of the

largest and finest organs in the world, with sixty-four stops and five thousand pipes, it has only been surpassed in recent years. When Handel played it folks asked whether he was an angel or a devil.

§ 8

Other Places of Interest

Proceeding to the North of Holland, we find the Frisians, the oldest and pleasantest race in Holland, strong, big-boned, fair-haired folk, whose language is so near to the English that "good butter and good cheese is good English and good Fries." The women wear skull-caps of gold or silver-gilt with leaf-like ornaments of thin lace.

East of Friesland is Groningen, the grain country, also friendly and unspoiled. To the south is Meppel, the metropolis of peat, a favourite fuel in Holland and an important factor in the homely smell of the country.

Amongst other places of interest we may mention Kampen, a superannuated fort with friendly fisher-folk and all sorts of quaint antiquities, including the privilege of paying no rates. The whole town is a museum of the Middle Ages, and the Town Hall is the most delightful in Holland.

Utrecht, a Dutch oasis, full of parks and luxury, is the centre of the Dutch railway system and the headquarters of a large University. It has beautiful canals, and the remains of the old Cathedral are impressive. The church is perhaps the only one in Holland which visitors can enter without paying, perhaps because it has been desecrated more than most, with paint and horrible pews. The most interesting sight in the city is the doll's house, made in 1680, with everything that the heart of a noble doll could desire—nude paintings in the ballroom, a complete store-cupboard, and every pot and pan one can think of in the kitchen.

Dordrecht, or Dort, is girdled by four rivers; it is the most painted and was once the most prosperous town in Holland; the houses lean over the canals, not from any fear of collapse but owing to an old law for the disposal of water from the roofs.

The chief interest of Maestricht is the neighbouring quarries worked from Roman times to the end of the nineteenth century.

Photo: Horace W. Nicholls.

EDAM CHEESE MARKET.

Edam is one of the centres for the characteristic red cheeses of Holland, set out in pyramids on market day like red cannon balls or bowls, or the decapitated heads of bald men.

Photo: de Prins.

NARCISSUS BEDS AT HAARLEM.

In April the whole countryside is transformed into a brilliant carpet of many coloured flowers, and visitors are free to pick as many nosegays as they please.

The soft stone was sawn and became hard on exposure to the air. Entering through a suppressed monastery, we find ourselves in a vast labyrinth of galleries with huge square pillars, and we may wander for miles with an uncanny feeling due to the deadening of every sound.

Flushing is on the island of Walcheren at the mouth of the Scheldt. The place depends chiefly on trade with England and was the birthplace of the old enemy of the British, Admiral de Ruyter, who bombarded London in 1667.

Middelburg, hard by, is more attractive, a very round town (as the Dutch say) with rounded streets and round domes and round people who laugh and talk roundly. The girls are comely, of a milkmaid type; their sleeves are so tight that their arms are always scarlet; and they carry green pails on a blue yoke. There is plenty of verdure about the town, but the natives have a mania for green paint, daubing their houses afresh every year, even their statues and the trunks of their trees. The bells are incessant, but hauntingly sweet. Most householders have set up fences across the pavements to mark off their property with the result that we have to walk on painful cobbles most of the time. But all may be forgiven for the gorgeous Town Hall, which retains Spanish traditions in defiance of Dutch simplicity.

§ 9

Government

Holland is now a Constitutional Monarchy on the usual lines. The Upper House consists of fifty members holding office for nine years and elected by members of the provincial States. The Lower House, of a hundred members, is directly elected by universal adult suffrage with equality of sexes. Local government is carried out partly through the provinces, which are administered by a locally elected council, and partly through 1,100 communes, which elect communal councils subject to the general authority of the provincial councils. The Crown in theory has very large powers, but in practice the Queen always acts on the advice of her Ministers.

Education is compulsory between the ages of seven and thirteen, and a high standard of secondary education is common. The speaking of three or four foreign languages is not unusual.

The country maintains a small army and a small navy for defensive purposes.

The area of Holland is 12,582 square miles of land, 3,000 square miles of water.

Population

Population.—December, 1920: 6,865,314. Capital, The Hague, 354,987; Amsterdam, 647,427; Rotterdam, 516,271; Utrecht, 140,309; Groningen, 90,778; Haarlem, 77,327; Leiden, 65,694.

The produce of agriculture, dairy farming, poultry farming, and the sea-fisheries are a main source of wealth. Manufactures include ships, bricks, earthenware, textiles, glassware, chemicals, gin, boots, candles, confectionery, matches, perfumery, and there is a large trade in Dutch bulbs.

Colonies

A remarkable feature of the country is that with a population of about 7,000,000, Holland controls a domain in the East Indies and in America with a population of more than 50,000,000.

The Dutch colonies are the three islands, Oruba, Curaçoa and Buen Ayre off the north coast of South America; St. Martin, St. Bartholomew, Saba and St. Eustatius in the Northern Leeward Islands (West Indies); Dutch Guiana in North-East South America; and the magnificent domain of the Dutch East Indies from Sumatra to New Guinea. These will be dealt with in their proper place.

V

SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND

SWITZERLAND is a country of great variety and of great surprises, a land of great mountains and deep green fertile valleys, a land of glorious lakes and extensive forests, of sunshine and snow. It is a country that attracts the tourist from every part of the globe—in summer to lounge on the beautiful lakes of Lucerne, Lugano or Geneva, to fish in mountain streams and take strenuous walks or play at mountaineering by cog-railway and inscribe the names of famous places on his alpenstock; in winter to revel in a carnival of winter sports in the Bernese Oberland, to face almost Arctic scenery and avalanches and indulge in real climbing that takes its toll of life and limb.

Scenery

There is a simplicity in the grandeur of the sparkling fields of snow and the cathedral peaks that tower up to the limpid skies. But the rich green of the Alps is more characteristic and complex, varying its hues incessantly from the tender pallor of spring until the gorgeous amber of autumn disappears in winter's grasp. And the sensations change hour by hour and day by day, from the glad pinks of dawn to the velvet shadows and silver gleams of the mysterious Alpine moon. What a field for fancy when the tree trunks shine like burnished gold, strange valleys fold themselves in jungles of foliage, great mountain ranges and little houses and bubbling waterfalls reflect themselves in the deep azure of unfathomed lakes. Above all are the transfiguring effects of sunset and dawn upon the highest reaches of the great white mountains, tinging them with pinks and mauves and apricot yellows; with their deep crevasses gleaming coldly, palely blue even when there is a riot of colour all round, and the snow turning from gold to pink as though there had been a sudden rain of rose leaves. This is the famous *Alpenglüh,* which comes almost im-

perceptibly and ever so gradually fades away again. Another attraction in sheets of colour or exquisite detail are the wild flowers. The flora of Switzerland, as of Savoy, the Tirol, Carpathians, and Balkans, combines forms found in Lapland, Scotland, Italy and Southern France.

Mr. Dion Calthrop has written a vivid description of the Swiss townlets with their quaint inconsequent dream-houses, which have the front doors in the roofs, beehives on the first floor, window-sills and grass roads leading up to third floor balconies. Here the clock-making has run riot, and, at the hour of noon, the time is told by little men hitting bells while carved bears dance their measure of the hour. After that nothing seems amazing, and we give ourselves up to clockwork, imagining that all the water-mills must be wound up at night and that somewhere or other there must be sawdust and tissue paper for packing them away on dusty days.

The villages suggest that children have been playing in the night and forgotten to put away their toys. The houses have been left standing on the grass instead of being put back in their wooden boxes; the neatest trees remain stuck up in avenues and toy horses draw gaily painted carts. The sky is too blue, the grass too green, and we expect to find, by watching carefully in the fields, two little men sawing for dear life at a mushroom stalk. And to add to the magic of the drama there is a fairy orchestra of distant tinkling cow-bells, or the strange music of those very long mountain horns with which the cowherds summon and collect their flocks.

The cities offer a strange blend of the mediæval and the modern. Amid great federal palaces, universities and museums, big boulevards modelled on Paris, and bustling tramway cars, we espy quaint artistic signs of wrought iron and steel peeping out, and ancient clock towers with immense dials of strange design and curious fountains playing into stone troughs in the middle of the streets.

§ 1

Character of the People

And the Swiss people are as full of contrasts as their scenery. They are in a jumble not only of races and climate, but of

Photochrom.

ASCENDING THE MOUNTAINS IN SWITZERLAND.

character. They speak four or five languages—German, French and Italian—besides a Romance dialect called "Romand" in the Upper Rhone valley, and a quite distinct language in the Grisons —Romansch—which is an early corruption of Latin. Romansch, in slightly varying forms, is spoken also in Southern Tirol and North-Eastern Italy. Without too much paradox, the Swiss may be described as grasping and generous, poor and affluent, suspicious and hospitable, old-fashioned and new-fangled, simple and complicated, patriotic and dependent, timid and brave. Their avarice is almost proverbial, and has been ridiculed a little unfairly by a host of great writers.

A curious mixture of economy and extravagance is seen in the attitude towards laundries. Clean in their persons, the Swiss mistrust the damage done on washing-day, and restrict laundry work to once or twice a year, when the enormous array of clothes is spread out until it hides houses and landscapes. One result is the need of a vast wardrobe. It is the custom in Germany for a bride to supply the family bedclothes, but in Switzerland she is also expected to provide her husband with shirts for a lifetime. A tale is told of a vagrant arrested for begging and found to have no less than forty dirty shirts.

Life, especially in the mountain villages, is on the simplest scale. The peasants do not work unbearably hard, for they hibernate half the year, garnering just enough during the summers to keep them alive while they are buried in snow. They build their own châlets with their own pine wood, make their own clothes with their own wool, and are content with frequent frugal meals of bread and milk, cheese and sausage. Theirs is a placid and primitive existence, little different from that of their own cows and sheep. In some highlands the peasants are completely cut off by the absence of roads, they possess neither horse nor mule, and their cattle-breeding is conducted under the utmost difficulties. Their meat is smoked or merely dried by hanging in the open air, and their pigs are fed on slabs of boiled, dried nettles, and the most primitive fuel has to be used. No wonder that many Swiss peasants look prematurely wizened and old. But the towns appear prosperous with their big new buildings and Switzerland is almost the only country which has proved her

financial stability by keeping the exchange above par since the war—a form of prosperity not without its drawbacks.

Characteristic Industries

The chief sources of Swiss wealth are pasturage and agriculture, clock-making and hotel-keeping. The soil is not very fertile only three-quarters being productive, and still less of it being habitable. Within a few hours' climb the country varies from sub-tropical lakeland, with vineyards and mimosa, to barren mountains, where the plants of Lapland contrive to exist among the pines. There is no coal and scarcely any mineral.

Clock and watch making are the great pride of the Swiss, though this industry has been going through a terrible crisis of recent years, chiefly owing to the competition of machine-made articles from America and Germany. Watch-making was introduced by a Frenchman to Geneva in 1587. Then the Canton of Neuchâtel snatched a monopoly. The local legend is that a young village blacksmith was at work in 1679, when a passing horse-dealer complained that his watch had stopped. The blacksmith had never seen a watch, but he knew something of clocks, so he made his own tools and repaired the damage. Now his ambition was to make a watch himself, and in a year he succeeded, founding the vast industry which filled the whole district with prosperity for centuries. The ingenious Swiss specially excel in the production of complicated watches, which give the phases of the moon and all sorts of unnecessary information, also of clocks with automatic figures including the popular cuckoo. Musical boxes have also triumphed through similar deftness, some as small as snuff boxes with little birds that jump out and sing their song and flap their wings before they retire. But these dainty instruments do not hold their own against the raucous gramophone.

Wood-carving, however, is an inherited gift and still remains popular. Almost before they can toddle, children begin to create wonderful bears and all sorts of almost living animals with ordinary jack-knives, and infinite patience is devoted to tiny model châlets which delight the heart of every tourist. Embroidery and hand-weaving of silk are also home industries, but are not doing so well.

There are, of course, many drawbacks to working at home.

Photo: E. N. A.

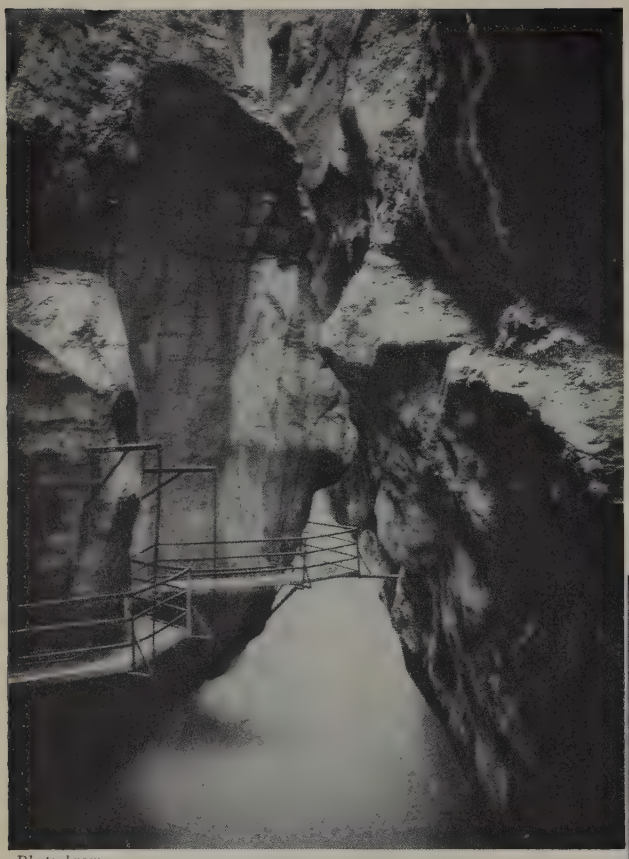
AN OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT.

At Glarus, the people assemble every year in the open air to elect their officials and debate local affairs. See the text.

Photo: A. G. Kuchberg, Zürich.

ST. MORITZ.

A pleasant village of the Engadine, whose crisp air and constant sunshine attract many visitors from all parts of Europe.



Photochrom.

GORGE OF THE AAR.

An awful passage forced by a foaming torrent through the living rock. A wooden gallery has been clamped to the walls for the whole distance of a mile and a quarter, the walls sometimes being so close that they almost join.

Photo: Herbert G. Ponting.

CLIMBING THE MATTERHORN.

This once "unconquerable monarch of the Alps" is now fitted up with ropes and iron railings at difficult points, and has become almost an easy climb. It is, however, very fatiguing, and still contains some ticklish corners.

The tools are necessarily primitive, and anything like standardising is unknown in Switzerland, for the Swiss have artistic pride and will not follow the Tirolese, many of whom devote their whole lives to making saints' arms or puppy-dogs' tails or other portions of figures by the thousand. Nor do the Swiss take kindly to factories. They dislike the hours and the regulations —above all, the expatriation. A work-day of twelve, fourteen or even sixteen hours seems nothing in the native village, but even the trade union eight hours of a factory are considered an intolerable interference with liberty. An official report of the Brienz carving school recently told how one student had to be sent home for "incurable home-sickness, which incapacitated him from doing any serious work."

And yet a Swiss peasant's home does not strike us as an alluring paradise. Apart from solitude and privations it is singularly lacking in family joys. The men ruminate over their long pipes, the children are brought up as little slaves, often expected to work their sixteen hours a day, and the women are treated like beasts of burthen. Whole families are taken out to the fields so that their husbands and fathers may make sure of exacting a full tale of work.

Position of Women

The Swiss attitude towards women in the peasantry has something Oriental about it. Unlike the better class women in other countries, they are not often seen in restaurants and cafés, and in contrast with their German sisters they are not taken to listen to music in beer-gardens. This is not due to jealousy, but to tradition and convention. Despite this conventional trait, the Swiss women are not slow to exhibit their affections in the most public places with the utmost unconcern; each lass goes with her lad on long mountain excursions, often returning after midnight; there are dances and romps in every village without parental supervision. In the middle and upper class—among the townspeople—women take an equal part with men in education and independence.

Hotel-keepers

The men, especially of the mountain regions, possess great physical strength and animal courage. They indulge in jollity

and pleasure with the best. Yet when business is afoot none can show themselves so quick and shrewd as the Swiss men of the towns. Else they had never become the first hotel-keepers in the world. One secret of their success is that they are not too fine to attend to everything themselves. An English landlord is content with general supervision, and is rarely to be seen save when his bill falls due. A Swiss, however rich he may be, apprentices himself from early youth, often going abroad to learn foreign languages. He learns every detail of the trade, and knows precisely how to direct his servants and please his guests, while his wife shares in the work of the maids. He knows how to buy in the best and cheapest market, to give every appearance of luxury at the lowest price.

He recognises honesty as the best policy, and, though he drives hard bargains, he always keeps his word.

Festivals and Sports

Oddly enough these careful people have many *fêtes*. Christmas is fervently kept, and no family is too poor to decorate a Christmas tree. And high up among the mountain pastures midsummer is celebrated by throngs from far and near. They eat a peculiar cake, baked in the shape of crowns and rings, they dance what is known as the "whistling dance," accompanied by an old piper embowered in branches of Alpine flowers, and they indulge in a variety of sports.

In the Bernese Oberland the favourite sport is wrestling, for which the natives have been famous throughout centuries. Stakes and ropes of foliage mark out a ring in some hollow of the hills and the audience is intensely interested, though applause is usually confined to grunts. Hay-making competitions are also popular, prizes being given to the parties who load a cart most quickly and deftly.

Then there is a game known as *Fahnenschwingen,* or flag-swinging. It is really a sort of serpentine dance with a huge flag attached to a short handle. A band plays and the performer whirls the folds of the flag wildly in the air, skips and leaps over them and through them in flames and cataracts of bright red bunting.

Most strange and thrilling of all, however, is the hornet

Photo: Alpine Sports.

AN ALPINE HORN.

This cumbrous instrument is still used by herdsmen to call their cattle home, and there is an echo of old pastoral times as it sounds melodiously through the valleys.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

A PATH AMONG THE SNOWS.

The Dent Blanche from the Durand Glacier, one of the most difficult climbs in Switzerland, approached across abysmal crevasses and treacherous quicksands of freshly fallen snow.

Photo: E. N. A.

A TYPICAL SWISS CHÂLET.

Situated on barren hillsides and exposed to terrible storms, these châlets have huge stones placed on the roofs in order to keep the tiles from blowing off in high winds.

Photo: E. N. A.

ON THE WAY TO MASS.

Costumes are gradually dying out in Switzerland as elsewhere, but we may still see them in little out-of-the-way places. The Sunday dress of the women of Appenzell is particularly attractive with white crimped collars, lace aprons and butterfly-wing head-dresses.

game. A man stands with a long wooden pole and smites at a "hornet," which is a disc about nine inches round, fixed on to the top of a stand. His object is to drive it past a number of goal-keepers armed with bats, but he scores only if he attains the goal, while they score if they can defend it.

Despite all their efforts to attract visitors to the "playground of Europe," the Swiss are not enamoured of strangers. Statistics, however, show 110 foreigners out of every thousand of the population in Switzerland, as against 32 in France, 9 in Italy, and 2 in Spain. At Geneva there are actually 400 foreigners out of every thousand inhabitants, and, oddly enough, the French-speaking population of Geneva resents the French invasion more than any other, applying many rude nicknames to the intruders.

For centuries the Swiss have boasted of the hospitality they have afforded to all sorts of visitors, some of whom were far from desirable. English regicides found sanctuary in the seventeenth century; Hungarian insurgents and Servian conspirators and Russian Nihilists plotted unhindered at Geneva; the absence of capital punishment attracted the Italian who killed the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Every kind of spy strove to enter Switzerland throughout the war. But aristocratic refugees have been consistently discouraged: when the peace-seeking Emperor Charles of Austria asked for hospitality after the war much was done to embarrass him, and later on his small children were expelled.

§ 2

Constitution and Political System

Still, the national spirit of the peasant proprietors is as far removed from subversive sympathies as from the tyranny of mob law. It is all for liberty and prosperity. The Constitution of 1874 reads admirably well on paper, though like everything else in Switzerland, it allows paradoxes to peep out. "All citizens are equal before the law"; "liberty of faith and conscience is guaranteed"; but Jesuits and other religious Orders are forbidden to teach in any schools. Taxation is very high and all sorts of espionage are employed to ensure its collection; it varies greatly according to localities, amounting to as much as £39 on an income of £160 at St. Gall and as little as £7 10*s.* at Geneva.

The bureaucracy is the least burdensome in Europe, being efficient and content with small salaries. No other Post Office can compare with the Swiss, which is run at a profit on the smartest business lines. The President of the Swiss Republic receives only £400 a year and remains almost unknown outside his immediate surroundings. There is practically no aristocracy, and the few nobles of ancient lineage do not trouble to use their titles.

Bern is the Federal Capital, the town of political supremacy. Mr. Edmund d'Auverne says:

> Republican simplicity reigns at Bern, if nowhere else in the world. Visiting the administrative buildings attached to the Parliament House, I noticed the word "*Bundespräsident*" (President of the Confederation) inscribed over an inconspicuous door, just as you might see the word "Cashier" or "District Registrar." I called to mind how an important railway contractor once knocked at this door and was answered by a man in shirt sleeves whom he took to be a clerk. It was the President himself. In the hall of the Council of State I sat in this functionary's chair, and so far from rebuking my presumption, the attendant politely inquired if I was fatigued!

The whole political system is founded on the commune, every small cluster of Swiss people forming a commune, which is like a joint-stock company with capital and privileges of its own. Each individual is a shareholder in the woods and lands; he receives dividends in kind, he has a voice in the administration. Groups of communes form a Canton, and there are twenty-five Cantons, which form the State known as the *Bund* or Bond. But each Canton is a little State with its own laws, which are often voted by acclamation in meadows according to primitive tradition. Nothing more democratic could be imagined, but the system of decentralisation necessarily has drawbacks, as motorists discover when they are restricted to foot-pace in certain districts and forbidden altogether in others.

A Primitive Proceeding

In the Canton of Uri, at a corner of Lake Lucerne, the people used to elect the tallest man as their President, and their democracy remains the most antiquated in the world to this day. The annual Parliament of the whole people assembles there on

Photo: E. N. A.

SKI-JORING IN THE ENGADINE.

A less fatiguing form of ski-ing. The horse is generally driven by the ski-er himself, but this young lady does things in style.

Photo: E. N. A.

WOMAN GOATHERD OF CHAMPÉRY.

It is difficult to tell men from women at Champéry, where both sexes dress alike in old-fashioned garb of short waistcoats and white stockings and knee breeches on curious strapped braces.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

THE MATTERHORN.

This aloof, mysterious obelisk which towers dizzily upward has been responsible for more fatal accidents than any other peak in the high Alps. It was never even approached till 1857, and remained invincible till 1865, when a party reached the summit, but had a terrible accident on the way down, resulting in four deaths.

May 1st with ceremonies at once primitive and picturesque. Proceedings begin with Mass in every village church, which is packed to the uttermost capacity. Then a procession forms at Altdorf, the place where William Tell is said to have shot the apple off his son's head, and proceeds to a big field, headed by a band and two sergeants in military costumes of bygone days. These are followed by carriages containing members of the Government and flags and ancient armour; then two by two comes a long procession of voters—hunters, shepherds, boatmen, mountaineers from every forest, glade and glen. The *Landamman,* or headsman, hails the crowd as "sovereigns and friends," and invites them to join him in prayer; after which any peasants may introduce bills, and they are debated and put to a show of hands. It is an impressive scene and amazingly expeditious, for, however burning a question may be, not more than half an hour is devoted to any measure. At eventide the procession is reformed, and humble woodcutters depart to their huts among the hills, proudly remembering that, for one day in the year, they exercise the rights of parliaments and kings.

Something very similar occurs in the Cantons of Unterwalden and the Appenzells. Other Cantons follow less primitive forms but assert their rights of self-government no less jealously. This local government, however, is not absolute. It must be in harmony with the Constitution and can be overruled by the central government. The whole State has a legislature, consisting of an Upper House, to which every Canton sends two deputies, and a Lower House directly elected by the people with one member for every 20,000 souls. But vital questions can be decided only by a referendum, or direct appeal to the nation. This does not always work well, for the whole population is often plunged into a ferment over some minor, even trivial matter, on which opinions are fiercely divided. Then there are sometimes angry conflicts between the National Assembly and certain Cantons, and the latter may be brought to heel by cutting off supplies or, as on one occasion, by the use of force.

Swiss Soldiers

According to the Constitution, "every Swiss citizen is a member of the army." And the Swiss army did not deserve the ridi-

cule to which it was once exposed. It may be small, but it is highly efficient and well-trained, excelling in marksmanship and theoretical tactics. Throughout the Middle Ages, Swiss soldiers were famous mercenaries in every war, and the fidelity of Swiss guards is proverbial; they died in defence of Louis XVI, as the lion monument at Lucerne testifies, and the Pope still has a corps of them, though he sometimes finds them a little difficult in the matter of their wage. It may be argued that, as Swiss neutrality is guaranteed, she needs no army to guard her, but the late war proved that scraps of paper are poor guarantees without courage and organization. Switzerland is well organised, but she is disposed to discount her courage by relying too much on her privileged position as a State protected by the Powers, as the pleasure-giving, spoiled child of the world. She regards herself as a chosen people, whose impartiality entitles her to arbitrate between nations though she has no force to impose her decisions; a centre of philanthropy and Red Cross work and Leagues of Nations and pompous Conferences.

§ 3

Her mountains and their scenery and sports are now her supreme attractions, and few of us remember what a modern attraction they are. It was only in the nineteenth century that travel became the hobby of any but the very rich. Our great-grandfathers posted across Europe in their own coaches with postilions, or in rare cases tramped as "beloved vagabonds." No one used to care whether a view was pretty so long as a nation was powerful or a good customer for cotton goods. Tourism was considered merely a pleasant, rather futile bi-product of railways and motors, and Swiss mountains were discovered as an outlet for Victorian energy, nobody dreaming that they would rival cricket and golf as absorbing pastimes for the million.

The Mountains

The first attraction lay in beating a record, in doing something that no one had ever done before, like swimming the Channel or discovering the Poles, and Switzerland offered plenty of apparently inaccessible peaks. The Matterhorn, which had not even been approached before 1857, long fascinated climbers by

Photochrom.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.

One of Switzerland's chief beauty spots, with its majestic snow-clad mountains and waters of deepest blue; also the scene of many patriotic legends. On the left is a memorial of William Tell, and further on towards Fluelen, a strange tunnelled road, the Axenstrasse, which skirts the lake.

its apparent hopelessness, but was conquered in 1865 by Edward Whymper, Lord Francis Douglas and two other Englishmen with guides. On the way down, however, one of the party slipped and dragged the others over a precipice, where they were instantly killed. Three of the bodies were recovered, but Douglas' bones still remain on the mountain. Whymper and most of the guides, however, escaped through the cutting of the rope, and one of them died in March, 1923, at the age of eighty-one.

The Matterhorn, this remote and mysterious obelisk, which rises sheer into the air in the neighbourhood of Zermatt, has been responsible for more fatal accidents than any other Alpine peak, but has now been so thoroughly studied that it offers few difficulties even to inexperienced climbers; indeed, the guides boast that six of them together could lead a cow to the summit. Be that as it may, there are now no virgin peaks awaiting conquest in Switzerland, and those who desire to break records must go elsewhere. From a sporting point of view, mountaineering seems to have become too easy. All the great climbs have been carefully charted, the guides could proceed almost blindfold, and there are huts and even hotels where it was formerly necessary to sleep under a rock in the snow. There is even a railway up 11,000 feet of the Jungfrau, an amazing piece of engineering constructed on the rack system with overhead trolleys at a cost of £500,000. The last half-hour of the journey is through a dreary tunnel, and there is little to see except on unusually clear days, but here is an opportunity for high Alpinism in an armchair. The Jungfrau or Virgin (13,669 ft.) was so-called because considered inaccessible, but lost its claim to the title over a hundred years ago. Monte Rosa (which means the glacier mountain and has nothing to do with rosiness at dawn) is the highest in Switzerland, and was first ascended by the four Englishmen who perished on the Matterhorn; it was also climbed by the present Pope, Pius XI, in 1889. Mont Blanc is higher, but of course it is half in France and half in Italy.

Great Avalanches

Among the many dangers of mountaineering are sudden snowstorms, which sweep men away like feathers or hide the lips of precipices to lure men to their doom. But the greatest dread

of all is afforded by the avalanche. Sometimes it slinks into an empty valley, but it often tears down populated slopes, burying or carrying off whole villages and the accumulated wealth of years. It is of various kinds. The dust avalanche is composed of loose snow caught by a furious whirlwind and beats down all obstacles, tears away trees, dwellings, man and beast. The sliding avalanche is formed when a great mass of snow breaks loose and slides down the mountain side collecting more snow in its advance. It passes over a forest, leaving only a few broken stumps to show where stately pines once grew, the trees themselves having served to add weight and force to the onward rush of destruction; it sweeps across a village and that village is no more; then, with its freight of death and destruction it thunders into some valley and fills it from ridge to ridge, or rolls out on the plain in great billowing waves of snow. Of late years, however, the material damage has been less than formerly. And sometimes the sliding avalanche changes into a ground avalanche, accumulating huge masses of earth and stones and becoming no longer white and beautiful but dirty and ugly in its cruelty, with the trees in its clutch splintered and broken by tearing and crushing and grinding among huge boulders. The sliding avalanche, however, is not so swift as the avalanche which comes down on the wings of the whirlwind.

On one occasion, Mr. John Finnemore relates,

> the people of a village standing on one slope of a valley saw an avalanche about to descend upon a village directly opposite. They rushed to their church and rang the bells wildly. At once the people in danger caught the roar of the huge snow mass sweeping upon them and fled for their lives. The avalanche leapt upon the village and struck against the strong, solid walls of the church. These were dashed to pieces, yet they availed somewhat to check the rush of the field of snow, and the avalanche surged into the village and came to rest. Houses were buried and partly shattered. On reckoning their numbers, the escaped villagers, perceived that four persons were missing—three women and an old man of eighty. One woman was discovered alive behind the stove of her shattered kitchen. A second was buried in a stable and got out alive. A third had also taken refuge in a stable, whence she was dug out. The old man remained in bed, with the snow piled high above his roof. He wondered that the night lasted so long, and was astonished when the rescue party came and

Photo: E. Meerkämper (Davos-Platz). *Courtesy, Swiss Federal Railways.*

SKI-ING NEAR DAVOS.

Ascending the Strela Pass on a glorious spring day, with the snow in prime condition and the air like champagne.

Photo: Herbert G. Ponting.

BERGLI HUT ON THE JUNGFRAU.

The Bergli hut, 10,824 feet above the sea, seems sufficiently high, but it is merely the starting point for various big ascents needing experience and a good guide. It is also a very welcome place of refuge when blinding snowstorms hide the surrounding pitfalls.

Photo: Alpine Sports.

SKI-ING.

The charm of ski-ing lies in the fact that you are not limited to rink or run, but can race at your will over snowy hill and frozen dale. It is not difficult to learn to ski, though the novice must risk some falls and bumps and loss of dignity.

hauled him through a window out into a tunnel they had excavated to his dwelling.

But all villages are not so fortunate as this. Sometimes the avalanche descends at night, or without warning, and many lives are lost, the bodies being at times recovered months later, when the huge drift melts in the spring sunshine.

It is not generally realised that snow and ice and glaciers, with their fearsome crevasses, are helpful. They afford some hold to the climber, something to which he may cling, something to break his fall over a precipice. For sheer danger, hair-breadth escapes from the jaws of imminent death, and all the wildest of waking nightmares, coupled with a casualty roll that reaches appalling proportions, there can be nothing to compare with rock-climbing. Instead of cutting ice-staircases, building refuges in times of danger or sliding down comfortably on skis, it is necessary to develop entirely new muscles, cling to imperceptible projections with toes and fingers, leap over broad, bottomless chasms to ledges about an inch wide, and generally perform the acrobatics of monkeys or flies—and all this at dizzy altitudes and in remote solitudes, often amid thunderstorms, avalanches and hurricanes. But the devotees of rock-climbing will hear of no other; they have it in their bones, either inherited or because they love danger for danger's sake, as is the case with every thrilling sport.

Mountaineering

Some of the most difficult climbs in the rock district represent the supreme possibilities of mountaineering beside which the Matterhorn is an easy walk. It must be remembered that difficulties do not depend on height. Indeed, some of the greatest and most rugged mountains are easier because there is a large choice of ways up, whereas a rock of a hundred feet or so may be worse than a wall. It must be remembered also that dizziness is not increased by great heights. It is not unusual to find people crawling comfortably along ledges, over bottomless abysses, who would not dare to stand on the top of a ten-foot wall. And, after all, it is largely a question of practice. One famous Alpinist says the best way to accustom oneself to a yawning chasm is to hang over it head downwards until the dizziness passes. In the Alpine

expeditions much depends on the weather, which has a habit of changing suddenly and disastrously; still more on guides. The best of them are splendid types, regular acrobats, equal to the worst emergencies. They know every nook and cranny of the mountains, every prophecy of storm, the paths of the avalanche, the most invisible signs of the seasons, the voices of the winds, what it means when the glaciers sing, what stories the rivers tell of the happenings in the high Alpine solitudes. They are the seamen of the Alps, the old salts of the mountains. But certificates are now granted too easily, and some guides are a hindrance rather than a help.

The chief climbing centres of Switzerland are Zermatt, Grindelwald and the Engadine, but there are less fashionable places where the same enjoyment may be had at less expense. Zermatt is a poor village consisting of a single street of wooden châlets and hotels and shops. It contains a small museum with the rope and other memorials of the Matterhorn disaster of 1865, which is also commemorated by a small English church.

Grindelwald, at the foot of the Eiger and the Wetterhorn, is equally unpretentious, but, besides several famous mountains, it has two wonderful glaciers in the neighbourhood, one of them mentioned in charters of the thirteenth century but not explored until the beginning of the nineteenth.

§ 4

Grindelwald

To reach Grindelwald we part company with the comforts of luxurious trains at Interlaken, Europe's favourite gateway to the Alps, and from beneath the walnut trees of the Höheweg we lift our eyes to gaze on the Jungfrau, the Monk and the Eiger. Now picture the tiny train puffing and climbing up the slope, to pass roaring torrents and over deep ravines skirting great gorges, but always pressing up and up until it reaches Grindelwald some 3,500 feet above the sea. If it be winter, as we step from the train we instantly realise that we are in a new and curious and exhilarating atmosphere, the atmosphere of the great Swiss mountains with their wonderful Alpine air and Alpine beauty and Alpine snow—this dry, crisp, glistening powder that slips

Photo: Donald McLeish.

RESTING AFTER A HARD CLIMB.

One of the many huts built by foreign Alpine Clubs for climbers. It is 11,120 feet above the level of the sea.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE RIGI RAILWAY.

One of the oldest mountain railways in Europe, opened in 1871. Note the quaint old-fashioned engine.

Photo: Alfieri Picture Service.

BOB-RACING AT MURREN.

Competitors preparing to start. Bob-sleighing is extraordinarily fascinating with its cautious balancing at dangerous corners and wild rushes through crisp, exhilarating air between high banks of soft, powdery snow.

Photo: Ward Muir.

CURLING AT WENGEN.

Curling, the demure sport of middle age, has none of the thrills of ski-ing and skating, but sometimes it affords an exciting finish, as we see here at Wengen Bonspiel.

readily through the fingers. How different it is from the damp, sodden, unpleasant pudding we left behind at home! And often the sun will shine with the power of summer, emphasising the sharp outlines and transfiguring the white landscape for a time with soft tints of heliotrope and rose. But not for long. The sunshine visits the remote valleys furtively, as though anxious to steal away; a day of seven hours' sunshine is very long, and many places have to be content with three. And here are Alpine winter sports dominating everything—young and old alike become infected with boyish enthusiasm. Every conversation, every thought, every dream is concerned with an international *Bonspiel,* a skating competition, a bobsleigh run, a ski-ing expedition. And when the day is over, amid the ordinary amenities of hotel life, the billiards, the dancing, the bridge and the scandal, there may be heard the occasional far-off roar, like distant thunder, of an avalanche.

Some people imagine a glacier to resemble a level plain of ice, and this effect is sometimes produced in the distance, but a glacier is rather like a frozen torrent forcing its way through mountain gorges with tumbling billows and blue fathomless depths. The latter, known as crevasses, are hidden beneath blankets of fresh snow, which readily give way beneath a man's foot and may bury him far from mortal ken. Some ultra-rapid glaciers hurry along at the prodigious rate of one mile a year, but others have actually receded or, like these near Grindelwald, resumed their advance at the rate of seven to twelve inches a day. In some cases bodies which have been swallowed up quick into a glacier emerge at the foot in a state of perfect preservation after very many years.

Winter Sports

Pontresina combines a great number of ascents, magnificent glacier scenery and winter sports. There are three toboggan runs, three skeleton ice-runs, and two bobsleigh runs besides excellent ski-ing and numerous annual competitions. But Mürren and Wengen are perhaps more popular. The one rule for winter sportsmen is that they must choose high places, at least 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; but they can suit their taste and go either to cosmopolitan or entirely English resorts.

Mürren is among the latter, and consists of little more than a group of hotels reached by cable and electric railways. The bob-sleigh run is two miles long and there is no better place for learning to ski.

The great charm of ski-ing lies in the fact that there are no limitations as in skating and tobogganing. A skier can venture almost anywhere without the risk of being swallowed up by deep snow, and of late years the sport has proved of enormous assistance to high climbing, rendering ropes and guides almost unnecessary. There is a popular fallacy that it must be learnt from infancy, but an active man of sixty quickly acquires it sufficiently to accomplish long expeditions. The ski-jumping competitions are popular and exciting. Then there are slalom-runs, a kind of obstacle ski race—in which only experts can excel —between flag posts or trees, and horse races with the jockeys on skis clutching at the reins behind.

There are two kinds of tobogganing. The simplest is merely an adaptation of the primitive *luge* or sled of the Swiss peasant, who races down snowy paths from his hut in the hills right down to the lakes below. Scientific tobogganing is more modern, and requires special ice-runs of which the Cresta at St. Moritz is the best known in the world. It is about three-quarters of a mile long and has a drop of 500 feet between the Hotel Kulm and Celerina. Here the Bobsleigh Derby is held every February. Bob-sleighing is the most thrilling sport imaginable. The wild rush through the air between banks of dazzling snow, the triumph of a well-balanced crew whizzing round a perilous corner, the sense of responsibility for each others' safety—all afford a thrill unknown elsewhere. And it has the attraction of being the most dangerous of sports, perhaps the only one that produces a large annual crop of broken bones. But none can resist the intoxicating sense of joy and well-being or the wild fun of it all.

Morgins, near the Lake of Geneva, is more famous for "English" or figure-skating, and has a rink of five acres. Champéry, close by, is less frequented but more attractive, with its elaborately decorated châlets and curiously projecting roofs, a square church tower crowned by a peculiar lantern, and amazing views of snow slopes tinged with the pinks and purples of the setting sun.

A MERRY PARTY.

Bob-sleighing is always intensely fascinating and enjoyable, as this amateur party seems to find.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

A HOMESTEAD IN THE SNOWS.

This illustration shows a typical peasant's châlet. Their simple existence in these remote and solitary homes is described in the text.

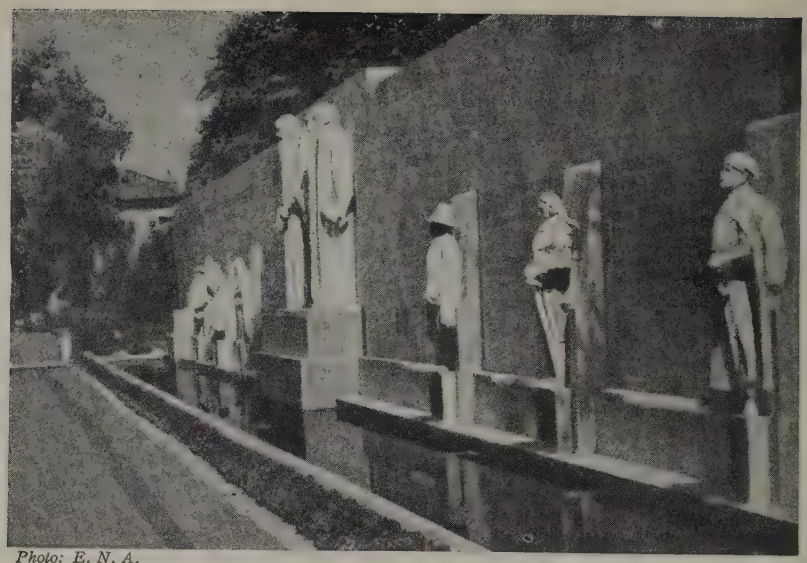


Photo: E. N. A.

THE "WALL OF THE REFORMATION" AT GENEVA.

A row of statues of Protestant heroes—Knox, Calvin, Cromwell, Coligny, etc.—arranged along a high wall. This remarkable and impressive monument to the Reformation was paid for by money collected from Protestants all over the world.

Photo: Chas. E. Brown.

SKI-JUMPING AT WENGEN.

This sport requires great skill. While Norwegians remain the champions, the sport is very popular in Switzerland, where many international competitions take place.

§ 5

The Engadine

The Grisons (which means the Greys, a mediæval league) form a distinct and peculiar Canton, the headquarters of the Ladines, who speak Romansch, a Latin dialect with a small literature of its own, chiefly lyric poetry. Many of them emigrate from their network of mountain valleys, make little fortunes as cobblers or confectioners, and come home with their nest-eggs for the evening of their days. Here are the sources of the Rhine and most of the few ruined castles of Switzerland. The Engadine, or Valley of the Inn, is a peaceful place where motoring is forbidden except at night-time; its wonderful air and chronic sunshine have long attracted shoals of consumptives to Davos and St. Moritz with their larches and pines and vivid, rather gloomy scenery, as well as to less conventional Pontresina with grand glaciers and Italian or Spanish-looking houses. Coire, or Chur, the capital, is more of a town, or rather two towns still divided by a wall; very quaint, with narrow streets and tall white houses.

Amazing Gorges

Ragatz, between Coire and Zürich, thrives on the healing waters discovered there by a monk in the eleventh century. The less pretentious baths of Pfäffers, a couple of miles away, are reached by an extraordinary road, which almost fills the narrow Tamina Valley, between huge, towering cliffs, and a little further on is the amazing Tamina gorge, where hot springs gush from the rock. Visitors, carrying umbrellas, grope their way along a tiny path to a natural arch, where the guide opens the door of a small room filled by the violent springs with steam, and tells how patients used to be let down by ropes to roost on beams affixed to the walls of the steam-rooms.

South of Coire, near Thusis, is an even more extraordinary gorge, with the forbidding name of Via Mala (Evil Way), approached by a rock tunnel, known as the Lost Gulf. The Evil Way, thirty feet wide, runs between limestone cliffs no less than 1,600 feet high, and for 300 yards is a mere shelf blasted out of the rock, with the constricted Rhine foaming angrily below. Further on there is a very impressive scene at a bridge, where the precipices on one side actually overhang those on the other,

and the river below is so far away that it seems a scarcely perceptible thread.

Zürich

Zürich is the largest city in Switzerland, and the chief financial and commercial centre, ranking next to Lyons for the production of silk. It is one of the many places which claim to count as the centre of Europe, being the meeting-place of trade routes from France to the East and from Germany to Italy. The Cathedral, known as the Great Minster, has beautiful old cloisters and a crowned statue of Charlemagne on one of the towers, but the interior is unsympathetic with its bare white-washed walls, a reminder of the fact that Zwingli was Pastor here for fourteen years. There are a "water-church," a university, and a good museum of Swiss antiquities, including rooms which have been removed bodily from mediæval houses. The only joy at Zürich is the annual spring festival known as the "Six o'clock ringing," with processions, fireworks and a great hubbub of bells, ending with the burning of a guy, which represents winter and is stuffed with explosives. The Lake of Zürich is long and narrow and of no special beauty, but remarkably rich and busy, with clusters of prosperous villages, vineyards, orchards, gardens and cornfields.

A Famous Abbey

An easy excursion from Zürich takes us to the Abbey of Einsiedeln, whose church is said to have been consecrated by the angels, and whose black miraculous image of the Virgin has attracted ten million pilgrims. The name Einsiedeln is derived from the hermits who settled here eleven hundred years ago. Meinrad, the first of them, was murdered by robbers, who were pursued and brought to justice by two ravens, very black and very tame, who had been his sole companions in his cell. They followed the murderers over hill and dale, across the lake and into Zürich, where the men hid themselves in an inn. But the ravens flapped their wings against the window-panes and screamed for hours so loudly that the men were frightened and confessed their crime. Their limbs were broken on the wheel. Remains of the inn are still visible to-day with two ravens of black stones carved inside the walls.

Photochrom.

LUCERNE: OLD BRIDGE AND WATCHTOWER.

One of the most famous sights of Lucerne, containing over a hundred primitive pictures which illustrate the lives of local patron saints and heroes.

The angelic consecration is recorded in a Bull of Pope Leo VIII, as follows:

Our reverend brother and associate Bishop at Constance, Conrad by name, has made known before our apostolic chair that, on the 14th of September, 948, he was called to a certain place within his diocese, named Meinrad's cell, in order to consecrate a chapel to the honour of the holy, glorified Mother of God. But when he rose, as accustomed, to pray at midnight, so he told us, he heard, with other godly ones, a surpassingly lovely song, and by more minute investigation ascertained indeed that the angels, with like song and order as were employed by bishops in the same ceremony, were consecrating the same chapel.

Accordingly, next day the Bishop refused to consecrate the chapel again, but the people

blamed him harshly till he really began the dedication. Then, immediately and clearly, resounded a voice three times: "Brother, desist; for see, it is already consecrated by God." At this the people, frightened, esteemed the revelation of the Bishop as true and holy, and believed from then onwards that the chapel had been divinely dedicated.

Since then great miracles are claimed to have taken place. The blind, from drinking there, were made to see; the lame to walk; the deaf to hear; lepers were healed; and the Abbots were, in course of time, made Princes of the Holy Roman Empire with powers unlimited save by the Pope at Rome. Einsiedeln became the Lourdes of Switzerland. In 1798, the French troops came burning and ravaging through every valley of the Alps, and Einsiedeln did not escape, but the monks hid the Black Virgin in a crevice in the rocks, leaving a clever copy for the French to steal. Later on, the Abbey was restored and the Black Virgin came back to her chapel, where she may still be seen, a little, homely, wooden figure, black as soot and covered with precious jewels.

§ 6

Lucerne

Lucerne has picturesque old watch-towers and belfries, innumerable palace hotels, a church with a wonderful fourteenth century organ, gay quays along the edge of the gorgeous lake and many hill slopes dotted with villas. Above them tower two well-

known mountains—the Rigi and Pilatus, with cog-railways to enable sedentary people to play at mountaineering. Pilatus, provides us with a local barometer and a sequel to the Gospel story. It appears that, after the Crucifixion, Pontius Pilate fell out of imperial favour and killed himself in prison, whereupon his body was cast into the Tiber, which rose in protest and almost burst its banks. Then the accursed was cast into the Rhone and the Lake of Geneva with even worse results—terrible storms and floods everywhere, until at last it was taken to a lonely tarn at the top of the mountain which now bears his name. According to another version, he retired here during his lifetime and was thrown in by the Wandering Jew. In any case, his presence caused terrible trouble, avalanches and inundations devastating the district amid a fiendish din in the recesses of the mountains. A Spanish scholar volunteered to exorcise the troubled spirit, and all the way up he was beset by torrents wide as rivers, abysses of infinite depth, all of which instantly bridged themselves at the sign of the cross. At the pool, however, Pilate appeared as tall as a tower, brandishing a pine trunk. A terrific combat ensued, lasting all day and night while the whole mountain rocked. Pilate was at last reduced to terms, swearing to remain quiet in his pool except on Fridays, when he might roam about the mountain. A law was passed that none should dare to climb the peak on Fridays, and such as did so met Pilate in red judicial robes and returned blinded or maimed for life. In the sixteenth century, however, the ghost was finally laid and a procession went up every year, headed by the Vicar of Lucerne, to cast stones into the pool.

To this day the natives believe that, when Mount Pilatus is clear, fine weather is assured, but when it "puts on its cap" of clouds, they know they are in for storms.

The Quaint Bridge

Mediæval councils used to issue all sorts of vexatious edicts against flirtation, and burghers' daughters found the old covered bridges very convenient for assignations with their swains. The oldest of these bridges at Lucerne lasted for 1,004 years, being demolished in 1857, and was over 1,300 feet long. It must have been very like the Chapel Bridge, now the most curious sight of the town. This was built in 1355, forming a very obtuse angle,

Photo: E. N. A.

TRAINING THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

The training of these intelligent dogs takes two years. They are taught to go out on search parties of their own and save innumerable lives every year. At the monastery there is a statue to Barry, the dog who established a record for rescues.

Photo: E. N. A.

FARM CART AT LUCERNE.

Lucerne still retains many forms of old world locomotion. The farmers have not given up their oxen, who may be "slow to labour" but are strong and useful, and by no means so stupid as they look.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE AXENSTRASSE.

One of the best roads in Switzerland, with a tunnel blasted out of the live rocks which overhang the Lake of Lucerne.

Photo: Alpine Sports.

GRUYÈRE.

This quaint little village is the centre of a rich pastoral district known all over the world for its cheeses.

and contains over a hundred primitive pictures of triangular shape hanging from the rafters. These pictures were contributed by the Town Council early in the seventeenth century, each member being responsible for one picture, which he associated as much as possible with his family history. One depicted a gymnasium built by his ancestors; another, a midnight massacre that occurred near his house in 1343; another, the decapitation of two early Christians by an instrument very like a guillotine. Some of the pictures have been housed at the angle of the Bridge in the old lighthouse from which Lucerne derives its name. Another bridge lower down is full of ghastly pictures of the Dance of Death, much admired by students of mediæval art. The series includes a wedding feast with Death grinning outside as he waits to cut down the bride with his scythe; Death seated behind the saddle of a noble knight; Death leaning over the cradle of a smiling child; Death intruding himself at every festal scene. It was part of the mediæval temperament to gloat over the imminence of death and the vanity of human joys, and similar pictures were to be found all over Europe, the most famous being painted by Holbein at Basle.

Lake of Lucerne

But the environs and the lake are the greatest attractions of Lucerne. This lake possesses great historical and romantic interest; it is four times deeper than the North Sea; and it is also known as the Lake of the Four Cantons, which were the beginning of Switzerland. It is very irregular in outline, with many bays and creeks, infinitely beautiful and infinitely varied. Sometimes the mountains close in, and the rocks come straight down to the water's edge, sometimes there are gentle hills with vineyards and villages and friendly châlets.

Perhaps the prettiest spot on the lake is Hertenstein, on whose wooded bay is the hotel inhabited by the Emperor Charles and the Empress Zita of Austria during their recent exile. The colours of the rippling waters, the little gleaming bays of every hue, the wonderful views ranging from Mt. Pilatus to distant Alps, all combine to make the place a little paradise. In old days fishermen's boats added to the picturesqueness of the scene, but now they have given way to motor-driven barges, swift, scream-

ing motor-boats, and so many tourist steamers that little pleasure remains for those who seek a peaceful holiday. The journey down the lake, however, cannot lose its charm amid the moving picture of villages and little creeper-clad churches nodding and smiling at their reflections in the crystal depths, with the snow-covered peaks gleaming in the background, and the grassy slopes dotted with placid spotted cows. And everywhere the silvery tinkle of cow-bells floats down upon the scented breeze.

To Swiss minds, the chief attraction of the lake lies in the legends of national heroes, especially William Tell. At Altdorf, a small town near the lake, an Austrian Governor named Gessler set up his hat on a pole in the market-place, ordering all the natives to bow to it as they passed. Tell disobeyed and was arrested, whereupon the Governor wondered what he should do with him. Someone mentioned Tell's boasts about his archery, how he could hit the smallest mark, so it was ordered that he should shoot an apple off his son's head. The feat was duly performed, but Gessler noticed that Tell had provided himself with two arrows. Why two? Tell refused to say until Gessler promised to spare his life. Then he confessed it was intended for the Governor's heart. Gessler had promised to spare his life but not his liberty, so Tell was taken across the lake for imprisonment, when a great storm arose and Tell was told to steer. Thereupon he ran the boat ashore, escaped into a thicket, and lay in wait for Gessler with his bow and arrow. The comment of Swiss history books runs as follows: "Thus, with the death of the Austrian tyrant, the first great blow was struck on behalf of Swiss liberty." And a chapel was actually erected here, at Tell's landing-place, now known as Tellsplatte, to commemorate the deed.

§ 7

The Swiss Capital

The name of Bern means "bears," and they obtrude themselves everywhere in the town decorations. They are on the coat-of-arms of the city, on the civic seal which dates from 1234, and on nearly every statue. Live bears have been kept in a pit here at the public expense since 1513, save for a short interval after the French Revolution, when they were carried off to Paris. With her numerous arcades and pretty fountains, Bern has a mediæval

Photo: E. N. A.

ENTRANCE TO ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

This was the longest tunnel in the world (nine and a half miles) until the opening of the Simplon. It took ten years to build and was opened to traffic in 1882. The descent towards Airolo is accomplished by means of twenty-eight zigzag terraces, affording wonderful views.

Photochrom.

THE LION OF LUCERNE.

A memorial to the Swiss Guards who died defending Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in the French revolution. It represents a lion mortally wounded, but endeavouring at its last gasp to protect a shield bearing the royal lilies of France.

Photo: E. N. A.

BAGPIPER FOUNTAIN AT BERN.

The oldest of ten fountains at Bern. A bagpiper stands on a pedestal with a musical goose nestling entranced at his side. On the pedestal are all sorts of fantastic figures, dancing gnomes and grinning mouths, and wreaths and birds in pots.

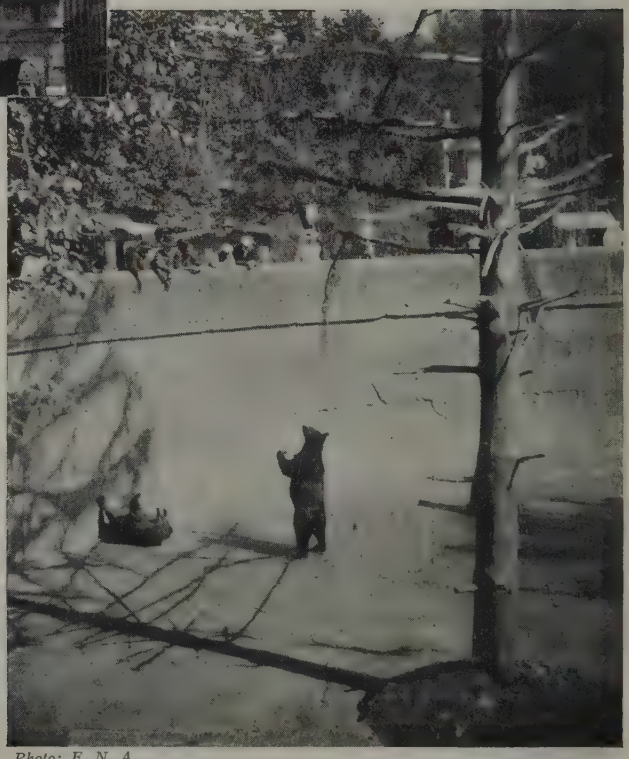


Photo: E. N. A.

BERN: THE BEAR PIT.

Whatever the connection between the words "Bern" and "bear" may be, bears have always been associated with the city, and a bear pit—one of the sights of the city—has been maintained at the public expense since 1513, except when the French carried the bears off to Paris during the revolutionary wars.

charm of her own; and a gay note is struck by the variety of stalls everywhere—those of the drapers with kerchiefs of many colours fluttering in the air; the jeweller's all flashing with native ornaments, silver chains of endless length, uncouth earrings and bracelets; and others with fruits and vegetables and gaudy pottery of fantastic shapes. And up and down the stony streets come long processions of cattle meek and proud, with here and there the dogs of burthen reposing watchfully under the carts of countryfolk. One of the chief sights is the Clock Tower, formerly a city gate; whenever the clock strikes, a number of fantastic figures appear, including a crowing cock and, of course, the inevitable bear. Then there is a fountain with the figure of an ogre—some say of a Jew—devouring a child. The poorer quarters are picturesque, especially the Mühlen Platz (Mill Square), where most of the female population come to wash their dirty linen publicly in a crystal stream.

Bern is the general headquarters and clearing house of the postal service of the world, where all international accounts are settled, and Switzerland claims to possess a model service of her own. It is certainly one of the most perfect in every respect, with the finest palace as Post Office in every city, all the latest conveniences combined with comfort and cleanliness, and, next to Great Britain, the largest number of letters for every inhabitant.

Bernese Oberland

South of Bern is the pleasant, pretty district known as the Bernese Oberland, with many lakes and green hills and views of the three snow-clad giants, the Jungfrau, Monk and Eiger. The chief town is Thun, one of the most picturesque in Switzerland, partly on an island of its own lake and partly between two branches of the rushing crystal river Aar. It contains a feudal castle with severe turrets at the corners, but the streets are homely in a German way, with pleasant shutters and verandahs, little carts covered with baskets and bright milk cans, and pillared arcades and peeps from the footway into mysterious old cellars. A steamer takes us across the lovely Lake of Thun—past rows and rows of poplars and a mediæval castle and the quaint old parsonage of Spiez, which overhangs the water—to Interlaken, which means "between the lakes" of Thun and Brienz. It is one

of the most crowded as well as the oldest Swiss resort, though damp and relaxing; and it is famous for its wooden houses like very old and weather-beaten Noah's arks.

Lugano

Lugano is, or ought to be, already Italy, not only in the deep blueness of its lake and the wonderful southern vegetation, but in manners and customs, language, and pretty costumes. Life is in the open air, most of the buying and selling and simple industries being carried on in the streets; there is an atmosphere of music and song; everybody seems trying to escape from the fierce sun under the numerous arcades, or dallying on summer evenings on the edge of the lake. Apart from Nature, the one sight at Lugano is Luini's frescoes of the Passion. They are in a plain church, adjoining the Franciscan convent which has now been turned into a hotel. Some think the figures are overcrowded, and they have certainly suffered from the hands of time, but the frescoes are counted among the masterpieces of the world. The railway station is at the top of the town, and travellers arriving at dawn receive a remarkable impression as they emerge on a terrace in front of the Cathedral and survey the wondrous lake.

It is hemmed in with steep wooded hills sometimes coming sheer down to the waters, and there are smiling villages on the banks and many brightly painted houses with frescoes and red roofs and green shutters and sub-tropical gardens. The whole scene is a riot of colour, relieved during the heat of the day by the countless red and white awnings of the shops and cafés. At night-time a fresh touch is added by the glow-worm lights of the mountain railways amid the purple darkness of the trees. Some think that Switzerland has been spoiled by engineers. According to one critic

> whenever a mountain can boast of a view, a railway has been erected on the torn, bleeding sides, and we are carried to the summit like a bundle of luggage. Each mountain displays a huge, ungainly rent, where little cars, looking like particularly obnoxious insects, crawl slowly up and down.

Still, even if these railways are ugly, they are certainly convenient. One of them takes us from an end of the lake to Monte

Photo: Underwood Press Service.

SWISS HARVEST HOME

Haymakers forming part of a procession organised by the Swiss choral societies at harvest-time.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

THUN.

One of the most picturesque towns in Switzerland, with its high arcaded houses and quaint overhanging roofs and balconies buried in creepers. Here everyone seems to live in the streets, where the traffic consists chiefly of knife-grinders' barrows, carts covered with baskets and milk carts drawn by dogs.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

Some of the famous dogs attached to the Monastery of St. Bernard, one of the highest habitations in Europe. The dogs are invaluable for finding travellers overcome by storms and in danger of falling alseep in the snow.

Photo: E. N. A.

LUGANO.

This promenade is specially delightful on hot summer evenings, with its shady chestnut trees and cool plashing fountains. Monte San Salvatore in the background affords a delightful view of snow-clad peaks and distant lakes.

Generoso, which has a luxurious hotel near the summit and an amazing panorama. The guests seem to spend most of their time in easy climbs to view sunrises and sunsets, or in gazing through telescopes at Monte Viso and Milan Cathedral.

Geneva

Geneva is smaller than its importance might lead us to expect. It calls up memories of dour Calvinists and Geneva gowns and bands, but its handsome modern buildings and varied gaieties have brought it into harmony with its claim to be the metropolis of French Switzerland as well as the seat of the League of Nations. For old Geneva has practically vanished, and Ruskin would no longer describe it as "the most lovely spot and the most notable without any possible doubt, of the European universe." The Red Cross Committee was started here in 1863 by citizens of Geneva, and has since been recognised by all the governments of the world.

Perhaps the chief interests at Geneva lie in watching for rare glimpses of Monte Blanc, which, with good luck, may be visible once a week, and in wandering out to the suburb of Plainpalais to see the junction of the rivers Rhone and Arve. The Rhone is as warm and clear and delightfully blue as the heavens, the Arve as muddy as Acheron and as cold as death. The Rhone comes from the crystal, sleeping lake, the Arve from restless, grinding glaciers. The Arve tries to rush into the Rhone at right angles, but the Rhone refuses all overtures and flows on in solitary pride, admitting only little eddies or ringlets like the tresses of a fair-haired girl beside the curls of an Ethiopian. Nature seems to have forbidden the banns between the two rivers, and they must travel far before the Arve's courtship is accepted.

Lake of Geneva

The Lake of Geneva, especially the other end, has attracted generations of tourists. It has a friendly, homely atmosphere and a climate pleasant and agreeable all the year round. Lausanne, some three or four hundred feet above the lake shore at Ouchy, is chiefly an educational centre and was once the home of Gibbon. The site of his house has now become the Post Office —all the best houses become Post Offices in Switzerland—and a

bank has replaced the summer-house where he finished the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Like Geneva the old Lausanne has almost vanished, and it is now an imposing modern city. Vevey is the beginning of the foreigner's paradise, with a haunting view of the seven-peaked Dent du Midi, and there is an almost uninterrupted succession of villas and hotels on every vine-clad slope right to the end of the lake, where flooded meadows supply good skating in winter time. The growth of Montreux has been rapid, and it now boasts a population of 22,000.

Beyond Montreux is the Castle of Chillon, whose prisoner was sung by Byron. An English traveller described it as follows, nearly eighty years ago.

The insupportable solitude and dreariness of the white walls and towers [he wrote], the sluggish moat and drawbridge, and the lonely ramparts, I never saw the like of. But there is a courtyard outside, surrounded by prisons, oubliettes, and old chambers of torture so terrifically sad that death itself is not more sorrowful. And, oh! a wicked old duke's bedchamber upstairs in the tower, with a secret staircase down into the chapel, where the bats were wheeling about, and Bonnivard's dungeon and a horrible trap, whence prisoners were cast into the lake, and a stake all burnt and crackled up, that still stands in the torture ante-chamber to the saloon of justice. What tremendous places!

The Castle of Chillon

Chillon [says Sir Frederick Treves] is probably the best preserved mediæval castle in Europe. It is certainly the best known and assuredly, of all buildings in the world, is the one which has been the most persistently photographed, painted, and sketched. It must be familiar to thousands who have never set foot in Switzerland. Its position is exceptionally picturesque. The castle of romance is generally perched on the summit of a crag. Here is a castle at the foot of a hill, with its foundations in a lake. Chillon stands on a small island of rock which is approached from the mainland by a bridge. The Lake, as it flows between the islet and the land, forms a natural moat.

The Castle has gone through many vicissitudes during its troubled history. From a fortress it became a seat of government, then a prison and an arsenal, being more pulled about and altered than almost any existing building in the world, and the worst vandals were the natives themselves, who made great holes

Photo: E. N. A.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA AND CHILLON.

Chillon is one of the best preserved mediæval castles in Europe with gibbets, oubliettes and torture chambers on show. Familiar to readers of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*. Here, at the end of the Lake of Geneva, we see the seven-peaked Dent du Midi with its perpetual snows.

Photochrom.

BERN: CLOCK TOWER.

This sixteenth century clock is an unfailing source of public interest. A crowd of crowing cocks, bears and other puppets come out to perform all sorts of little antics each time the clock strikes.

Photo: E. N. A.

PEASANT GIRLS OF CHAMPÉRY.

Champéry is chiefly noted for its gaily decorated houses and queer projecting roofs, but one of its prettiest features is the quaint, breeched costumes of its women.

through the walls to instal cannon in 1836. Since then, however, a very elaborate work of restoration has taken place as well as excavations which revealed objects of great interest. By removing plaster from the walls of the guard room some very remarkable drawings have been revealed, representing bears in all sorts of positions.

On the south shores of the Lake the real country is to be found (though here we are actually in Savoy on French soil). Writing of the scenery here Sir Frederick Treves describes it thus:

There, at least, it (the country) is not far to seek, for it comes, in all its artlessness, to the very walls of the town. The country itself is luxuriant. It is a land "flowing with milk and honey." It is, moreover, beautiful in its landscape, in its valleys and hills, its vast woods, its slopes green with trees, its river gorges and its flower-bedecked meadows.

Around Evian it is possibly at its best. Here is the heart of the country open and making welcome. There are no hedges, no gates, no fences. The stranger may wander where he will. There are highways and mule tracks, but the common means of going to and fro is by the footpath, a footpath as narrow as an Indian trail. It leads through clover fields and fields of corn, through vineyards and through meadows knee-deep in grass. It makes its way unhindered across the apple orchard and the cherry grove, for there is no confining wall. The blossoms drop on the head of the passer-by, the apples fall at his feet. . . .

He who follows the path will see, as the year moves on, every phase of the life of the country, and see it with a freedom and intimacy that he shares with the countryman himself. He will see the ploughing of the land with oxen, the haymaking, the cherry and the apple harvest, the gathering of the chestnuts, the making of the cider, the grape harvest, and the pruning of the vine. This open-heartedness of the country, this admission of the stranger into its familiar life, is readily explained. The land is possessed by small proprietors who represent as fine, honest and industrious a people as the world can boast of. There are no flocks and herds to be penned in fields. The little company of sheep is in charge of a languid boy who follows them about all day, whistling as he goes. The cow is conducted to its pasture by an aged woman or a girl who will knit as she shuffles along with the cow-rope round her arm. Of the man-hating bull that may make the open field a place of terror there is no evidence. . . . .

The glory of the flowers along the shores of the Lake adds another

enchantment to the country. Before the hay is cut there is as brilliant a display of colour as will be found in any Alpine meadow. There are fields purple with meadow sage, yellow with the glorious globe-flower, pink with sainfoin or blue with campanulas. There are slopes of nodding columbines and banks so covered with the small gentian as to seem to be enamelled with lapis lazuli. Anemones of all tints, forget-me-nots in huge masses, the mountain flax, the rock rose, the pansy, the wild strawberry and the wood geranium are among the common flowers to be found in this delectable wild garden. There are, besides, so many blossoms which are unfamiliar that the idler may be busy, if only he will ramble about with curiosity in his mind and a copy of Hulme in his pocket.

§ 8

Great St. Bernard

Now at the end of the lake between the mightiest snow ranges of the Alps, comes the old stage-road which travellers have trod for centuries to Italy, branching off into three mountain passes of which the Great St. Bernard is the most famous. As the road to Rome, it always attracted countless pilgrims; it was crossed twenty times by mediæval Emperors, and in 1800 Buonaparte led 40,000 troops over it to win the battle of Marengo, taking three days for each regiment on the journey and sadly depleting the stores of the Monastery of St. Bernard.

This is one of the highest habitations in Europe and is exposed to tremendous storms. In spring and autumn, when blinding snow whirls over the pass, it is easy for travellers to miss the row of posts which mark the way, and all sorts of stories are told of misadventures. The monks and lay brothers are always on the alert for lost wayfarers, scouring mountains and valleys in the company of their famous dogs.

The dogs of St. Bernard are a cross between the Pyrenean sheep dog and the Newfoundland. Their training for rescue work takes two years, and they are extraordinarily intelligent. Often they go out by themselves with a flask of spirits round their necks and first aid appliances on their backs, and their keen scent enables them to make straight for anyone overcome by the deadly frost-sleep. If they succeed in waking him sufficiently to make use of their provisions, well and good; otherwise they race back to the monastery and guide monks to the spot; they are also experts in digging out bodies buried beneath the snow.

Photo: E. N. A.

SCHAFFHAUSEN AND THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

One of the most amazing natural sights of Europe. Vast masses of seething foam, swollen by molten snows, tear over a wide stretch of rocks for twenty yards with a roar that can be heard for miles away. The rainbow and moonlight effects are exquisite.

The Great Tunnels

When France joined hands with Spain, it was remarked by Louis XIV that "there are no more Pyrenees." And now the Alps are no more, at least, they have ceased to be an almost impassable barrier to Italy, since tunnels have opened a way under Mont Cenis from France, under the St. Gothard and the Simplon from Switzerland. The St. Gothard Pass was one of the most frequented ways, though much exposed to avalanches; it was first crossed on wheels by an Englishman in 1775. But now it is more or less deserted since the opening of the tunnel in 1882, an amazing piece of engineering that reached perfection quite lately with the electrification of the line and the removal of the discomforts of accumulated smoke. This great tunnel runs through the mountain for nine and a half miles. The Simplon is the latest and greatest of all Alpine tunnels, twelve and a half miles long, with the deepest point more than 7,000 feet below the surface. Nearly seven years of hard labour were required before the borings from each side could meet, for hot springs proved a great impediment, and so did the heat of the rock itself at this immense distance underground. At one point a great subterranean river was encountered, and there could be no further progress until its waters were diverted from the gallery where men worked.

§ 9

Neuchâtel

The town of Neuchâtel (built of yellow stone so that Dumas said it looked "like a town cut out of butter") climbs from the reclaimed marshes of its lake up a steep hill to an old castle and Collegiate Church, which is known as "the temple stairs" (*temple d' en haut*). The lake is not specially beautiful, but the Canton has fine Jura scenery and affords a refuge from tourist throngs. It is the chief centre not only of Swiss watch-making, but also of absinthe-making, that pernicious green decoction of wormwood, with which the Swiss debauched the Continent before the war. The people of Neuchâtel claim to speak purer French than any to be found in France, but their claim has not yet been recognised by the French Academy.

Basle

Basle is an old frontier town on the Rhine, between the Jura and the Black Forest. It has a gay Cathedral of red sandstone roofed with yellow and green tiles, a Museum with some splendid Holbeins, and a very ancient hotel, the Three Kings, full of mysterious passages and secret cellars, where Sir Walter Scott placed the meetings of that awful tribunal, the Vehmgericht, the Ku Klux Klan of the Middle Ages.

On the way from Basle to Constance, we pass a place with the Alice-in-Wonderland name of Mumpf, where Rachel, the greatest French tragic actress, was born to Jewish pedlars at an inn; Laufenburg, with rapids where the last Lord Montague and his tutor were drowned on the same day, in 1793, that Cowdray Castle, the family mansion, was burnt down; and Schaffhausen, which overlooks the Falls of the Rhine, surely one of the seven wonders of Europe. The cataract is over 120 yards wide with a fall of about twenty yards, and discharges 88,000 cubic feet of water per second, still more when the river is swollen with molten snow. The rainbow and moonlight effects are exquisite, and even the hotel-keepers' illuminations with electric light cannot be condemned as vandalism.

A Wonderful Abbey

Just before Constance, which few people seem to realise is not in Switzerland but in the Grand Duchy of Baden, we come to the ancient Abbey of Kreuzlingen. This possesses a chapel, built to enshrine a fragment of the true Cross, and filled with wonderful old wood carvings which are set out as a miniature Mount of Olives. This carving is intended to tell the Passion of Our Lord. It consists of something like stage scenery made of greenish plaster to represent a rocky, semi-circular hill, honeycombed with many caves, and with here and there what the artist imagined to be a Roman palace or a Jewish room. The countless little figures, about fifteen inches high, climb up or down this mountain or stand about in groups. First comes the entry into Jerusalem, where the artist has allowed his imagination to run away somewhat in modelling the ass, for he gives it the shape of a horse and endows it with a luxuriant mane and tail. The next picture includes several scenes. In the centre is The Last Sup-

per with Christ's hand raised in benediction. Just above Him is the scene of His betrayal by the kiss of Judas with the soldiers approaching to bind Him, while Peter is standing with his sword drawn about to strike off the ear of Malchus. Presently we see Christ deserted by all the disciples and led away towards Jerusalem, with a Roman soldier bearing a very modern looking lantern. Some of the groups are very beautifully portrayed and convey a wonderful expression of divine resignation, but others are full of quaintness, especially St. Peter denying his Master while a cock sits perched on a rocky crag close by, and Pilate in his robes of state with a big umbrella carried over his head after the fashion of Eastern potentates. Last of all is perhaps the most curious of the whole collection, showing us the most horrible thing the sculptor could conceive in the way of evil spirits. From a rough gnarled trunk, that might be a dragon tree in its distorted shape, we see Judas hanging. His attitude is one of despair, and the Evil One, who has been leading him on to take his life, waits beside him to gloat over his ruin.

CHIEF TOWNS AND PRODUCTS OF SWITZERLAND

Switzerland is a Federal Republic comprising twenty Cantons. The population is 3,880,320, and the total area 15,976 square miles. The chief towns are—Bern, the capital (104,626); Zürich (207,161); Basle (135,976); Geneva (135,059); Lausanne (68,533); Lucerne (44,029); Lugano (13,440).

Products: Cereals, dairy produce, tobacco, leather, gloves, pottery, clocks, watches, silks, lace, cottons, woollens, linen, chemicals, timber, hides and skins.

VI
ITALY

ITALY

The Italian Temperament

LIKE the Italian language, the Italian temperament seems very easy to understand until we study it seriously. It is all in stark black and white or else in glaring colours. Red-hot ambitions and slumber in the sunshine, ideals and stilettos, shrewdness and generosity, wisdom and illiteracy, vendettas and good-nature, superstition and unbelief, vanity and servility, roughness and courtesy, heroism and professional politics are all to be espied in the kaleidoscope. In other words, Italians are very, very human. They take our breath away at first. Then we smile indulgently. Then we admire.

Visit almost any country in the world and Italians are almost as ubiquitous as Scots; and while the Scots win wealth by their brains, the Italians create wealth by the sweat of their brows, cut continents, pierce the highest mountains. There is scarcely a railway or engineering miracle that is not due to their patient industry. And what frugality, what self-sacrifice, what courage! Ardent lovers of their lovely land, they volunteer for exile during the best years of their lives, stinting and starving themselves to maintain the old folks at home and hasten the happy return with the nest-egg.

And in Italy itself there is a high average of industry. Turin and Milan are hives. It is true that lack of capital has delayed home manufactures and allowance must be made for the extreme youth of the country. Scarcely two generations ago all development was impeded by alien or antiquated rule, and the strides since have been prodigious. Communications, drainage, irrigation, all the nursery business of a nation have had to be be-

gun from the egg, and now compare favourably with those of older neighbours. Illiteracy remains unduly widespread, but its hindrances are mitigated by native shrewdness. And individual riches are accumulating everywhere at compound interest. In fertile regions, like Liguria, it is not unusual to find men with thousands of invested pounds, who eat and dress like beggars and continue to live the lives of humble peasants. Elsewhere—in the Balkans, for instance—they would don black coats, rush to towns, and become indifferent lawyers or corrupt politicians. Here they are accumulating national strength behind the scenes.

§ 1

A Poor Country

With all her art treasures, Italy is a poor country. She lacks coal, and her manufactures are not great. There are fertile regions producing olives and oranges and lemons, rich pastures and mountains covered with lucrative chestnuts. But one-tenth of Italy is barren rock and about one-third mountain, and there are large tracts of lagoons and marshes which are being gradually drained. Consequently the agriculture of Italy relies chiefly on the indefatigable industry of her people, more than half of whom are occupied on the land.

The system of land tenure remains complicated and perplexing. There are owners of great estates, known as *latifondi,* and these are usually neglected or leased out for grazing; there are also very small properties which are divided and sub-divided between all the members of peasant families. But to a larger extent, especially in Tuscany, the *métayer* system prevails, the proprietor and the cultivator of land agreeing to divide the profits. In some cases the same cultivators have remained for centuries under merely verbal agreements. The landlord supplies the land, buildings, cattle and capital; he also pays the taxes. Then the peasants invite him from time to time to "come and take his half."

In politics Italy has still much to learn, but that may be said of most countries. Throughout the Middle Ages Italy lived happily, if turbulently, divided into Kingdoms, Principalities, Papal States and aristocratic Republics. But in the nineteenth century a movement arose for unifying the whole peninsula, and,

AMALFI.

Old Capucin monastery, now a hotel, approached by two hundred steps. It has a lovely garden and a trellised colonnade commanding a gorgeous view of the coast villages and deep blue sea.

Photo: Alinari. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourists Dept. (E.N.I.T.), London.*]

RAPALLO.

Castle jutting out into the sea, now used as a common prison. Rapallo, a beauty spot on the Italian Riviera, is now well known for conferences of European statesmen.

Photo: Alinari. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E.N.I.T.), London.*]

LAKE COMO: MENAGGIO.

A centre of the silk industry on the lovely lake of Como, which with its narrow bed and great depth resembles a Norwegian fjord. It abounds in salmon-trout up to twenty pounds.

Photo: Alinari. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E.N.I.T.), London.*]

SAN REMO GARDENS.

The chief health and pleasure resort of the Italian Riviera, with palm trees everywhere.

mainly through French and other outside assistance, the legions of Garibaldi succeeded in imposing Victor Emmanuel of Piedmont as King of Italy, the whole work of unification culminating in the seizure of Rome from the Pope in 1870.

Government

The Constitution, which followed this unification of Italy, was based upon the usual modern pattern, with a King who was not supposed to govern, a Senate, and a Chamber of Deputies. This was imposed far too hurriedly on a semi-feudal people, all full of fierce provincial patriotism, all intensely jealous of their individual rights. The result was not a real democracy, for few troubled to vote, and it was easy for clever wire-pullers to control the new State. And the adoption of the French system of prefects—meddling functionaries acting as the agents of the central government in every province—effectively choked any vestige of liberty. Taxes were also imposed in an oppressive form. Taxation on incomes and land was assessed and collected vexatiously. But the worst of all was the *dazio,* or local tax, an aggravated form of the French *octroi.* At the entrance to every town, even to every village of a certain size, is a sort of sentry box full of officials who stop and search everybody for the purpose of levying a duty on wines and provisions. This duty amounts only to a few pence, but it hampers trade and is a constant source of vexation. Moreover, the cost of supporting a small army of officials is scarcely defrayed by the money they collect. The salt tax is also bitterly resented. It is carried to such lengths that coastguards patrol the shore to prevent people from taking a bucket of sea-water, and agriculturists cannot afford to give salt to their cattle.

Until recently, elections depended upon men and money rather than on measures. Votes were openly bought and sold. A candidate's purse and personality counted much more than his principles. In 1921 there was a wave of Bolshevism throughout Italy, and revolutionary committees forcibly occupied land as well as factories, with as little concern for the benefit of the workers as for the profits of the capitalists. Mussolini's patriotic counter-revolution, however, restored law and order in 1922, and the occupation of land by peasants has been completely sup-

pressed, or rather the desire for it seems to have died out. It was not until Mussolini came upon the scene and swept the board that wholesale corruption was brought to a standstill. He was able to give effect to his view that since the war a Parliament has become the least important of national institutions. Still more important, he realised and crystallised the enormous substratum which Italy has always possessed. His motto of moderation was "Discipline; Order; Work;" his object was to purify Italy.

Italian Patriotism

After England, there is probably no country so saturated with patriotism and sentiment. It is a fierce, insular or rather, peninsular patriotism. At any moment, in any inn or coffee-house or train or other public resort, we find men proclaiming the high destinies of Italy. The word Italy recurs at least once in every sentence. Patriotic phrases are read out of newspapers with infinite unction and eloquence.

Not the slightest account is taken of any other country save where it enters the Italian orbit. There is gratitude towards Great Britain, for instance, because she rendered Italian unity possible, but little regard for the fact that she saved Europe from the power of the dog. Italians like the British and imitate them, but they do not mean to put themselves out for any strangers. Nor can they be blamed for this. They have had so many difficulties and disappointments during their short life that a blend of cynicism is only to be expected in their sentimentality. And, after all, one must be terribly grown up before one learns to prefer the welfare of the world above the interests of the country. Moreover, Italian history, with all its village wars and local fanaticism, has necessarily contracted the horizon. It is not long since a Neapolitan regarded a Piedmontese as a foreigner, resenting his maturer civilisation. But now we find all glorying in the Italian name.

Use of the Dagger

The courage of Italians is unquestioned. They admit themselves that they are very easily elated and very easily depressed, but their periods of elation are longer and stronger than those of despair. Their use of the dagger requires explanation but is not

Photo: Donald McLeish.

MILAN CATHEDRAL.

A marvel of glittering white marble visible from distant mountains. It is the third largest cathedral in Europe, and one of the most beautiful.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

ROOF OF MILAN CATHEDRAL.

A forest of marble spires with no less than two thousand exquisite statues.

Photo: Horace W. Nicholls.

GOOD-BYE TO FRANCE.

The illustration shows the red rocks near Mentone as they are seen after crossing the Italian frontier.

unexplainable. After all, it requires some pluck to fight with knives instead of fists. And dastardly blows have gone out as utterly as the poison cups of the Borgias. If an offence has been committed and can be wiped out only with blood, the offender receives due warning and perambulates dark lanes at his peril. It is merely a rude form of the duello. You may find educated Italians quite angry with the inhabitants of certain districts, Liguria, for instance, where the knife is unfashionable: "If a man perpetrates unforgivable outrages upon you and you allow him to live," they exclaim, "your veins must run with milk instead of blood." All the same, the despised legislature has done wonders in discouraging the national tendency to stab. It is almost a penal offence to carry so much as a penknife of more than certain slender dimensions.

During the war, Italian soldiers displayed considerable initiative. Their calmness made them very trusty in tight corners, and they were famed for their sobriety, though calmness and sobriety are not always conspicuous qualities among the same men in their civilian life. As in most wine-lands, intoxication is not very common, but it is by no means rare and, with most other failings, it is viewed with infinite indulgence by this easy-going race. When a man becomes disorderly or incapable, he attracts far more pity than censure. "Poor unfortunate fellow," we hear again and again, "one must have patience with him! He would not behave like that if he had not taken too much wine." The same sympathy is extended to lunatics, and they are not shut up till they become quite intolerable.

§ 2

Manners

Italians are more practically courteous than the corresponding French. They are always ready to inconvenience themselves to do a service. But ladies have had reason to complain of the freedom of Italian manners in the street, especially at Rome, and more especially since the war. Groups of over-dressed youths stand at corners and make loud comments on the looks of any lady who attracts their admiration. And remonstrances are quite useless; it is the custom of the country, and they can conceive no

reason why they should not express their complimentary thoughts. They still regard their own women with a half-Oriental eye. Except among the upper classes, who are rather cosmopolitan than Italian, a wife has to fetch and carry, sit at home and sew, ask leave for every action. There would be quite a scandal in the neighbourhood if two or three gentlemen came to call during her husband's absence, and it is quite usual to stipulate in a marriage contract that the bride shall be taken out walking at least once a week. Among the peasants, a woman is almost a beast of burden. It is by no means unusual for her to carry two hundredweight of wood on her head, sometimes for miles. As to jealousy, it varies very much according to the latitude. It can scarcely be said to exist in the North, but woe betide the rash man found stealing glad glances in Sicily or Calabria.

Good nature and good humour are, however, generally characteristic. Fierce passions are quickly roused but as quickly subdued. A jest always turns away wrath, and your Italian is, above all, easy going. This is illustrated by his laws, which are terribly elaborate but rarely enforced. Law-suits, even criminal cases are often spun out for years. Oddly enough, there is no capital punishment in this land which holds human life very cheaply.

Happy-Go-Lucky

Whereas practically every transaction in France is for ready money, there is a very general and pernicious system of credit in Italy. Nearly all the poor are always in debt. Everybody knows all the details of everybody else's business and therefore exactly how much credit to allow. One result is that, as soon as a peasant is in a tradesman's books, it is impossible ever to leave him, however bad his wares may be. It is a subtle form of slavery. But no one seems to mind very much. A few grumbles and such trifles are forgotten. After all, it is very wrong to fall into debt.

This happy-go-lucky sense has a touch of Irishry. So has the utter indifference to time. No apology is every made for keeping people waiting, however long. It is always a toss up whether a definite appointment will be kept. Then "Oh! I had something else to do," is quite a sufficient excuse. Meals appear

Photo: Donald McLeish.

LAKE ORTA.

The bluest little lake in Italy, beloved by artists but spared by the tourist throng. Above the townlet is the Sacred Mount of St. Francis.

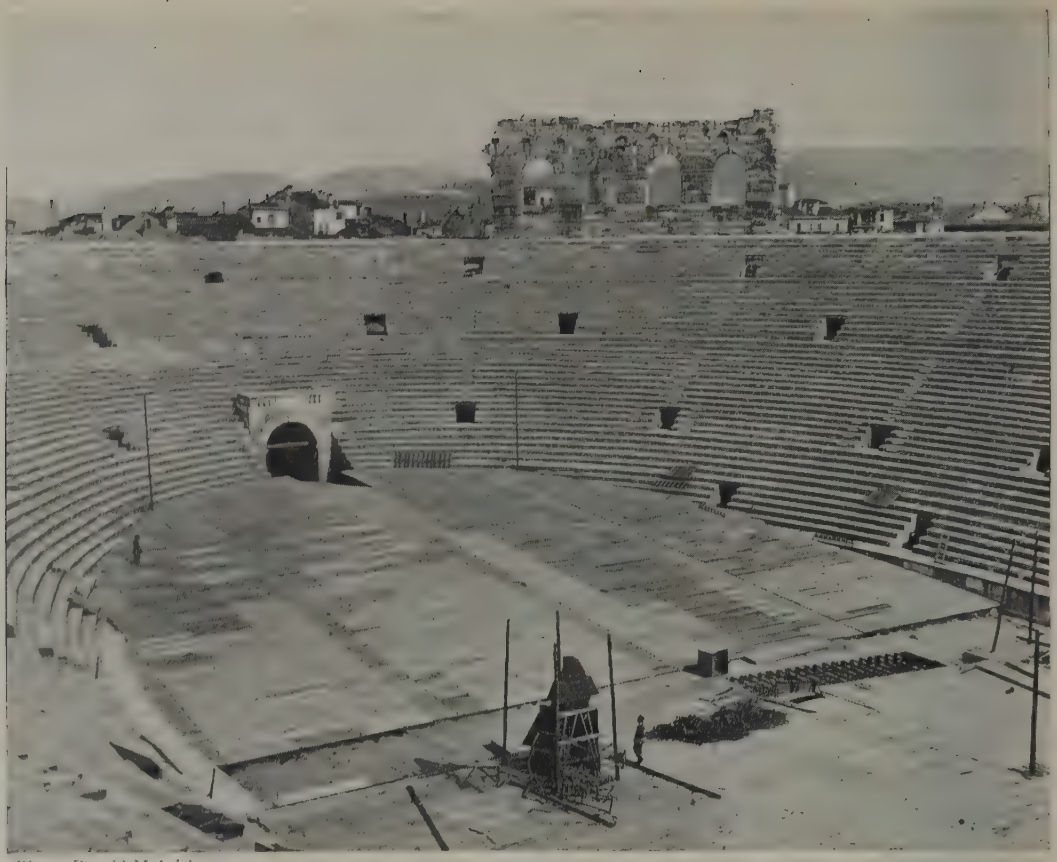


Photo: Donald McLeish.

VERONA AMPHITHEATRE.

Many a town may be described as a living open-air museum, but Verona transcends them all. This amphitheatre was built by the Emperor Diocletian, A.D. 290. Damaged by earthquake in 1814, but still one of the finest amphitheatres in the world. The forty-two tiers of stone seats accommodate 25,000 spectators, and open air operas are staged at night from time to time.

Photo: Brogi. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E.N.I.T.), London.*]

LAKE MAGGIORE.

The *Isola dei Pescatori* (Fishermen's Island). Note the picturesque fishing boats with their shady curved awnings. The north part of the lake is Swiss and vivid green, while the Italian waters are deep blue.

whenever the cook happens to be hungry. If we do not care to await his pleasure, an inn-keeper is quite ready to let us depart. Food is savoury and nourishing if monotonous, but no one cares whether it is hot or cold; indeed, it is usually lukewarm.

Irish, too, is the semi-feudal fidelity and familiarity. A middle-class servant will stroll in, almost slap her master on the back, break into his conversation, pick things off his table, volunteer gossip, even shake hands and sit down uninvited. But she never says a thing isn't her job, she will perform the most surprising services unasked, she is a member of the family below the salt.

Italian Marriages

Note the commonsense of Italians in their conjugal affairs. They vent their superfluous energies in talking and writing and singing of love whenever the moon shines. But their marriages are the coldest commercial transactions, deals in dowries made in musty offices rather than in twilight lanes. Yet they are perhaps the most successful marriages in the world. Quite ill-sorted couples muddle through by dint of easy-going give-and-take. Morals are well preserved, at least among unmarried women, for public opinion bars all the avenues of flirtation relentlessly. Walking out with a young man would warn off all serious swains, sign the death-warrant of all matrimonial hopes. And prudery is deep-seated. The nude is held to be very rude. Even at smart bathing resorts women enter the sea almost with court trains. You see notices in churches threatening excommunication for the "immoral and indecent practice" of going about with bare necks.

Religion

Religion survives in a dilettante way: first through pride in Rome, next through an innocent pleasure in glittering altars and pretty processions. But the crowd's attitude is formal or patronising rather than reverent. All hats are doffed at the passage of an image, but that does not exclude laughing chatter. The churches are fairly well filled, but with a large percentage of women. Watch a couple of girls come in. They fumble for holy

water, nod to the altar, and snatch chairs. The method of kneeling is airily graceful. Tilt a chair forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, press one knee against its seat, and we have a charming pose. For choice, the two friends will retire to a quiet corner, lean well back, and converse right merrily until the service is over. They might be paying the Almighty an afternoon call.

Yet, in the South at least, there is a serious, sometimes fanatical attachment to the Roman creed. Vows to Saints are very fervent in times of stress, and votive offerings are punctually paid. The Saints occur as frequently in conversation as the gods did when Rome was pagan. Take San Gennaro at Naples. Hideous calamities are anticipated if his blood does not liquefy quickly on the days of his feast. There are dense crowds of women prostrate before his golden image. They treat him as though he were a living grandee. First they flatter him and make extravagant promises. Then they wheedle and implore. Then they grow familiar and ask him what he is waiting for, and tell him to hurry up. Then they call him "old yellow-face" and "pig." At last they pour forth the foulest insults and curses. But as soon as the blood liquefies, they break out into wildest gratitude and praise. And now, since the coming of the Fascists, who are hand in glove with the Church, there is an official revival of religion. For instance, on the last day of the Eucharistic Congress at Genoa, in 1923, the Host was borne in solemn procession through the streets to a barge, with the army and navy and police and high officials all paying royal honours, and when the barge floated through the harbour an escort of hydroplanes flew round scattering flowers.

Games

Every Italian youth finds a natural joy in games, second only to that of the English. On any village green you may see an eager crowd battling with an india-rubber ball and striking it with naked fist for thirty or forty yards. This is doubtless an offspring of *pallone,* the ball-game of Tuscany, which is played on huge courts with a sort of porcupine gauntlet instead of a racquet, and always attracts enormous crowds. And all over Italy we are bewildered by the mad, boisterous game of *morra,*

RIALTO BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

The interior of this famous bridge is lined with shops. This is the quarter where the Venetians first settled and where Shylock lived. Shakespeare makes him say:

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies."

Photo: E. N. A.

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

St. Anthony, the most popular saint—patron of thieves, gamblers, lost property and little children, is buried at Padua in the church called "The Saint." In front is Donatello's statue of Gattamelata, the first great equestrian monument in bronze since ancient times.

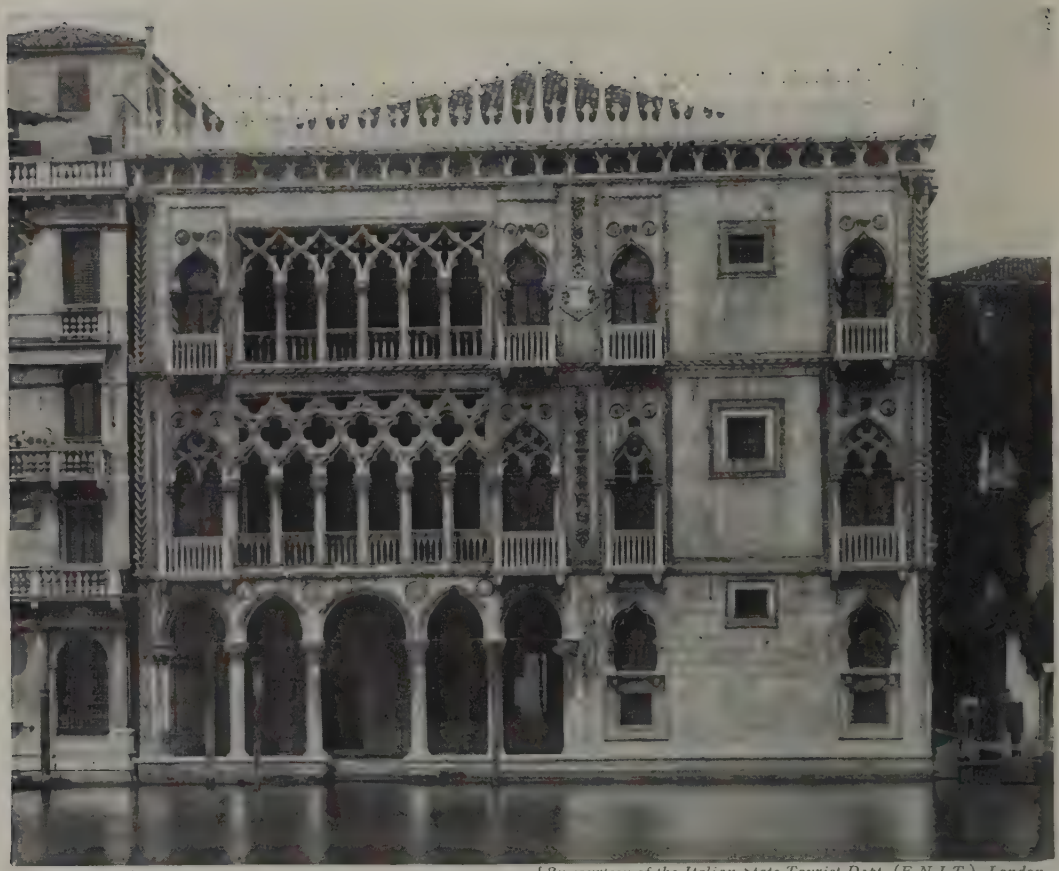


Photo: Alinari. *By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E.N.I.T.), London.*

CA' D'ORO (HOUSE OF GOLD).

The most graceful and beautiful palace in Venice on the Grand Canal, so called from the gilding on its many coloured front, now somewhat faded. The ultramarine used was made of powdered lapis lazuli and cost over eight guineas a pound. This palace was recently made over to the Municipality.

which has come down from time immemorial and was certainly played by the armies of Pharaoh and Cæsar. In every country road and city street, in and out of every tavern, amid every crowd of merrymakers, loafers, beggars in scantiest rags, we see couples of men facing each other with hands outstretched and ferocious-looking eyes, shouting with every appearance of anger. Each moment we expect to see knives flash and blood flow. But they are only playing *morra.*

To sum up the Italians, the better they are known the more they please. They have shaken off the heavy, strenuous, half-bred, cruel, sulky, vulgar pessimism of the by-gone nineteenth century and risen to the easy, kindly tolerance which characterises the present age. Best of companions, merry, genial, thoughtful, ingratiating, lovable in their pretty little poses and harmless vanities, they are the true sons of the morning. Their lives are full of colour, their ideas are acquiring perspective, they are live Old Masters.

§ 3

Entering Italy

Leaving the French coast at Mentone we behold a still more beautiful Riviera with the great white zigzag Corniche road darting in and out of creeks amid pines and olive trees and palms. There are traces of earthquakes everywhere, and we often find that whole townships have been swept away by floods which come down suddenly from the mountain torrents. Between very ancient strongholds of exceeding thickness, which defied Saracen pirates for centuries, we pass through a succession of little fishing villages with arched streets so narrow that a carriage can scarcely pass. At the outset we are in the centre of the flower trade, which supplied most of Europe before the war. It is now decadent since the new poor can afford no flowers, but it is still a joy to find huge carnations at twopence a hundred.

Here within sight of France is Bordighera with every hill and villa buried in majestic palms. An interesting story is attached to the monopoly this little place enjoys. In the sixteenth century, Sixtus V, known as "the building Pope," determined to move an obelisk from the place where, according to tradition, St. Peter was crucified at Rome, into the centre of St. Peter's

Square. So anxious was he that he ordered no one should speak, on pain of death, during the raising of the obelisk. It weighed a million Roman pounds and the ropes threatened to give way. Then the breathless silence was broken by a cry of "Wet the ropes!" The advice was taken and the situation saved. Instead of being put to death, the interrupter, a native of Bordighera, was rewarded with the monopoly of supplying Easter palms to Rome, and thus the industry arose. This village became the metropolis of palms. The branches are tied up to bleach them; then their leaves are twisted into various artistic shapes and taken to be blessed in churches, not only at Rome, but everywhere.

A Village Republic

San Remo is the chief health and pleasure resort of the Italian Riviera, a stiff, fashionable place, but soon the coast becomes comparatively wild. There is Porto Maurizio with its precipitous streets; Albenga, chiefly famous for fevers; and then a wonderful little fishing village—the ancient Republic of Noli, Noli of the seventy-two towers, Noli born before Rome. Noli remained a sovereign Republic for centuries, waged her own wars, had her own bishopric. Her seventy-two nobles were privileged to erect seventy-two big, fat, red towers on condition that they maintained seventy-two galleys to fight the Carthaginians and convoy Crusaders. During the best months of the year all Noli catches anchovies through the night and cures them through the day. The brown maidens who grub in tubs are very goodly with their bright, black hair and glad gipsy eyes. But the essence of anchovy is omnipresent, all-pervading, infects our innermost clothing, filters into every pore, defies the strongest soaps and unguents. For weeks afterwards all the cats on the coast will haunt us with one consent.

Every nook in the labyrinth of narrow streets affords a fresh and joyful surprise. What would not Rembrandt have given to behold the treacly tints of time on her primeval houses? Nobly primeval is Noli, far above the mere Middle Ages. Oh! the carved pillars and coats-of-arms, the gates and bastions and crenelated walls, the wan frescoes, the sweet faces at forbidding windows, the terraces with dense pergolas of vines—and

Photo: E. N. A.

GENOA.

An old street spanned by a bridge and decorated by the variegated laundry of the inhabitants, as though to celebrate a naval victory.

VENICE: THE BASIN OF ST. MARK.

From left to right: the Royal Palace in front of the Campanile (belfry); the domes of St. Mark's Cathedral; the famous Marciana Library; the Doges' Palace in the centre of the picture.

Photo: E. N. A.

VENICE: FESTIVAL OF THE REDEEMER.

On the third Sunday in July, every year, all Venice turns out to celebrate the staying of a plague in 1576. Until recently a procession crossed the Grand Canal by a bridge of boats to the Church of the Redeemer. The whole night is still spent revelling on the waters; then everybody goes to the Lido Island to salute the rising sun.

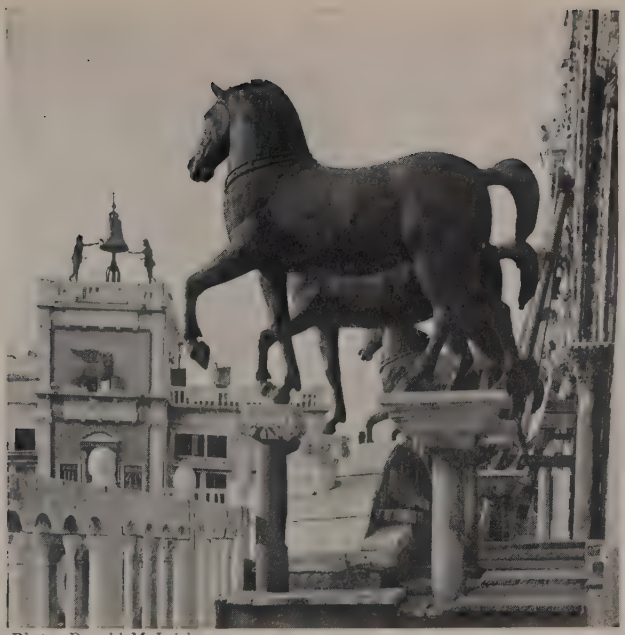


Photo: Donald McLeish.

THE BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

Originally on Nero's triumphal arch at Rome, they were brought to Venice from Constantinople in 1204. Buonaparte carried them off to Paris, but they were restored after Waterloo. During the war they were taken down and placed for greater safety in a stable.

Photo: E. N. A.

INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

The whole impression is astounding. The magnificent decorations, the exquisite mosaics, all the Oriental splendour, are fully described in the text.

Photo: E. N. A.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

A wonder of Byzantine architecture, not only for its crowd of domes and pinnacles, but still more for the wonderful colouring of the mosaics, which changes with every change in the sky. The vast square has been the great lounge of Venetians for centuries, the scene of historical events and high festivals. The famous pigeons have been held sacred since a Doge received important news by carrier pigeons during the Crusades.

oh! the tumult of giant geraniums—surely the most luxuriant geraniums outside South Africa—of every happy tint from the salmon of a Scots dawn to the regalia of murex and mulberry.

Italian Riviera

Most of the villages of the Italian Riviera crouch on the sea, clamber up ravines and hills. The streets are so narrow that people can shake hands across them from their windows, and two carts cannot pass. Often there are arches from wall to wall, covered with ferns and moss; no one knows why the arches are there, unless it be a protection against earthquakes, but they certainly add to the picturesqueness of the streets. In places with ambitions to become bathing resorts, there are rows of villas, sometimes brightly painted, but very narrow lanes run at right angles between very high walls. There is something Oriental about the scene, especially at dusk, when brown maidens stroll about arm-in-arm, singing monotonous and melancholy songs that must have come straight down from the Moors. The carts have a special grace, rolling and sobbing with age on their two high wheels, surmounted by hoops for holding hoods against sun or rain. A lamp swings like a will-o'-the-wisp beneath the shafts, the driver is always curled up in deep sleep, trusting the wise mules to go and stop aright, and there are few sights prettier than the twinkle of these carts along a distant road, unless it be the fireflies skimming the shore, or a hundred boat-lights glittering on the horizon as they commune with the stars.

Between the villages there are forests of rare and beautiful trees recalling an English park, and the crickets keep up an endless song. The roads are terribly cruel, all strewn with sharpest stones, and they double or treble the length of a journey by zigzagging in and out of long valleys which bring down torrents to the sea. Sometimes these torrents swell and swoop down suddenly upon a village. Rapallo, for instance, was visited in the early morning when everybody was in bed, and the waters swamped the cellars, swept the streets with a wall of water six feet high, sacked the shops, and carried many buildings bodily into the sea.

§ 4

Genoa

Nearly all the big cities of Italy use an adjective after their names, almost as though it were a title. For instance, "Genoa the Proud." And the Genoese have ample reason for their pride. Their great commercial port existed four hundred years before Christ, and was vastly developed between 1877 and 1895. Now it rivals Marseilles, has quite cut out Venice and Trieste, and is the starting-place of the huge, incessant stream of Italian immigration. This is appropriate as Columbus was a Genoese, and pride seems to be taken in his exploit, for his statue stands in the Piazza Deferrari, the chief square and centre of the life of the city. Genoa used to wage wars as a sovereign State, especially with Venice, and she protected the whole coast against the Saracens, though they overcame and plundered her in the tenth century. Now she is the headquarters of the steel combine, the centre of the iron-mining interest, a city of gorgeous Renascence palaces with Doric columns, orange-houses, frescoes, and rich picture galleries of Old Masters. The modern thoroughfares are wide and bustling; the torrents of trams and the eager animation of the people seem never to cease by night or day. Almost every other building is a bank or shipping firm. The wealth of churches is immense, but that is not unusual in Italy; for the most part they are florid here and belong to what is known as the baroque style, but some of the smaller ones are very ancient and beautiful. In the chapel of an old hospital, the remains of St. Catharine, patron of the city, are shown in a glass coffin, uncannily lifelike in sumptuous robes with strange rings on her fingers.

Two characteristic notes are struck in Genoa. First, the labyrinths of very narrow, very steep streets, some almost like staircases, all filled with dainty filigree work of silver and gold, manufactured here for centuries. Many of the narrowest alleys are mere passages flanked by many-storeyed buildings and hung with ragged washing of all the colours in the rainbow, like a ship's flags on a holiday. Then the vast cemetery on the top of the hill, with its black marble columns and elaborate tombs, reflects the magnificence of this race of conquering merchant princes.

Travelling north from Genoa we pass through Alps that

Photo. Alinari. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E. N. I. T.), London.*]

SEA-FRONT OF THE DOGES' PALACE.

Residence and Council Chamber of the old Dukes or Doges of Venice, a landmark across the lagoons, all covered with marble of many colours. Note the two rows of arcades and the great balcony where the Doges showed themselves to the people. Out of the first fifty Doges, five abdicated, five were blinded and banished, nine were deposed, five were murdered and two fell in battle.

DOGES' PALACE.

Note the pillars whose carved capitals are the chief decoration of the Palace. The one at the angle represents Adam and Eve at the fig tree, and Ruskin said "nothing can be more masterly or superb than the sweep of this foliage." On the column is the Winged Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of Venice, restored in 1293. Its eyeballs are of rock crystal.

THE EELS OF COMACCHIO.

Eels spend four or five years in fresh water, after which comes an instinct for salt water and they travel far out into the Atlantic to their sea-nurseries. How they drive straight into the eel-traps of Comacchio, a dark, writhing, frantic mass, is described in the text.

THE GRAND CANAL.

The main artery of Venetian traffic, two miles long. The dome in the centre belongs to the famous plague church, Saint Mary of Health, described in the text. Typical palaces on the left, with painted posts for mooring boats.

have the stage-land effect of nearly all Italian scenery. There are high conical hills surmounted by improbable towers, deliberately inaccessible villages, and all the sharp colours of very modern art. Then, of a sudden, come the fat, comfortable plains of Lombardy, with vineyards and rice-fields and Indian corn and masses of cut tomatoes, set out to dry on trays, splashing every village with royal red, dancing about the lanes like giant fireflies on the heads of stately maidens, flamboyant heralds of approaching autumn.

Turin

It is at Turin that most travellers enter Italy, receiving an excellent impression of fertility and prosperity as they issue from the Mont Cenis tunnel. But for such as are homeward bound, Turin seems cold and northern and dreary after all the colour and wonders of the South. Is it not strange how the North is always dour and practical in every land? Contrast the hard Norman with the lazy, careless Southerners of France. Then cross the Alps or the Pyrenees and the contrast repeats itself—the men of Northern Spain and Italy are as different from Andalusians and Neapolitans as Scotland from Sussex. At Turin we are in an atmosphere of factories, among people who make machinery and motor-cars and chocolates and gloves and vermouth, a native decoction of wine and herbs. We are also in a Frenchified atmosphere. Many of the upper classes prefer to talk French among themselves, and the local dialect is nearer to French than Italian. Indeed, the very natives hold themselves proudly aloof from the rest of the peninsula. "I know that, further south, the Italians are dirty and dishonest," a Piedmontese will often remark, "but I do not consider it polite to say so." A Piedmontese is of the race which unified Italy, and supplied her with a dynasty; at the back of his mind he is a conqueror rather than a fellow-subject.

Milan

Milan calls herself "the moral capital of Italy," in spite of her 6,228 taverns, one for every ninety-six inhabitants, babies included. She is another big modern city full of noisy trams and beautiful shops; the centre of industry, finance and intellectual life, the centre of the silk trade, publisher of the

best books and newspapers in Italy, manufacturer of machinery, woollen goods, railway rolling-stock and (last, but not least) of the prettiest toys imaginable, with which it is hoped to secure the reversion of Nuremberg's monoply, for no one can hope to compete with the delicacy of Italian taste.

But the transcendent interest is the famous Cathedral, that marvellous piece of petrified lace, a mountain of white marble with a spire like a minaret and 135 pinnacles that seem innumerable. There is nothing like it in the world, and it stands out as a huge gleaming land-mark in the plain, catching the eye from very distant mountains. But Milan Cathedral is sufficiently immense to dispel the sense of devotion. It consists of 14,000 square yards, of which 2,400 are covered by walls and 52 gigantic pillars; the stained-glass windows are the biggest in the world; there is accommodation for 40,000 worshippers. So vast is it that all the infinite perfumes of incense and humanity fade away beyond our ken towards the dim and distant roof. The gods seem to have departed; the saints to soar out of reach.

There are all sorts of wonderful things that nobody notices, both outside and in, and weeks may be spent there constantly discovering fresh surprises. There is a miracle-working image carved by St. Charles Borromeo himself. And we seem to detect a faint spirit of mischief about the builders and decorators and architects—a spirit similar to that which produced the gargoyles of Notre Dame and Strassburg Cathedral. Those cherubs, with their folded wings and quizzing faces within and without the choir, make mouths like Apocalyptic beasts. Then there is the statue of a skeleton said to be that of St. Bartholomew, and a Latin inscription tells us it was "not carved by Praxiteles but by Mark"; also a tablet with a cross in a circle, and Alpha and Omega and whimsical jests dear to scholiasts and Greek philosophers and other solemn leg-pullers. Then if we are active, we may climb the 370 steps of the tower, but mists will prevent our seeing much unless we rise at dawn, when an amazing panorama will unfold itself of Monte Rosa and many of the chief summits of the Alps.

In the square of the Cathedral is the great Gallery, erected in 1865 at a cost of £320,000, a sort of glorified Burlington Arcade under glass, the most imposing building of its kind in

Photo: C. Naya, Venice.

VENICE: PROCESSION OF GONDOLAS.

On great occasions, Venice turns out on to the lagoons with magnificent State barges all elaborately decorated, and gondoliers in gala costume. At night Chinese lanterns are added, and the boats form in a serried mass, drifting about with music and song.

Photo: E. N. A.

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

Dating back to Roman times, it was rebuilt in 1345. For centuries it has been flanked with shops of goldsmiths, whose houses peep out picturesquely over the river. It forms part of a covered passage extending some seven hundred yards from the Piazza della Signoria to the Pitti Palace. You leave your sticks and umbrellas at one end and find them at the other.

Photo: E. N. A.

CARRARA MARBLE QUARRIES.

The most famous cathedrals in the world have been made of Carrara marble. Some seven hundred quarries are worked there and in the neighbourhood, the annual export amounting to a million tons.

Europe. This is the centre of Milanese life, where everybody comes to dine and eat ices and listen to the band and meet everybody else; where the publishers display their newest wares, and all the best shops are concentrated.

The Scala Theatre is of world-wide importance, one of the largest opera houses in Europe with seating accommodation for 3,600. It claims to train all the best singers and produces unrivalled ballets. Viennese opera has never surpassed it save perhaps in the magnificence of stage scenery.

Scarcely less famous is the Brera Library, with 300,000 books, and a picture gallery whose greatest treasure is Raphael's *"Sposalizio"* (Marriage of the Virgin), made familiar by reproductions all over the world. Still more celebrated perhaps is Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" on the wall of the Dominican monastery's refectory, but the fresco has suffered so much from the elements since it was painted in 1499 that it is peeling away, and even Italian restorers, notoriously the cleverest in the world, have failed to save it.

Besides claiming to be the moral capital of Italy, Milan is also the capital of fertile Lombardy, famed for the best bread and butter in the world.

§ 5

Italian Lakes

And, perhaps, for the traveller to-day, Milan is most attractive as a centre of excursions, a jumping-off place for the amazing Italian lakes. When we have described one of them, we have described them all, though there are varieties in the vivid blues of their waters and the fanciful outlines of their shores. Here spring comes sooner than anywhere else in the same latitude, and the sub-tropical vegetation rivals that of the Riviera. Lake Como is especially beautiful with its amphitheatre of mountains, crowds of dainty villas and villages on the shores climbing up the steep slopes amid luxuriant gardens and vineyards to cascades of trees where the brilliant green of the chestnut and walnut offer soothing contrasts with the grey olives. Cadenabbia and Bellagio are the most fashionable resorts, facing one another at the centre, and above Bellagio is the Villa Serbelloni, a little

paradise with its path of old palms. The old town of Como, which gives its name to the lake, seems to belong to a different age with its venerable wall almost intact and three well-preserved towers recalling mediæval warfare to a tranquil population of silk workers.

Lake Maggiore is larger, as its name implies, and perhaps less cosy and less violent in colour. Pallanza has wonderful views of distant snow mountains and faces the entrancing Borromean Islands, which are fairyland or stage scenery according to our mood. Isola Bella, the most gorgeous and operatic of them all, glows with an Italian garden in ten terraces covered with magnolias, oleanders, camellias—perhaps too many artificial grottoes and statues.

Due west of Maggiore, mountain roads take us to the little lake of Orta, the most brilliant gem of all, with such a depth of blue that the whole atmosphere is tinged and saturated. Here and at the neighbouring townlet of Varallo are other interests besides the exuberance of Nature, two "Sacred Mounts," the Mount of Orta, in honour of St. Francis, and the "New Jerusalem of Varallo." The one contains scenes from the life of the saint and the other from Bible history, consisting in groups of life-size terra-cotta figures painted in the most surprising way and forming stations for the prayers of pilgrims among the woods of the hills.

Lake Garda

At Brescia we find another treasure town unspoiled by a large iron and steel trade, but we hurry on, for now there is only Lake Garda to delay us on our way to Verona, whose fascinating beauties have been compared favourably even with Venice. The blue of Garda is of a peculiar azure, much more subtle than the picture-postcard effects of most Italian waters. It is probably one of the roughest lakes existing, as was pointed out by Virgil in one of his most tumultuous lines. Sudden squalls come down from the mountains and do frightful havoc among the fishing and pleasure boats. The record storm was in 1860, when no less than sixty lives were lost in the space of three hours. At ordinary times, however, the peace of Lake Garda passes understanding. Caper shrubs peep out of the crevices of old walls, very old olives

LAKE MAGGIORE.

Isola Bella—Beautiful Island—fully deserves its name, a glittering jewel in a lake of lapis lazuli. The château on the left was built in the seventeenth century by Count Borromeo, the namesake of this group of islands. The Italian gardens on the right rise in ten terraces of luxuriant oranges, lemons, camellias, laurels and oleanders, a veritable hot-house out of doors.

suggest pictures out of family Bibles: the trunks are often scooped right out to rid them of a pernicious fungus, and there are actually profitable lemon groves, though they need wooden shelters for the winter, adding to the picturesqueness of the scene with their white brick pillars covered by creepers. In the winter we behold huge swarms of seagulls rendering the whole lake white. Few lakes are so rich in fish. Trout have been caught up to 25 lbs., and the method of catching the smaller fry is interesting and profitable. Perhaps the strangest feature is a hot sulphur spring that rises unexpectedly from the chilly waters.

§ 6

Verona

Verona must be approached with awe and reverence. If possible, let our first impression be after dinner in the moonlight when we stroll out into the Piazza dell' Erbe, once a Roman forum, now a brilliant fruit and vegetable market. It is surrounded, indeed nearly the whole of Verona is filled with mediæval buildings, whose fronts are exquisitely painted with masterpieces of the best period of Italian art. In the centre of this square is a graceful canopy of stone supported by four pillars. Here elections used to be held in the old days of the Venetian Doges, and here, perhaps, political offenders were exposed in the pillory. In the same small square we also behold a marble column with the Lion of St. Mark and a fountain with a statue of Madonna Verona, the patron saint of the city. It is not, however, the individual monuments but the astounding harmony of them all which makes a stranger gasp and rub his eyes and withdraw possessed by ineffaceable memories.

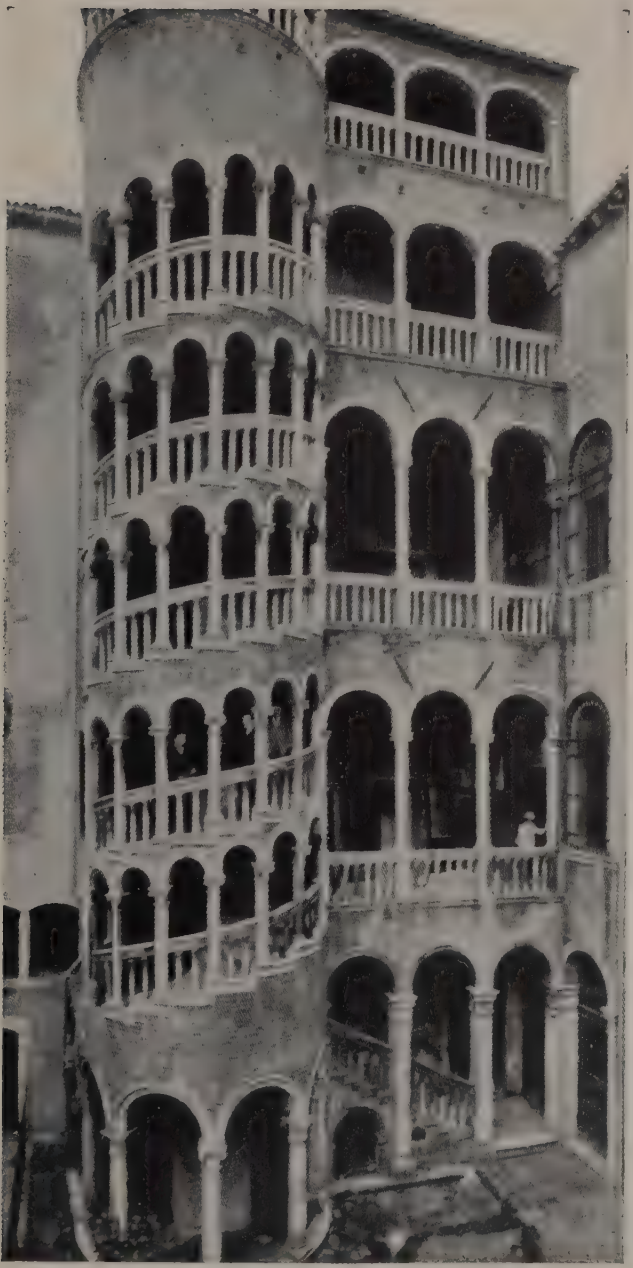
Many a town may be described as a living, open-air museum, but Verona transcends them all, and even a mere catalogue would be too long. We can only hurry past the old gateway with its majestic tower, through the Arch of Lions, in and out of the many perfect churches, the cemetery with its cypress avenue, and we still lack time to do justice to the Roman theatre and amphitheatre. The theatre goes back to the days of Augustus, and has had a varied history as the site of palaces and churches throughout the ages, but was not thoroughly explored and laid bare until

the year 1904. We can now see how different a Roman theatre was from its successors of to-day. The stage was supported by a number of pillars and ended in two semicircles; a sort of tunnel led to the auditorium, where twenty rows of marble seats were ranged on the slope of a hill.

The amphitheatre is attributed to Diocletian and must be over 1,600 years old. It suffered considerably from an earthquake in 1814, but is still reckoned among the finest buildings of its kind in the world. All round the interior are forty-two tiers of limestone seats capable of holding 25,000 people, as has been proved by recent years when magnificent operatic performances were staged at night-time in the open air. Among less authentic sights are the tomb of Juliet and the house of the Capulets, her parents, but a good deal of imagination is necessary to make these scenes plausible even in a city where every stone is full of romance.

Trentino and Tyrol

From Verona the railway takes us northward to the fair land of Trentino and South Tyrol, which Italy acquired after the war. It is in great part one vast fruit garden with everything to delight the eye of man. Meran offers all sorts of attractions, quaint costumes, arcaded streets, old castles and winter sports, and Botzen, now Bolzano, is scarcely less picturesque, with woods and mountains stretching for miles around. Botzen is the starting place for the Dolomites, and the road to Cortina d'Ampezzo offers one of the most marvellous vistas imaginable. Taormina and the Bay of Naples may be more sublime, but the variety of colouring and form is even more amazing here, most entrancingly amazing of all at sunset, when the fantastic rocks seem to be stained with blood. This is the land of Titian, reputed to be the greatest colourist among the painters of byegone times, and Nature certainly denied him no materials for his brush. He was born at Piave di Cadore, which nestles on a mountain spur above the river Piave; his humble home still stands in the principal square, and his bronze statue with palette and brush in hand. Here the atmosphere is filled with Titian, just as in Florence everything is Michael Angelo.



VENICE: SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

An open arcade of Istrian marble following the rise of the steps through six spirals, with a balustrade at the openings of the arches. It was built in 1499.

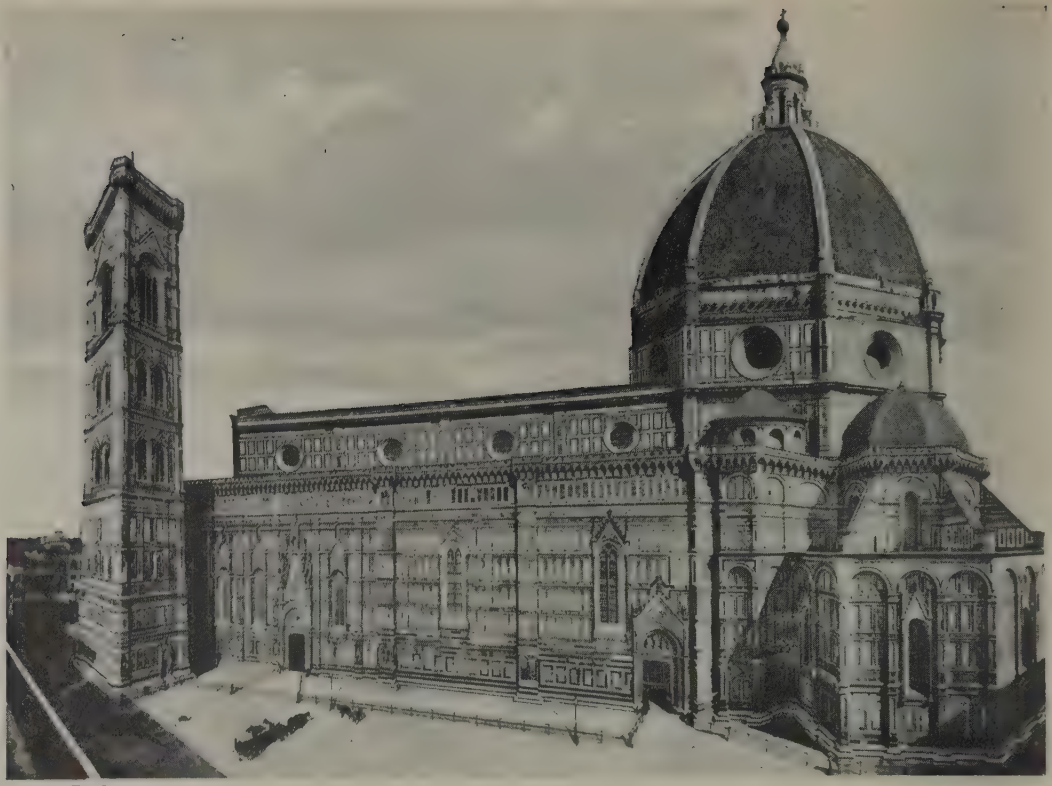


Photo: E. N. A.

FLORENCE CATHEDRAL.

The dome was designed by the winner of a prize competition instituted by the Guilds in 1418. On the left is Giotto's famous tower. According to Ruskin, this is the one building in the world which comprises all the highest possible characteristics of power and beauty.

Photo: E. N. A.

MASKED MEN OF TUSCANY.

All over Tuscany there exists a confraternity of citizens who have volunteered to do good works without pay. They are summoned by a bell, like firemen, whenever an accident occurs, and they specialise in funerals. To avoid seeming to boast of their philanthropy, they wear robes and hoods which disguise them completely. When they appear suddenly in the streets they are rather alarming to strangers, and might be survivals from the days of the Holy Inquisition.

Padua

On the way from Verona to Venice we pause at Padua, another favourite scene of Shakespeare's plays, and remembered for the University, commonly called *Il Bò* (the Ox), after the sign of a mediæval tavern which it supplanted. It was the most famous university of the Middle Ages, and attracted poor students from every part of Europe. And Padua was also famous as the home and sanctuary of St. Anthony of Padua, the patron of thieves, gamblers, lost property, and little children, probably the most popular saint in the calendar. His huge church is one of the sights of Italy. And among a hundred wonderful sights there stands out the famous bronze statue of Gattamelata, the Generalissimo of the Republic of Venice in 1438, the masterpiece of Donatello, the first great equestrian monument in bronze since ancient times.

§ 7

Venice

But we must hurry on to Venice and give ourselves over to all the mysteries and surprises of the marvellous Queen of the Sea. The birth of the city was on this wise. Before Roman times, Venetia, the tract between Verona and the sea, was inhabited by the highly civilised Etruscans, whose remains still astonish the world. The Venetians, who succeeded them, grew rich on the fat delta-lands of all the rivers that run into the Adriatic. Then Attila came with his Huns, and the Venetians fled right into the sea. Instead of being drowned in the waters, they drove piles into the mud of the shallow lagoons and built a great city that became a world empire, and at one time the Venetians actually conquered Constantinople. This gave an Oriental colour to their buildings and character, but they developed an individuality of their own, remaining independent both of Rome and of the Germanic Empire.

Britannia may rule the waves, but Venice espoused the sea. Every year her Doges used to go down in solemn procession and cast a ring into the waters in token of their espousal.

Poets have sung of "Venice the Red," and "Venice the Grey," and both are equally true, according to the hour of our approach. But no mere nickname can do justice to the infinite

variety of shades and hues ever changing in the lights of sun and moon. If we come by railway and step out of the hot, modern station on to the edge of the Grand Canal, we find an almost black Venice with silent gondoliers floating about on the black waters with their coffin-like boats, as though they were waiting to ferry the souls of the dead across the Styx. For all traffic is by canal; there is not a horse or carriage to be found anywhere in the whole city. But if we are wise we shall discard and forget everything that concerns modern civilisation on the mainland, and travel out to Venice by barque or even by steamer so as to drink in unique impressions of the magical city as she rises sheer from the lagoons with all her towers and domes and lordly palaces.

Every newcomer hurries to St. Mark's Square, and many devote themselves to it for the rest of their stay. It is the centre of the city, once the site of fairs and carnivals and jousts in the magnificent days of old, now a loafer's paradise, so vast that thousands can lounge about listening to the band without ever becoming a crowd. Tourists enjoy the trumpery shops under the arcades; they eat ices at the two famous cafés, which never closed night or day for centuries until the Great War came; they have their photographs taken amid clouds of pigeons, who have been there from time immemorial, nesting in the pillars, sacred birds that the hungriest fishwife would not dare to turn into pies.

In the Square is the great belfry, which suddenly came down with a crash in 1902, subsiding into itself like a skirted dancer, and filling all Venice with deluges of dust. So clever are Venetian restorers that the new is scarcely distinguishable from the old.

A clock tower surmounts the entrance to the labyrinth of the business quarter. Two great bronze warriors strike the hours with hammers, and, on high days, there is a procession of figures of the Magi who salute the central image of the Virgin and Child above the clock. Passing through an archway beneath this clock, we may wander for miles on dry land to the uttermost parts of the city, by a labyrinth of narrow streets, through broad squares, over bridges, along the sides of quays and canals. Every house had its land and sea doors, the latter flanked by coloured posts for mooring gondolas. There are no horses anywhere unless we

By Courtesy, E. N. I. T. (London).

VENICE: BACK STREETS.

Even the slums of Venice are lovely waterways, decked out in greenery, and the slum-houses look like worn-out palaces. Note the quaint characteristic chimneys and the alley for pedestrians behind the little square.

By Courtesy, E. N. I. T. (London).

ROME: THE PANTHEON.

The only old Roman building still in perfect preservation. Dedicated to the gods of the seven planets, now a Christian church, but little used except as a mausoleum for the great dead. The porch was built in A. D. 27.

reckon the bronze ones of St. Mark. Tradesmen come round shouting their wares with mediæval cries, and housewives let down baskets with string to pay for and receive their purchases.

Again, we may go everywhere by water without ever touching land. The network of canals is infinite and the gondoliers thread their way with their long cumbrous craft through the narrowest corners as though by magic, chanting their old cries of warning—*"Sta-li! Premè!"* The gondoliers form a close guild with branches dedicated to the saints of the various wards of the city. Their headquarters or clubs are the ferries, where they earn pennies for conveying passengers across wide canals while waiting for fares. Here they spend most of the day, eat their frugal meals of macaroni and maize, drink rough wine, tend an oil lamp before an image of the Madonna, and discuss all the gossip of the town—indeed, nothing can happen to anybody in Venice without their becoming instantly aware of all the details. Their life, however, is not so prosperous as it was, owing to the competition of steamers—the omnibuses of Venice—and the swift, screaming motor-boats which lash the lagoons with foam. Still, to enjoy the full serenity and charm of Venice, we must spend most of our time in gondolas. No craft or conveyance was ever so supremely comfortable, with the soft black cushions extending us perforce at full length, and the gentle, gliding motion banishing all cares. It is the ideal craft for honeymoons, especially at night-time when a full moon drenches domes and palaces with silver, and barges of serenaders float along the Grand Canal with Chinese lanterns, guitars and mandolines.

St. Mark's Cathedral

St. Mark's Cathedral deserves to count among the wonders of the world. Its fairy outlines, its strange Byzantine architecture, its magic colour-scheme fire the most indifferent and provide indelible, haunting memories. The four great bronze horses over the entrance are among the chief prides of Venice and have a romantic history. Of ancient Greek origin, they stood on Nero's triumphal arch in Rome; they were taken by Constantine to Constantinople, whence the Venetians brought them here. Napoleon carried them off to Paris; they were returned after Waterloo, and there was a dramatic scene during the Great War,

when they were swung through the air for convenience to a safer stable. The Venetians regard them as part and parcel of their destinies.

The interior of St. Mark's makes us gasp with amazement. Every stone has a history, a legend, a surprise. Every inch is overlaid with alabaster and marbles of infinite hues. The pillars are of jasper, porphyry, serpentine, all sorts of precious stones. The mosaics are richer and more beautiful than any picture; and, as they have not flat surfaces, they send out flashes of coloured light at different angles and produce ever-changing effects. In this connection it is interesting to remember that painting was originally the poor man's art, a mere imitation of mosaics made by applying colours on to wood. Mosaics were alone deemed worthy of great cathedrals and palaces.

St. Mark's is an inexhaustible storehouse and museum of antiquities. We might spend every day there for years and still find some fresh wonder. The undulating floors and the vast domed ceilings, the carvings and treasures all have their tales to tell. In the gorgeous high altar are the bones of St. Mark, rescued from infidels at Alexandria by the Venetians, who outwitted the infidels by hiding the sacred relics in a barrel of pork. Behind it is the exquisite and infinitely precious *Pala d'Oro,* or golden altarpiece, so precious that it is unveiled only at Eastertide. It consists of a series of enamelled pictures, all encrusted with jewels; indeed, it is considered the most magnificent existing example of the early mediæval jeweller's craft. Then there is the chapel of "Our Lady of the Slipper," recalling her gift of a slipper to an old woman, whereupon it was miraculously turned into gold; and the portrait of the Blessed Virgin by St. Luke, deeply venerated by Venetians and said to have performed countless miracles.

Palace of the Doges

Adjoining St. Mark's is the Palace of the Doges or Dukes of Venice, scarcely less full of wonders in a different way—the Gothic way as opposed to the Byzantine of St. Mark's. This palace also has a haunting, friendly face, usually as red as sunset, gleaming with lozenges of many-coloured marbles, a landmark across the lagoons, erected here because in spacious days

Photo: Alinari. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E. N.I.T.) London.*]

SIENA.

The most perfect mediæval city in Tuscany. Here is a glimpse of Manna Lane in the old Ghetto (Jew Quarter). Many of the front doors are on the first floor, approached by bridges covered with flowers.

By Courtesy, E. N. I. T. (London).

ROME: THE APPIAN WAY.

A military road constructed in 312 B.C. from Rome to Brindisi. For the first few miles it was a street of tombs, ruins of which remain. It was along this road that St. Paul came to Rome.

Photo: E. N. A.

ROME: ST. PETER'S.

The Mecca of all Catholics. It is so beautifully proportioned that we do not realise its vastness, but in reality it is the largest and most imposing church in the world. On the right is the Vatican Palace, the residence of the Popes.

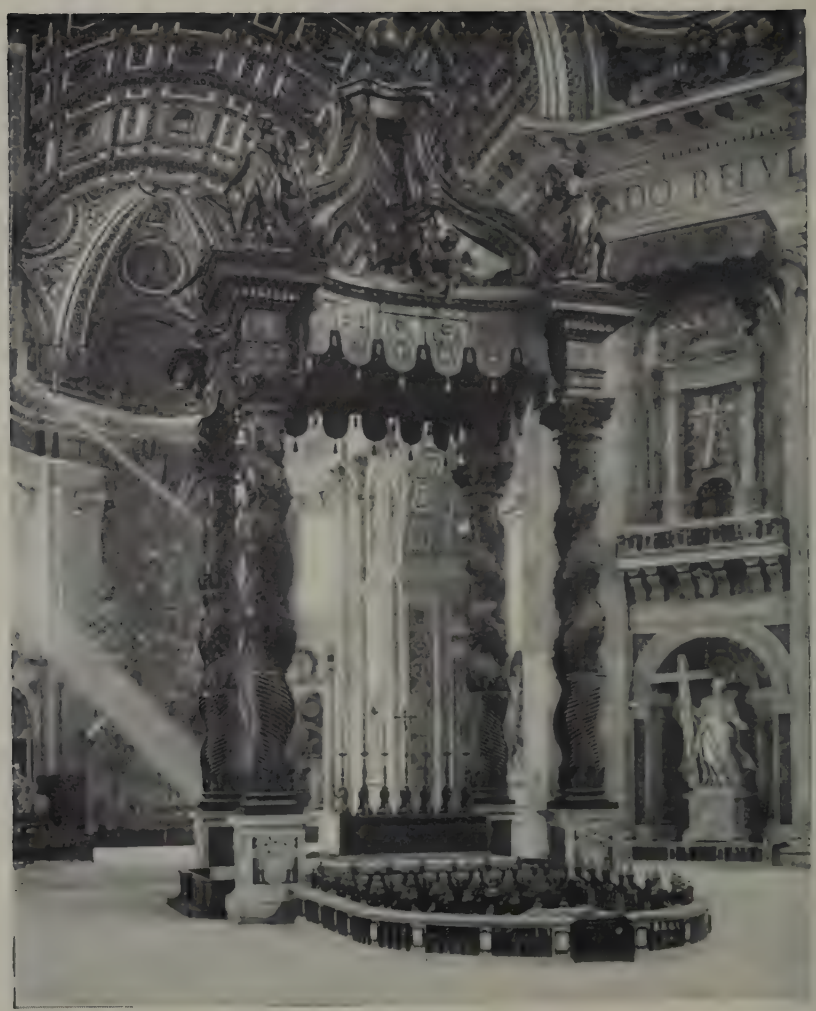


Photo: Alinari.

ROME: HIGH ALTAR AT ST. PETER'S.

Here the Pope reads Mass on high festivals. The bronze canopy, ninety-five feet high, affords dignity and importance to the small altar isolated in this vast building.

Venice's visitors all came by sea. The centre of this sea-front is an immense window with a lovely balcony of pierced marble-work. There are allegorical and historical designs everywhere, perhaps the quaintest and most delicate on the capitals of the many columns, too often neglected by hasty travellers. The best known are at the corners and illustrate Adam and Eve and the drunkenness of Noah, but each is a work of art with such varied subjects as virtues and vices, famous monarchs, symbolical animals, a woman with a lap-dog, the signs of the Zodiac, a boy with a ball, the seven ages of man. Some of them relate whole stories in a tight cluster of carving, others are songs in stone.

On the East side, spanning a narrow canal, is the graceful Bridge of Sighs, "a palace and a prison on each hand." The sighs were those of convicts hurried to their cells after judgment in the Doges' Palace, and the cells are still shown, with sentiment emphasised on political prisoners under Austrian rule.

There is really too much to see in Venice. The churches are almost as numerous as the taverns of Milan. The strangest of them are the so-called "plague churches." When plague comes nowadays, we look into the sanitary conditions and inoculate serums. In the days of the Doges, men invoked plague saints or medical saints, and built plague churches and made offerings to avert Divine wrath. And plague came frequently, chiefly through Venice's constant traffic with the East. The chief plague saints were St. Sebastian, who was transfixed with arrows (the symbols of pestilence), and St. Roch, who is always depicted lifting his garment to display his plague spot. The chief medical saints were St. Cosmo and St. Damian, who are represented with surgical instruments and ointments. Santa Maria della Salute, Our Lady of Health, is the chief plague church, very imposing on the Basin of St. Mark, with domes and belfries and a huge flight of steps. It is full of plague pictures, some pathetic, some grotesque.

A gondola takes us up the Grand Canal, an avenue of gorgeous palaces of resplendent architecture. Here Byron lived and revelled, here Wagner died, here Sir Henry Layard housed the precious pictures which he bequeathed to the National Gallery in London. Half-way up is the famous Rialto Bridge in the quarter where the Venetians first settled, the quarter inhabited

by Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." It is a wonderfully picturesque bridge with its high, single span, parapet, balustrade and arcaded rows of shops. Close to it the fish and fruit markets afford bewildering patches of colour. Farther down an iron bridge leads to the Academy, which contains a very complete collection of nearly the whole Venetian school of painting.

The works of Bellini and Carpaccio may seem primitive, but they are full of colour and give a very living picture of Old Venice with all her magnificence and dramatic joys. Palma Vecchio's "Holy Family," Titian's masterpieces, including the "Assumption of the Virgin" and Paul Veronese's "Supper in the House of Levi," also enjoy worldwide fame.

Venice is inexhaustible. Students and artists who have spent their lives there find new wonders every day. Libraries have been devoted to the details of every palace and church and relic of a thousand years, but the novice is just as likely to discover some forgotten interest, to find delight in some trifle which the experts have despised or overlooked. There are the Street of the Assassins, with dark corners worthy of its name, and the Bridge of the Honest Woman, with a long romantic story; quaint old notices, carved on unexpected walls, threaten barbaric penalties for baking round loaves or swearing in sacred precincts, or surrendering foundlings to charity by persons who could afford to maintain them. Not only does every stone tell its story, but every story is rich in detail and fancy, like some chapter of the "Arabian Nights."

§ 8

Trieste

Trieste, on the other side of the Adriatic, is interesting only as a great port with immense possibilities, and as the big stake in the long conflict between Italian aspirations and Austrian imperialism. The majority of the natives speak Italian as their mother-tongue, but there is such a mixture of races that the Triestines form almost a people apart, and many of them regret their "emancipation." Pola is another splendid harbour, and all Istria is full of natural beauties and old Venetian remains. Abbazia, the frontier and suburbs of the disputed state of Fiume, is

Photo E. N. A.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand. . . .
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.

one of the most beautiful watering-places in Europe, and used to attract the flower of Austrian fashion before the war.

The neighbourhood of Venice is full of serene joys, especially in summer-time, when the Euganean hills and the banks of the Brenta afford delightful retreats. It is a great centre of silk-making. Every villager keeps silkworms. Indeed, it is related that travellers are kept awake by the silkworms munching the mulberry leaves! Really, the whole of the Adriatic coast is so rich in natural and architectural wonders that weeks and months might be devoted without the risk of repeating our impressions. Ferrara, where the art-loving House of Este held their court, is full of splendid buildings, including an extraordinary house known as the Palace of Diamonds, covered with thousands of diamond-shaped facets of stone, which give the most fantastic effect. But Ferrara is most attractive as the starting-place for Comacchio, absolutely the most living survival of prehistoric times. Once as great as Venice, it is now a mere village depending entirely on its astounding eel-fisheries. The fishing takes place at night, preferably during a storm, and, what with the darkness, the poachers and the myriads of writhing eels, it is an exciting business indeed.

The Eels of Comacchio

Eels are very peculiar creatures, so slippery that they seem to have eluded all the investigations of naturalists. For centuries no one had definitely established how they bred, or what was their sex, and all sorts of fanciful tales were told about them. Some said that they were accompanied on their travels by an utterly different fish with which they mated—a sort of marine cuckoo, in fact. Others asserted that they were generated by steeping horsehair in a shallow pool. At Comacchio we are still told that in summer they cease to be eels, and become entirely different creatures, just as caterpillars become butterflies, but it would require delirium tremens or Mr. H. G. Wells to imagine the moth of an eel. It has now been discovered that eels make their homes in mud somewhere between Bermuda and the Leeward Islands, and their young travel for three years across the Atlantic with the Gulf Stream. Then they spend four or five or very many years in fresh water, after which comes an instinct for

breeding in salt water, and they set out in great tumultuous shoals for their sea-nurseries. This happens at the passing of autumn—usually at the October new moon—but they are inclined to wait for storms, preferring the darkest and most boisterous nights.

They travel with the wind "in their faces," battling against tides and currents on their way to the sea, and this brings them straight into the eel-traps of Comacchio. They are so intolerant of obstacles that they force their way through the interstices of the cane palisades of the traps, which are so close together that a man can scarcely push his finger through. Indeed, without seeing them, their passage seems incredible, for some of the eels are sometimes as much as three feet in length and perhaps fifteen inches in girth.

On the wooden ledge just outside the top loose-box of a trap, five men stand in complete silence and pitch darkness, save for a dark lantern, awaiting the arrival of the eels. They let down a cylinder of nets to discover if the first eels, which announce the migration, are already there. Soon there can be no doubt, for a dark, writhing, frantic mass lashes the waters into furious foam, with a swishing, whistling roar of tails scourging like flails. Two men seize a peculiar net and dip it with a semi-circular motion into the turmoil, and in a trice it is filled with the maddened eels. They are pulled out with a herculean effort and conveyed, still struggling frantically, into huge wicker baskets capable of holding over two thousand pounds weight.

The people of Comacchio are peculiar and make us feel at once that we have reached a place that is very, very far away from the ordinary workaday world. Whether they are the ancient Pelasgians or not, they certainly belong to a type of their own, with their great beak-like noses, the piercing eyes of gypsies and seafaring folk, long legs and arms, thin, wiry bodies, bronze skins, and great dignity of carriage. They have the reputation for dirt and shrewdness, and are said to be so litigious that they could maintain all the lawyers of the province.

Ravenna

To the south of the lagoons of Comacchio is the very ancient city of Ravenna, where Dante lies buried in a beautiful tomb.

STATE CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S, ROME.

The Pope is seen under his canopy in the foreground. He is seated on the traditional "Gestatorial Chair," raising his fingers to bless 80,000 pilgrims.

ROME: VICTOR EMMANUEL MONUMENT.

This huge garish edifice of marble with bright gilded statues has aroused fierce controversy among art critics, some praising it as a beautiful tribute to the founder of the kingdom, others condemning it as the last word in vulgar display. It commands a fine panorama of Rome with St. Peter's in the background.

Photo: I. N. A.

ROME: THE COLOSSEUM.

The illustration shows all that remains of the largest amphitheatre in the world, where gladiators fought and Christian martyrs were given to the lions.

[*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourists Dept. (E.N. I. T.), London.*]

MONTECASSINO MONASTERY.

Between Rome and Naples. More like a castle than a monastery. Possesses a wonderful library and other treasures. Now used as an ecclesiastical school with forty monks and two hundred pupils. All strangers are welcome to stay as long as they please, giving something to the poor-box when they leave.

There are people who say that, if they were restricted to visiting only one Italian town, they would make their choice of Ravenna. Byron was of this opinion, but his prejudice has been attributed to the fact that Countess Guiccioli resided there. We must not go now in search of Roman remains, for there are none except the foundations of the gateway. It is for early Christian art that Ravenna rivals Rome, and the early Christian buildings are built on piles like Venice, for Ravenna, now five miles from the sea, was once upon a time a city of the lagoons.

San Marino

Farther down the coast, at Rimini, a fashionable bathing resort, we catch sight of a mountain with three peaks standing out across the plain. This is the tiny little Republic of San Marino, which, alone among the numerous States of Italy, has contrived by a freak of freedom to retain its independence. It consists only of a few poor villages with a population of 10,000 spread over an area of thirty-two square miles, but it has its own Constitution and Captains-Regent or Presidents, one of whom must always be a noble and the other a peasant. There is an army of 124 men with a picturesque uniform, and the chief source of revenue is a frequent issue of postage stamps.

§ 9

Tuscany

At every frontier there is a subtle sensation that makes travellers aware that they are entering a new land, and this seems to make itself peculiarly felt on entering Tuscany from any other province of Italy. The Tuscans are amiable, energetic, patriotic, splendid types of modern Italians, but they are rougher in their manners and speech, they spit everywhere, and they do not easily make friends except after long acquaintance. It was, perhaps, the accident that Dante happened to write in Tuscan which raised that dialect to the dignity of the national language. Venetian or Neapolitan would have run it very close, for they have literatures of their own and are far more musical.

Florence

Tuscany is strenuously progressive, but Florence has never been able to shake off her ancient charm. Her name is derived from flowers, and in the spring-time she possesses many of the attributes of Paradise, though her climate as a whole may be compared with that of the Carse of Gowrie, too hot in summer, too cold in winter, and lacking the grace of God all the year round. Some think her too much of a show-place, but she has less to show than Rome or Venice, though what she has to show is very wonderful. The profusion of her artistic treasures is emphasised by being confined in a narrow space, and there is none of the bewilderment, none of the mystery of Rome. The glorious Cathedral with its vast interior, the great palaces and picture galleries, all the survivals of Renascence times when Florence was the intellectual centre of Europe are as easy to study as any well-ordered museum. And here still lingers an extraordinary ceremony that appeals enormously to the populace. On Holy Saturday a car full of fireworks is drawn into the Cathedral square by milk-white oxen, and during Mass, an artificial dove, bearing a taper lighted by the Archbishop, shoots along a wire through the air and explodes the car.

Then on Ascension Day everybody goes into the Cascine, the Hyde Park of Florence, to collect crickets. They are placed in cages, and special luck is augured if they keep alive for forty days. The custom has an Etruscan origin and is connected with the immortality of the soul.

Another characteristic sight of Florence, alarming to timid travellers, is the sudden appearance of crowds of strange men whose heads and bodies are all covered up with long hoods, leaving only slits for the eyes. The first impression is ghostly, or suggests a secret society like the Ku-Klux-Klan, but these are members of the Misericordia Society, volunteers for funerals and good works, who conceal themselves in this way so as not to "do their good works before men."

Florence stands in the front rank of Italian art and letters. Dante, one of the first authors in the world, the real founder of the Italian language, was born here; and Boccaccio, who inspired Chaucer, made Florence his home. Giotto (1266–1337) gave Florence her first pre-eminence in art; Della Robbia originated

Photo: E. N. A.

ROME: THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

Contains 250,000 printed books and 34,000 manuscripts which are kept in painted cabinets, on which antique vases stand. Among the MSS. is a collection of Henry VIII's love-letters to Anne Boleyn. The paintings represent the life of Pope Sixtus V.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

ROME: CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

Originally the tomb built for himself by the Emperor Hadrian. Afterwards a fortress which sustained many terrible sieges. The bronze archangel on the summit represents the archangel who, legend says, appeared there to Gregory the Great and stayed a plague. The Castle stands on the Tiber, and is said to be connected with the Vatican by a subterranean passage.

the amazing glazed reliefs in terra-cotta which bear his name; Fra Lippo Lippi, Fra Angelico and Ghirlandajo were pioneers of the Renascence. In 1506 Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raphael were all producing their most glorious pictures here; but Popes Julius II and Leo X lured them away to Rome, and Florentine art took the second place.

Florence is full of picture galleries, among which the Uffizi and Pitti are the most celebrated. The Uffizi contains one of the greatest and most valuable collections in the world, with 4,000 pictures which include Raphael's "Madonna with the Goldfinch," and his "Portrait of Pope Julius II"; Michael Angelo's "Holy Family"; Leonardo da Vinci's "Adoration of the Magi"; and, perhaps most famous of all, the "Fornarina" of Sebastiano del Piombo. The Pitti Gallery contains 500 pictures, nearly all masterpieces, among them two of Raphael's sublimest Madonnas, Titian's "Mary Magdalene," Tintoretto's "Vulcan with Venus and Cupid," and several works by Andrea del Sarto, who was perhaps the greatest of all colourists.

There is a subtile atmosphere at Florence that must be felt in order to be understood. Here, as well as at Pisa, the rows of old houses with their friendly shutters on the banks of the Arno fire the imagination and inspire memories that never fade.

Pisa

Pisa is even simpler and more friendly. The four chief sights—Cathedral, Baptistery, Cemetery and Leaning Tower—are all clustered together in splendid isolation. The simple outlines of these striking buildings are covered with white marble, tempered by time to all shades of yellow and grey, and richly ornamented with mosaic and carving. The leaning of the tower, some thirteen feet out of the perpendicular, was due to an imperfection of the foundations, but does not interfere with its safety or detract from its grace.

Leghorn is very different, a bustling modern port, chiefly visited for commercial purposes, but it has a wonderful bronze statue of four captive Moors and a quarter known as Little Venice, with soft scenery and pretty canals. Lucca, famous for the best olive oil, is far more typical of old Tuscany, with its three circles of walls surmounted by a broad walk and shady trees.

Among the carvings in the Cathedral is a masterpiece of the thirteenth century, representing St. Martin and the beggar. According to the legend he met a poor man almost naked outside the gate of Amiens, whereupon he drew his sword and cut his mantle in two, giving one half to the beggar, and that night in a vision he saw Jesus in Heaven clothed with the half he had given to the beggar.

§ 10

Siena

Siena is perhaps the most perfect surviving type of a mediæval city. Her palaces are of warm red brick covered with carved coats-of-arms, and not only have the hilly streets preserved the character of centuries ago, but the festivals and games and life of the people remain unchanged. One of the towers has stones at the four corners carved with Hebrew, Greek and Latin letters as a charm against thunderbolts, lightning and earthquakes. According to a local historian, Siena was ruled by her own citizens, excluding all nobles from the supreme government, and "the people favoured parsimony and rough strength, and were content to live on little." Their tendency to democracy is illustrated by some of their frescoes. In one of them we have the personification of bad government. Tyranny is seated on the bench outside the city walls, supported by a Court of the Vices. Tyranny is a giant in rich robes with tusks, horns and squinting eyes, and holds a mallet in his hand. The Vices are Cruelty, threatening a child with a serpent; Fraud, nursing a dragon covered with a lamb's skin; Treachery, a woman with bat's wings and so forth. On the opposite wall is a State under good government. People are buying and selling in the streets, children dance, a bridal party passes by, while men are working peacefully in the fields and huntsmen ride out through the gates. All this is in keeping with the spirit of the fourteenth century, when the first requirement of art was to instruct, and here we have a rare example of politics being taught instead of theology. The Cathedral of Siena is unlike any other in Italy, with a grace and charm and many surprises of its own. It illustrates the boasted parsimony of the Sienese and enables us to understand "the ten-

Photo: E. N. A.

THE POPE'S SWISS GUARDS.

They have been in personal attendance on the Popes for generations and still wear the picturesque costumes of sixteenth century pikemen.

Photo: A. W. Cutler.

ROME: THE ARCH OF TITUS.

Erected to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans. Titus was decidedly an anti-Semite, for he forced the Jews to lay the stones of this arch and to march in chains in the processions of their conquerors.

acity of purpose, the intellectual vigour, the imaginative energy that led generation after generation to deny themselves in order that so great a thing might be accomplished." The pavement of coloured marbles is unique in the world for the wide scope of its allegorical designs. It represents all sorts of Scriptural scenes taken from the lives of Moses, Samson, Solomon, Absalom, as well as the Massacre of the Innocents, the symbols of Siena and her allies and classical figures of Socrates and the Sibyls.

And Siena is not mediæval only in her architecture, but in her very life. Twice a year, on the Feasts of the Visitation and Assumption of the Virgin, there takes place a function known as the *Palio,* perhaps the most extraordinary horse-race in the world. Each ward of the city bears a name, such as the Goose, the Eagle, the Tortoise, the Caterpillar, and has fierce local patriotism. It also owns a horse, a jockey, a trumpeter, a standard-bearer, and its own colours and emblems and peculiar dress, usually of satin, silk or velvet jackets and trunk hose or coats of mail. Before the horses run, their jockeys take them to church to be blessed and sprinkled with holy water. Then comes a stately procession round the big square in fourteenth century dress, and standard-bearers execute a wild serpentine dance with their flags. The horses are ridden bareback and the jockeys use their whips to impede their adversaries, galloping three times wildly round the square, accompanied by mobs yelling encouragement and imprecations. After the race an indescribable scene occurs. Everybody rushes about in a state of frenzy trying to kiss his favourite, or tear rival steeds limb from limb. Afterwards there is a great banquet out of doors and the winning horse attends to eat at table out of a manger full of oats and other dainties.

§ 11

Rome

When Mr. Kipling went to Rome, he was asked for his first impressions. What did the Eternal City recall to his mind?

"Kimberley, South Africa."

"But the Vatican?"

"Rowton House."

This anecdote may be apocryphal, but it serves to crystallise the disappointment of most tourists. They come with their minds all inflamed by traditions of glory and empire, expecting to plunge into an atmosphere of Cæsars and Popes, and they step out of their train into a dreary boulevard about as impressive as the High Street of some London suburb. Next day they take their guide books and rush off to St. Peter's, the largest and most imposing church in the world. But unfortunately it is utterly dwarfed by the vast square with its Titanic colonnades, and the broad flight of steps completes the disparagement. Then the interior is an even greater shock. Experts explain that the sense of smallness is due to the perfect proportions of the architecture, but the fact remains that no visitor can believe that St. Peter's is twice the size of St. Paul's. Despite its magnificence, the interior is strangely lacking in interest. There is a bronze statue of St. Peter, whose toe has been worn by the kisses of generations of worshippers, the magnificent bronze tomb of Sixtus IV and monument of Innocent VIII by Pollainolo, a beautiful Pietà by Michelangelo, and there is a beautiful monument by Canova to the exiled Stuarts with their royal titles—James III, Charles III (Prince Charlie), and Henry IX (Cardinal York).

And further douches are provided all over the city by the pervading modernness of Rome, the chatter of the cafés, the tweeds of the natives, the clatter of the trams. The modern side of Rome, however, is superficial and easy to avoid. It exists only because the Romans want to emphasise how practical they are. They resent Rome being regarded as a mere pleasure-ground for tourists. In their opinion, manufactures are more than monuments. And in this practical vandalism they are only following the mediæval Romans, who built over and buried most of the classical remains.

Modern Rome

Rome, like Cæsar's Gaul, is divided into three parts—the classical, the Papal, and the modern. And even the modern repays study, for Rome is the capital of a great Power and prouder of her future than her past. The Quirinal, where the King lives, has many interesting relics of old Victor Emmanuel

"VENICE," BY TURNER.

The great artist has combined the two aspects of the mysterious Queen of the Sea, sung by conflicting poets as "Venice the Red" and "Venice the Grey," each of which titles is true according to the hour of our approach.

and the unification of Italy in 1870. The Corso is the principal street, long and narrow, but full of old associations and always animated. It derives its name from the races of riderless horses which used to take place there. The Villa Borghese, perched above the city, affords a pleasant contrast with its superb panoramas as well as drives and walks and fragrant gardens. Then we must cross the Tiber and explore Trastevere, the working-class quarter, which holds aloof from the rest of Rome, retains peculiar customs and a dialect said to be little changed since Latin times. The people there marry only among themselves, their women are the most beautiful in Rome, and their youths give most trouble to the police.

The Capitol, behind the gaudy monument of Victor Emmanuel, is the most important of the seven hills on which Rome was built. Here are exhibited a live wolf as the successor of the wolf which suckled Romulus and Remus, the founders of the city, and a pair of caged eagles recalling those of the Roman Empire. Only a flock of geese is lacking to commemorate the famous birds who saved Rome from the invaders by hissing in the night on the Tarpeian rock.

Classical Rome

Standing here behind this old citadel we survey what remains of classical Rome, buried beneath Christian and modern Rome, but still contriving to peep out everywhere. At our feet the Forum remains an open space as it was in legendary times. Platforms stand out where Roman orators walked up and down while haranguing the crowds. There is the house where Cæsar lived, small enough to be enclosed in a single saloon of a modern palace, a type of modest pride suggesting that a great monarch needs no splendour; there are the houses of the Pontiff and the vestals, who guarded the sacred hearth of the fatherland. The Forum was a market, a tribunal, a meeting-place of people with grievances and enthusiasms. It is now a heap of ordered ruins, among which the chief is a small brick pillar, known as "the navel of the world," whence all distances were measured everywhere—a symbol of the central power of Imperial Rome. Beyond the Forum, the Colosseum stands out, the largest theatre and perhaps the most impressive building in the world, full of memories of gladi-

atorial games and Christian martyrs given over to the lions. Volumes would be required to do justice to all the wonders which meet our gaze—the various temples of the ancient gods, the Sacred Way with all the monuments of their worship, the triumphal arches, the imperial baths and the aqueducts. Classical Rome probably began to take shape only about 400 B.C. It certainly remained a mere cluster of villages for several centuries after its legendary foundation. The Empire led to overcrowding and jerrybuilding to such an extent that the great fire, popularly ascribed to Nero, was probably a blessing in disguise. It cleared the way for the most impressive architecture whose beauty depends chiefly on its simplicity, its strength, on its skilful construction, its weakness in contempt of decoration.

Christian Rome

Christian Rome did almost as much damage as the barbarians, for it built its nest on all the old glories. But it created a new Rome, in its way more wonderful and magnificent than the old. The first signs of it are to be found in the catacombs, which are more interesting for sentimental reasons than for anything they have to show. They are merely the underground cemeteries of the early persecuted Christians who, by the way, were not very nice people, and seem to have deserved some of their sufferings if we regard them from the point of view of imperial authority. When their worship was forbidden, they used to carry it on secretly among their tombs, and they have left little beyond crude carvings and drawings, chiefly interesting as symbols. The catacombs, however, fell into oblivion in the ninth century and were not rediscovered till the nineteenth. Little of great interest remains, owing to the wholesale plundering of these vast labyrinths by searchers after holy relics in the eighth century. The dark passages produce uncanny effects on visitors who are led about with flickering torches, and warned not to wander away from their guides lest they should be lost and perish of starvation.

The churches of Rome are infinite and offer every conceivable surprise to the student of archæology, sculpture, art, and the history of religion. Wander where we will we are confronted by some fresh aspect of Christianity, our souls are steeped in all the romance of religion.

TIVOLI.

The country residence of the Cæsars, still a glorious beauty spot, with its masses of rich verdure and innumerable cascades.

By Courtesy, E. N. I. T. (London).

ROME: THE FORUM.

Ruins of the grandeur of Imperial Rome. In the centre is the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, the columns on the left are all that remain of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.

The Lateran was founded by Constantine, and is still known as "mother and head of all the churches of Rome and of the world." It is magnificent rather than beautiful and the chief attraction for the curious is the *Scala Santa* (Holy Staircase), where penitents climb on their knees to earn indulgences for sins. At St. Paul's Without the Walls the apostle was buried after his martyrdom. *San Pietro in Vincoli* was erected to contain St. Peter's chains, which are kept under the high altar and shown to the people on August 1st. *Santa Maria sopra Minerva* was built on the ruins of a temple of Minerva. The Pantheon was originally dedicated to the gods of the seven planets, and is the only old Roman edifice still in perfect preservation. It is circular and lighted in a curious way. There are no windows, but at the top of the dome an opening 28 feet wide gives perfect illumination with exquisite effects of light and shade. It is now a church, but little used except as a mausoleum for the great dead. Raphael is buried there, and the bodies of members of the present dynasty attract political demonstrators on anniversaries. No one seems to know how many churches there are in Rome, but *Santa Maria Maggiore* is the largest of the eighty which are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The various Uniate churches are alone worth the long pilgrimage. All the most wonderful worship of the golden East is encouraged and developed on the sole condition of acknowledging the Bishop of Rome as Supreme Pontiff. Armenian, Coptic, Orthodox, a score of impressive and mysterious ceremonies may be witnessed in this metropolis of the Mass. And naturally the full fascination of the Roman Church is revealed at Rome. What supreme felicity to withdraw from wars and politics, all the fierce joys of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, to the Nirvana of incense and orisons and Gregorian lullabies. The faithful find minor comfort, too, in consulting the "Little Doctor," an image covered with jewels worth a king's ransom, in the hour of sickness, taking their pets to the benediction of domestic animals on the Palatine, sharing in public lamentations whenever they are of a heavy heart, finding a noble army of Saints ever ready to treat their most trivial concerns. Rome is a symbol of knowledge; for the more strenuously we strive to wrestle with her mysteries, the more hopeless does it become to learn anything at all.

The Popes

Perhaps the greatest mediæval mystery of all is the Papacy, the most magnetic attraction of all for a vast proportion of the throngs who come to Rome. Look at the long list of Popes, beginning with St. Peter himself and various half legendary successors, continuing through dark and glorious ages, when Popes of all characters—great saints and some great sinners, too—ruled the civilised world, humbled Emperors, suffered calamities and exile down to 1870, when they were reft of their temporal power as rulers of the Papal States, and became under protest "prisoners of the Vatican." They are still recognised by millions as heads of the Church and Vice-regents of God, but they maintain their protest against the deprivation of their rights by never leaving their palace and its precincts. No longer do they emerge in proud procession through the streets of Rome.

Clement XIV (1769-1775) was the last Pope to drive in state after his coronation. He proceeded through the streets with a tremendous cavalcade all glittering with purple and gold, and he poured out streams of coins to the populace as he passed. There were heralds and mace bearers and mounted trumpeters, processions of great Roman nobles, Cardinals two by two riding white mules with scarlet trappings, Swiss Guards in helmets and cuirasses and purple stockings, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops and countless *monsignori* in gorgeous raiment. The Papal litter was carried empty with splendid draperies of scarlet and gold, drawn by ten white mules with golden trappings. The Papal carriage was drawn by six white horses ridden by postillions, also empty but brought out in case he should choose to drive. In the centre of all was the Pope on his white palfrey, wearing a white cassock and a stole of solid gold ornamented with huge pearls. All this stately pageantry, however, was somewhat discounted by his falling off his horse in the midst of the procession and, though he turned off the bad omen with a witticism, superstitious people recalled it six years later when he died a terrible death poisoned by some mysterious drug.

Most of the old magnificence has now faded away, but the ceremonial of the Vatican remains elaborate on ancient lines. The Swiss Guards are still there in their motley liveries and, on grand occasions, in the pikemen's armour of the Middle Ages. There is

Photo: E. N. A.

CLOISTER OF ST. MARTIN, NAPLES.

Monks at the well of their old monastery, which is now converted into a museum.

Photo: Emil P. Albrecht.

A NAPLES MILKMAN.

It is impossible to water your morning milk at Naples. The milkman escorts a flock of goats through the streets and housewives come down with their jugs or bottles. Great skill is required to milk a goat into a bottle.

Photo: E. N. A.

A MACARONI FACTORY.

We know macaroni only as a brittle cane of fried flour served up like walking stick and water. In Italy it is luscious, satisfying, full of delightful surprises. Many of the poor almost live on it with a condiment of tomato pulp.

MACARONI STALLS AT NAPLES.

Macaroni is the staple food in Southern Italy. The test of good macaroni is to hold it up in necklaces, as the inferior kind will not bear its own weight. Small boys may be seen swallowing great coils of it, which look like white snakes.

still a great show of Papal carriages in the coachhouse of the Vatican, and each successive Pontiff has his coat-of-arms substituted for that of his predecessor, though the coaches are no longer used.

Once a Pope is elected he ceases to be a mere man. There is an old custom that all his clothes and furniture and everything belonging to his past life shall become the spoil of his servants. And as soon as the report of his election by the conclave runs through the city, his apartments are at once sacked by them. Sometimes the report proves false, and the irritated Cardinal, whose ambitious hopes have been disappointed, returns home to find his luxurious rooms turned topsy-turvy and not even a change of raiment left. During an election three white Papal cassocks are made, large, small and middle-sized, so that, whatever the bulk of the new Pope may be, he may be temporarily fitted while the tailors are making his new clothes.

Since 1870 a new Pope is cut off from the world, like a monk entering a monastery. Everything is ordered by rule. He must eat alone; he must see no one, not even his family, without conforming to all sorts of rules and regulations. Though regarded as an absolute monarch, he is hemmed in on all sides by inexorable traditions. His audiences are impressive, crowds of Catholics being admitted to his presence on certain days, kneeling to kiss his ring, bringing all sorts of objects to be blessed. Cardinals are restricted, too. They must never go out in Rome afoot, and must always be attended by their chaplains. But the Pope never emerges from his rooms except to stroll in or drive through the great, bare gardens of the vatican. These are said to be some nine square miles in extent, so they afford room for exercise. Leo XIII maintained in them a very interesting menagerie, almost a Zoological Garden. It is only on great occasions that the Pope ventures into St. Peter's, sometimes attending and even singing Mass there amid an incredible concourse of people. Of course, he still exercises enormous influence throughout the world, but at Rome he seems a ghost of other days.

The Vatican itself has now become largely a show place for travellers, including the wonderful library and picture and sculpture galleries, the State Apartments with Raphael's frescoes, and the Sistine Chapel with its marvellous painted ceiling. And there is also a mosaic factory with a store of 30,000 shades

of glass and priceless tapestries executed from Raphael's designs.

The Vatican picture gallery was founded by Pius VII in 1815 to house the works of art which the French had stolen from churches and were forced to restore after the fall of Buonaparte. Many other priceless treasures have since been added. and the collection includes such world-famous masterpieces as Raphael's "Transfiguration," and "Madonna of Foligno"; Titian's "Madonna of San Niccolo de'Frari"; Perugino's "Madonna Enthroned"; and Leonardo da Vinci's "St. Jerome." There are also many wonderful private galleries in Rome—the Villa Borghese, Colonna, Doria-Pamphili, etc.

Rome is so grand that she is perhaps forbidding to newcomers. But there is a subtle fascination that enslaves their minds and compels them to return. Indeed, it is the fashion to cast coins into the Fountain of Trevi before departure, a tribute to an ancient superstition that all who do so are certain to return.

The Campagna

The outskirts of Rome afford a welcome relief and possess many charms if we discount the exaggerations of artists and the rhapsodies of poets. Standing on an eminence, at sunset for choice, we survey all sorts of soothing pinks and purples softened by mists from the Pontine Marshes—quite a good effort on the part of Nature to overtake the best water-colours. The same sort of thing may be seen on Dartmoor or from the terrace at Belgrade, but all the Campagna scenery is well staged and shifted—droves of fat, fleecy sheep; really golden lichen on stone walls; ruined towers like hollow trees; the sort of peasants who ought to pipe all the time and sometimes do; exquisitely graceful wine-carts with blue and red revolving hoods of mediæval shape, the obvious sunsets, the ever dainty umbrella pines, which are the secret of the success of Turner and Turneresque engravings. The Campagna is exquisite in its way, or would be if life were a perpetual honeymoon. It has a personality, especially at Castelgandolfo, with its long evergreen walks to the Alban Lake and Rocca di Papa, which looms brownly with mediæval majesty from the side of a hill. Then there is Nemi with a little lake of its own, and downs covered with a variety of thistles of many scents and

Photo: E. N. A.

NAPLES: THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER.

The streets are staircases and everybody lives in the streets, gossiping, gambling, fighting, singing, selling wares from baskets carried on the head. Note the two women at the top windows stretching a cord for the family washing. Santa Lucia, the fishermen's quarter, has given its name to a well-known song.

Photo: Alinari. [*By courtesy of the Italian State Tourists Dept.* (*E.N.I.T.*), *London.*]

POMPEII: REMAINS OF THE FORUM.

The open space on the right was embellished with many statues. The stone pillars were intended to keep out riders and waggons. The meat market was at the end of the Forum, and on the left we see a temple.

Photo: Donald McLeish.

POMPEIIAN MILLS.

Turned by slaves or donkeys for grinding corn. The bakers' ovens are in the background.

Photo: Alinari. *[By courtesy of the Italian State Tourist Dept. (E.N.I.T.), London.]*

POMPEII.

This cast of the corpse of a man caught by the eruption of Vesuvius on August 24th, A.D. 79, serves to bring home the suddenness and horror of the catastrophe.

AMALFI.

A famous beauty spot in the neighbourhood of Naples. The only roads have been cut out of the rock. Note the sixteenth century watch-tower, a look-out for Barbary pirates.

colours, and woods with legends of were-wolves to be feared on rainy nights. Nor must Tivoli be missed, some twenty miles away, with its amazing waterfalls, the round Temple of the Sibyl surrounded by Corinthian columns, the Villa d'Este, the ruins and vast gardens of Hadrian's villa, full of wonders and delights.

§ 12

Naples

A native recently wrote that Naples owes everything to Nature and nothing to man. That is an exaggeration, but it might be described as a glorified slum, and its sea is sometimes very blue. To most minds, however, the Neapolitans constitute its one great charm. They are the merriest, politest, friendliest and most mischievous people in the peninsula. One special characteristic is that they know how to walk. One cannot proceed fifty yards along a Tuscan street without being bumped fifty times. But in the very narrow Toledo, the principal street of Naples, whose side-walks do not admit of three people walking abreast, jostling is unknown, though the crowd is incessant, and half of it is peering into the excellent shops. They avoid one another by magic or like birds on the wing. For all such as love crowds, there is no place like the crowded Toledo, even on Good Friday, when vehicles are forbidden, and, by an old custom, the whole population turns out to "rub Toledo" (*strusciar Toledo*) as the phrase goes. Next day the papers publish columns of the names of the well-known people who rubbed Toledo on their way to visit the Holy Sepulchres in all the churches.

Our traditional idea of Neapolitans is a caricature. They are not swarthy, black-eyed people who wear red caps of liberty, sleep in the sun all day, dance round hurdy-gurdies, and sing *"Funicoli-cola"* all night, shout, steal, stab, live in a state of perpetual brigandage or comic opera. Half a century ago Naples was perhaps the noisiest city in Europe. From the Vomero hill at night you heard and applauded an incessant orchestra of life, the great rumble and rattle of exuberant vitality, like the purr of a tiger magnified a thousandfold. That tumult, though now subdued, is by no means extinct. But Neapolitans use a soft dialect, almost in undertones; little music is heard save the music of their speech; they dress like anybody else; many of them are

fair-haired; all have the manners of Nature's ladies and gentlemen. A small example: Northern Italians rarely say "Sir" or "Thanks"; here we are addressed as "Excellency," and an ordinary acknowledgment of a small coin or courtesy is "May you live a hundred years!"

Naples is at once the most crowded and most natural city in the world. It seems filled with hawkers calling their wares all day and all night through the streets; there are swarms of beggars and scavengers with pronged sticks for spearing cigar ends, which are presently exposed for sale on trays; there are thousands of cook shops under brightly coloured awnings; goats are led to doors and even upstairs to be milked; there is an incessant rag-fair which attracts multitudes of purchasers. Most of the domestic life is carried on in the open air. All sorts of private concerns take place quite publicly, and many of the children go about stark naked in the summer. Doctors and dentists practise in the streets surrounded by curious crowds; there are public letter-writers for the illiterate and in some places public readers who stop at the interesting point of the story to collect coppers.

No place can rival Naples for the number and vivacity of her religious festivals, which take place, not only on most of the high days of the Church, but also on those of favourite local saints. Many have come down from pagan days without being greatly changed, and they still form a very real part of popular life. The festival of Piedigrotta in September is celebrated uproariously without ceasing for thirty-six hours, and includes a popular competition for new songs, those characteristic Neapolitan songs with their quaint haunting lilt which are sung everywhere to the tinkle of mandolines. On Whit Monday there is a very lively procession of pilgrims, often 20,000 strong, returning from a sanctuary and indulging in wild carouses derived from the days when Bacchus was worshipped among the gods. As though 20,000 were not sufficient to do honour to the occasion, almost every man, woman and child in the city gathers together in the streets long before dawn to await their arrival.

State Lottery

There is a considerable sale of coral, tortoiseshell and ornaments made out of the lava of Vesuvius. But the chief financial

Photo: Alinari.

LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

There are other leaning towers in Italy, but that of Pisa counts among the chief curiosities which delight tourists. It is fourteen feet out of the perpendicular, probably owing to the subsidence of the soil. Galileo used to drop apples from the top to prove the law of gravity.

interest of the population seems to be directed towards the National Lottery. Its great charm as well as its danger is that a small fortune may be won at the risk of a humble copper coin. Five numbers, from 1 to 90, are drawn every week at eight of the principal towns in Italy, and the following odds are laid: 10½ to 1 against one number; 250 to 1 against two numbers; 4,250 to 1 against three numbers; and 60,000 to 1 against four numbers. These are far from being the right mathematical odds, but £250 to a penny is a great lure, especially as every sort of coincidence and superstition and dream is brought into play to secure a certainty. Lottery gamblers belong to every class, chiefly, of course, the poorest who will often take a few pence every week of the year from their small wage in the hope of a sudden windfall. At Naples they will pursue the same numbers for years, then perhaps abandon them and see them come out the very next time. In one of Matilde Serao's novels, the hero squanders a fortune on the lottery, eventually selling every stick of furniture he possesses in order to pursue numbers that never come. There are all sorts of systems, and tips abound everywhere. It would seem as though everybody had joined a conspiracy to compel one to stake on the lottery. Match-boxes, packets of sweets, the songs of strolling musicians, the programmes of cinema shows, almost all the instruments of pleasure seek to put men into a good temper by supplying them with the most infallible of tips. And events are pressed into the service as guides. Whenever there is a street accident, bystanders are far too busy deducing numbers to think about assistance—the numbers of the houses on either side of the accident, the number of the tramcar which ran over the boy, the age of the boy, besides the numbers given in a sort of dictionary for the words representing accidents, carriage, boy, blood, broken arm, etc. Not long ago a girl fell in an epileptic fit in the Chiaja, upsetting a basket of apples. Instead of picking the child up or putting a bit of wood between her teeth or taking her to a doctor, the spectators proceeded to count the apples on the ground and those which remained in the basket.

The beauty of Naples has always been famed, and the Italian proverb, "See Naples and then Mori" (another town), has been mistranslated into "See Naples and then die." But the beauty of Naples consists in little more than the amazing blueness of her

bay and the wonderful lights emitted by Vesuvius, both of them intermittent delights, for Naples can be very grey and Vesuvius has his days and years of rest. Vesuvius, however, may be forgiven much for having provided us with the amazing buried city of Pompeii.

§ 13

Pompeii

Such as have not studied archæology may be disappointed if they rely too much on the fame of this strange town, which was buried in flames under twenty feet of ash on August 24th, A.D 79, accidentally discovered in 1738, and systematically exposed during the last sixty years. But a very instructive afternoon may be spent in studying the life of a Roman country town exactly as it was more than 1,800 years ago. There are not only the monuments and temples and theatres which we have met elsewhere, but the taverns, flour mills, shops, streets, bedrooms, with the people and animals suddenly seized and turned into stone, so that we may study them as intimately as though 1,800 years were but as yesterday.

The Neighbourhood of Naples

The extreme tentacle of Neapolitan tourism is Pæstum, which takes the better part of a day to visit. In a fever-stricken plain, amid a desolation of scrub and scorpions, are some of the finest specimens of Greek architecture surviving in the world, a temple of Neptune like the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, and some other buildings with crumbling columns. But wise travellers will be content to study them from the train instead of stranding themselves for hours among the scorpions.

A few miles inland is Cava dei Tirreni, admirable headquarters for this entrancing neighbourhood. You may go through the woods to the famous Abbey of the Trinity, situated in a little valley that seems at the world's end. It was founded in 1011, but does not look a bit old, save for its crypt and underground columns; it has sixty thousand dull, well-classified parchments, Papal Bulls, and other materials for historians of the dark ages; there is a striking stack of mediæval skulls and bones. Perhaps most interesting of all is the Chapter Room, in the centre of which

Photo: E. N. A.

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

The great volcano near Naples often disappoints visitors, but when it does break out, it does so with a vengeance, emitting vast streams of red-hot lava and poisonous gases which rise in clouds for thousands of feet and deluge the whole countryside with ashes for miles. Life on its slopes has been a desperate anxiety for centuries.

is a slab where the monks stand in turn to make public confession of their sins.

An easy day's journey in a derelict cab zigzags us up a steep ascent to Ravello, the wonder village. It stands on a ridge overlooking miles of wooded hills and valleys to the brilliant sea; the eleventh century Cathedral has a sloping floor that has an odd effect, and the pulpit still reveals delightfully quaint mosaics of Jonah being swallowed and ejected by a whale not much bigger than himself. Then there are marvellous gardens, with roses, roses everywhere. The perfumes that awaken us at dawn might be whiffs from the Prophet's paradise, Amalfi, further on, affords even more brilliant scenery from a colonnaded cloister across the cobalt sea.

Italy, south of Naples, is almost an unexplored country, and probably few of us know anything of it beyond the great unhealthy port of Taranto, where so many British soldiers waited on their way to and from Salonica, the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia during the war. One reason why this great tract of country remains almost as unexplored as the interior of Africa and Australia is the dirt and discomfort everywhere. But those of us who are possessed by curiosity and energy may be assured of ample reward in the way of antiquities, splendid scenery, the strangest customs and costumes. Perhaps this brief outline of the known wonders of Italy may inspire intrepid readers to investigate for themselves the still greater surprises of the unknown.

INDUSTRIES AND POPULATION

The Italian islands of Sicily, Sardinia, etc., are dealt with in the section on the Mediterranean. Italy has not been very successful with her colonial ambitions. Tunisia, to which her emigrants gave her a certain claim, has been appropriated by France. Libya, and Cyrenaica, taken from Turkey, have not yet been wholly subdued. An attempt to conquer Abyssinia proved disastrous in 1896, and resulted only in the retention of the arid and sun-baked coast lands and deserts of Eritrea and Italian Somaliland.

Area.—117,982 square miles since the war.

Population.—38,900,000. Rome, 650,000; Naples, 723,208; Milan, 599,200; Turin, 427,733; Palermo, 341,656; Genoa, 272,077; Trieste, 245,000; Florence, 232,860; Venice, 160,727.

Agriculture, viticulture, sericulture, fruit-growing, and various manufactures are the chief industries. Forestry, mining and fisheries are valuable. Exports include wine, fruits, cereals, cheese, eggs, raw and manufactured silk, cotton yarn, olive oil, hemp, hides, india-rubber, gutta-percha, sulphur, straw hats, chemicals, marble, iron, zinc, copper ores, coral, etc.

VII

SPAIN

SPAIN

History

THE key to comprehension of Spain and the Spaniards is to be found in the flow and ebb of the vast tide of Moorish invasion. There had been Phœnician settlers in Spain as in Cornwall over a thousand years before Christ; Carthaginian invaders in the third century B.C. were ousted after hard fighting by the Romans; Vandals and other Germanic tribes spread fire and sword in the fifth century after Christ, but peace was soon restored by the Goths, who governed benevolently and built many cathedrals which still remain. The supreme event, however, was the arrival of the Moors. The term covers Syrians, Arabs and North African Berbers.

In the year 711, a Moorish chieftain named Tarik crossed the straits from Africa with an army and occupied Mount Calpe which he renamed Gibal-al-Tarik (now known as Gibraltar). And then the Moors soon spread over the peninsula, meeting with little resistance, for they abstained from pillage, imposed light taxes, and respected the Christian religion. They went on to overrun the greater part of France and Italy, defeated Charlemagne, and seemed at one time likely to establish a permanent empire in Europe.

The Moors

Their rule in Spain was firm and mild, and Spain owes to them many of her splendid monuments, those systems of irrigation which turned her deserts into gardens, and all that mixture of joy and courage and fatalism which constitutes the Spanish character. But dissensions among the Moors gave the Christians their opportunity of asserting independence and establishing

various little kingdoms. The Moors called in nomadic desert tribes from Africa, and all Europe rallied in a huge crusade against the infidels, but it was not until 1492 that Ferdinand, King of Aragon and Navarre, and his wife Ysabel (Elizabeth), Queen of Castile, captured Granada, drove out the last Moor, and signed the death-warrant of the most brilliant and benevolent civilisation that Spain had then known.

Spanish Empire

The same year in which a new world was discovered by Christopher Columbus, who laid it at the feet of Ferdinand and Ysabel, Spain began to acquire enormous strength, until Ferdinand's grandson, the Emperor Charles V, united all Spain, became Holy Roman Emperor, ruled the turbulent Low Countries, warred against French, Turks and heretics, overran Italy and North Africa, continuing to direct the affairs of Europe, almost of all the world, even when he had retired to a monastery after a reign of forty years.

Decay

But with his death the star of Spain began to set. His son Philip II married Mary, Queen of England, and sent an ill-fated Armada against her successor Elizabeth in 1588. His reign sowed the seeds of decay, though Spain continued to take a prominent part in the wars of the next few centuries. Rich and fertile regions reverted to deserts and all found cause to lament the expulsion of the Moors. The vast Spanish empire gradually faded away in America as well as in Europe, Spain herself was saved from the French only by the genius of Wellington, and the greater part of the nineteenth century was spent in civil turmoil.

Ferdinand VII arbitrarily abolished the Salic Law to alter the succession in favour of his daughter Ysabel II, and on his death in 1833 her partisans successfully resisted his brother Don Carlos. The Carlist Wars of 1834-9 and 1872-6 resembled the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 in Scotland for the desperate courage and poetic sentiment which they inspired, and the spirit of Carlism still lingers in the north of Spain, where it represents a traditional desire for Home Rule. The final catastrophe of Spain came in 1898 when the United States espoused the cause

Photochrom.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

A picador is plunging his lance into the bull's flank as the exasperated animal charges his horse

Flemish, Austrian and French rulers were fighting for the Church in her prime. They grudged no treasure to erect the most precious fanes, or to stimulate the growth of a magnificent school of painting. If they were uncompromising in their faith, they were actuated by the loftiest motives. Moorish civilisation languished slowly under their sway, and Moorish feeling for beauty remains a living, active force in the Spain of to-day.

In contemplating the waning of efficiency in Spain and Portugal after the sixteenth century, moreover, we must balance our amazement and regret by a glance at the far greater degeneration which began on the southern shores of the Mediterranean with the contemporaneous Turkish conquest of North Africa. During the same centuries—the seventeenth and eighteenth—which witnessed the arrest of Spanish grandeur, the wilting of Spanish power, the falling back into ignorance and dull savagery was much more marked in North Africa, whether under independent Arab-Berber-Negroid dynasties in Morocco, or blighting Turkish influence in the rest of Muhammadan Africa. This point in the survey of Spanish history is completely overlooked.

Still Moorish To-Day

The dignity and courtesy of the Moors is still conspicuous among Spaniards of every province and every class. There is aristocracy in every movement, from the proud progress of a grandee on his caracolling steed to the sweep of a vagabond's cloak as he shelters his rags against the cruel winds of his *sierras*. There is democracy in the lofty phrases with which a beggar asks for alms and a nobleman replies by asking that "his worship" may be good enough to hold him excused. And there is more than mere ceremony when we are told that the house or jewels we admired are ours, and we reply that they could not be in better hands.

A Land of Flowers

Moorish, too, is the love of children and flowers. Not a child but enjoys the fullest freedom to live his life according to his whims, and yet he grows up unspoiled. In no other land is happiness so wide-spread or complete as among the little folks of Spain. And nowhere else are flowers so universal. No home,

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.)

AT THE WELL.

In parched parts of Spain water is so precious that it is often sold at a high price, and the well is the most important centre of every village.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

LA ARGENTINITA.

Spain's most celebrated dancer, La Argentinita, is shown wearing the *manton* or famous silk shawl which affords some of the most bewildering and fascinating effects of all Spanish dancing. The long fringes sway gracefully, and the figure, being displayed as much as concealed, seems alive with poetic and subtle charm.

Photochrom.

SEGOVIA: THE AQUEDUCT.

The largest piece of Roman work extant in Spain, probably dating from the time of Augustus. This stupendous aqueduct is formed of masses of grey granite without mortar or clamps. According to tradition, it was built in one night by Satan to save a woman of Segovia whom he admired from having to go down to the river for water.

however humble, but has a garden beyond its means, and the flowers clamber all over the walls, fill the balconies, and force their way into the cool courtyards within, those lovely Moorish *patios* where plashing fountains serenade the oranges and palms. Not a girl, scarcely a man but tucks gay blossoms in locks of hair above the ears.

Moorish, again, is the seclusion of the fair sex. No well-bred girl ever meets a man for a minute or takes a stroll without a chaperon; even the daughters of peasants lose caste if seen about alone. But adventurous tempers laugh at locksmiths, and there are infinite ways of gratifying a fancy by the flash of eyes and fans from a balcony, or at a bull-fight, or out shopping, and Spanish men are quick at advances. They have a habit, unpleasant to the Northern races, of standing about at street corners and passing extravagantly complimentary remarks about every woman they see, and the slightest encouragement leads to impassioned letters and moonlight serenades.

Serenades

The serenade is, indeed, quite an institution in Spain. It is used not only as a declaration of love, but as a harmless compliment. An Englishman travelling with his wife to Murcia or some such unsophisticated region must not be surprised if a band of young men congregate outside his hotel after dinner and play the guitar, improvising extravagant songs about *una señora inglesa*—an English lady, whose starlike eyes have put all the local fireflies to instant flight. The spectacle of a youth wearing flowers and strumming a guitar outside a window arouses no cynical remarks in the public streets. This is the recognised way of paying addresses and may lead to quite a humdrum marriage after business-like interviews with parents and lawyers.

Family Life

Spanish couples have really no opportunities of becoming acquainted before marriage, yet their family life is usually a success. The most romantic maiden may settle down as a loyal and devoted wife, keenly alive to all her husband's interests. She will exercise a good deal of influence quietly behind the scenes, but she will not be consulted about affairs or be expected to enter-

tain her husband's business friends. Indeed, the Spaniards entertain very little. When a man tells us in the phrase of the country that his house is ours, he merely means that he will be glad if we pay an occasional call. And a wife never receives in her husband's absence. Private dinner-parties are unknown, the only form of hospitality being the *tertulia,* a crowded reception where guests converse and drink a cup of thick chocolate flavored with cinnamon and perhaps dance discreetly at long intervals. There is now cosmopolitan life in a few big towns with parties at restaurants and Hawaiian bands and supper dances, but such modern diversions are not typical of Spain, and the old reserve dies very slowly in the greater part of the peninsula.

Complex Character

Spaniards are not easy to understand, and the types met with in popular fiction are often a caricature. Ebullient gaiety and strenuous laziness undoubtedly exist, especially in Andalucia (the Southern province of Spain), but they are not the sole, nor even the chief part of the national character. Spaniards can work as hard as anybody when there is a clear prospect of profit. They have inherited the temperament of the Crusaders as well as of the Moors, and this mixture of blood has endowed them with sadness and self-denial, as well as with luxuriousness and repose.

An Ancient Atmosphere

But the gloom of the Spaniards is largely a pose. And the same may be said of their modernism. Though motors whizz through every town; though there is electric light in the remotest village; though little newspapers are read by all who know how to read, the old atmosphere prevails almost everywhere. For instance, in almost every big modern town, as well as in remote villages, night watchmen, known as *serenos,* "the serene ones," still wander everywhere with their old melodious cry, "Hail, Mary! Twelve o'clock and all serene"—serene perhaps outside, but less so for light sleepers suddenly aroused. The watchmen are usually old and very picturesque in their long cloaks and slouch hats with javelins and lighted lanterns in their hands. And besides keeping up an old custom which perpetuates the romance

Photo: G. R. Carline.

CATALONIA: SHOEING A MULE.

Flies are a terrible nuisance in Spain, especially in the neighbourhood of animals. Here, while a mule is being shod, a man is needed to use a whisk and a woman to flick a cloth against the pertinacious swarms.

Photo: E. N. A.

A BREEDER OF BULLS.

The breeding and training of bulls for the ring is a very important affair. Different breeds possess strongly marked characteristics. One breed may have such a reputation for courage that the appearance of its bulls is the signal for intense popular excitement, another may be sullen, another of uncertain temper. Owners of bulls wear the old Andalucian costume, and ride about their vast prairies superintending their herds.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.)

AN OPEN-AIR BULL-FIGHT.

Pasajes is only a fishing village and has no bull-ring, so that the villagers have extemporised one in the market-place. Here we see the bull-fighters flaunting their cloaks in front of the bull to excite him and tire him out.

of Spain, they are often very useful, for they carry keys of all the street doors on their beat, sometimes welcome to roysterers returning from a carouse.

The methods of heating also belong to a bygone age; even in big palace hotels we find wooden stands holding the national *brasero,* a huge brass dish containing embers of charcoal, placed in the middle of the room. It is a decorative piece of furniture, but its fumes are sometimes unpleasant, and the heat it gives requires to be reinforced by a keen imagination.

And what can be more ancient than the Spanish milkman on his rounds? With dreamy dignity he stalks down the street leading a procession of goats. Someone calls from a window and lets down a pail by a rope. He takes out a coin from the pail, milks one of the goats till the bucket contains the money's worth, gives a signal to haul up, and goes on to serve his next customer in the same way.

Intensity of Religion

Old-world also is the intensity with which religion pervades life and manners throughout Spain. Both Moors and Crusaders lived primarily for religion, were always ready to fight and die and kill in order that they might establish their beliefs. And the double inheritance remains a vital force that cannot be ignored by those who seek to understand the Spaniards of to-day. If we seem to dwell at undue length on Spanish ceremonies in these pages, the reason is that religion is still the mainspring of Spanish life.

The chief sights and amusements are all tinged with religion. Fairs and popular holidays take place on the Feast of the Assumption or of the Immaculate Conception or of some local object of veneration, which may be either a patron saint or some special aspect of the Christ or the Virgin. Both Christ and the Virgin are invoked in various places with a different momenclature. The Christ of the Atocha and the Christ of Lezo, Our Lady of Elche and Our Lady of the Pillar, are of course, the same Christ and the same Virgin, but their images inspire separate devotion, even the rivalries of local patriotism, a tendency to exalt one above the other on the ground of a greater capacity for working miracles. There may be a relic of paganism

about this attitude, but the important point is that it exercises a very real influence on the inmost lives of the people. It was this spirit which caused successive generations to deny themselves in order to raise the most glorious cathedrals of Christendom. It is this spirit which still induces the poorest in the land to go without food or new clothes in order to provide Our Lady of Montserrat with finer cloaks and jewels than those possessed by Our Lady of Santiago. The way in which religion is stamped into the souls of the people is illustrated by the fact that all bull-rings are provided with chapels, where the leading performers always attend Mass before proceeding to risk their lives in the arena. This recalls the fact that, before going out to catch wild elephants, the hunters of Ceylon lead their decoy animals to kneel before a little shrine and offer up prayers for success and safety; but one cannot imagine the jockeys at Epsom indulging in any such ceremony before taking part in the race for the Derby.

§ 2

Bull-Fighting

The sports of Spain are also a mixture of Moorish and mediæval tradition. Bull-fighting is certainly not what it was, for football and other European pastimes are running it very close in popular interest. But bull-fighting is still a national institution and will certainly be very long a-dying. Inside the vast arena a brilliant, excited throng fills the rows and rows of stone benches which rise one above another to the sky. All is bustle and expectancy, fans flutter, eyes flash in anticipation of the violent thrills to come.

After what seems an endless wait a solemn procession of gaily-clad bull-fighters enters. They are all fine figures of men, clean shaven save for mutton-chop whiskers, and they wear odd chignons of hair in nets. The President throws down a key and a shrill trumpet resounds. It is the signal to begin.

The bull is of proud mien and noble pedigree, bred from generations of fierce sires, broad of brow with long horns and supple limbs. He has been cooped in darkness and is bewildered by the light of day. For an instant he stands sniffing the air. Then, from above, a sharp instrument is thrust into his neck, he gives a snort of pain, and rushes into the arena to meet his doom. He

Photo: Casa Lux.

BILBAO: TOWN HERALDS.

Bilbao is a modern port, but the Heralds of the Town Hall retain their picturesque costume of the Middle Ages, like the Beefeaters at the Tower of London. They wear the coat-of-arms of Bilbao on their breasts.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

AN OX-CART.

Oxen are used as beasts of burden all over Spain, and add greatly to the picturesqueness of the country. The long fringed tassels dangling before their eyes protect them from the myriads of flies which would otherwise exhaust even their proverbial patience. The owner may be seen sleeping in the cart, trusting the sagacity of his beasts to see him home.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

CALVARY OF ALMAZÁN.

Very ancient crosses set up in the square of Almazán, a picturesque hill-town above the Duero in Old Castile. The gates and walls were destroyed by the French in 1810.

looks round, wondering what to do. His adversaries also watch and wait, silent and motionless.

The fight begins. *Chulos* dance round the bull, flinging their cloaks in his face to tease and tire. Gradually he is led towards a *picador* who sits his old horse motionless, brandishing a long lance. The horse is blindfolded and rarely shrinks, so the charge is received without flinching. The *picador* raises his lance and plunges it into the bull's side, but the bull is not deterred; his horns pierce the horse and horrid scenes ensue. The *picador* slips off and the horse starts running panic-stricken with torrents of blood gushing from his side. Sometimes the bull transfixes a horse and bears him aloft on his horns; sometimes he gores a fallen *picador,* and the *chulos* must flutter their cloaks to make the animal come away.

Now comes the second scene. *Banderilleros* surround the bull brandishing their *banderillas,* barbed shafts with coloured streamers; each dances forward in turn and seeks to fix a shaft into the bull, and soon the bull is rushing hither and thither, snorting and lashing his tail, with a number of the streamers hanging from his hide.

A trumpet sounds, announcing the final scene. The *torero,* prince of the sport and hero of the populace, advances slowly to the front of the President's box and takes off his three-cornered hat with a sweeping bow. He receives a sharp glistening sword from an attendant, wraps it in his scarlet cloak, and walks quietly towards the bull. For long tense seconds the two antagonists stand facing each other. The man flutters his cloak in the bull's face. The bull lowers his head, shuts his eyes, and charges, but the man steps lightly aside to let him pass. The man tempts his fate by taking risks—the less distance he steps aside, the greater the delight of the critical spectators. It is useless to strike before the bull stands in precisely the right attitude with forelegs planted so that shoulders are parted to receive the thrust. When that supreme moment comes, the man rises on tiptoe and plunges his sword with one swift, sharp stroke right into the bull's neck; the animal staggers about for long minutes, sinks on to his knees, and finally subsides amid delirious cheers. But it is by no means always that the first stroke succeeds. The sword may merely wound, the bull may return to the charge with fresh fury, and any

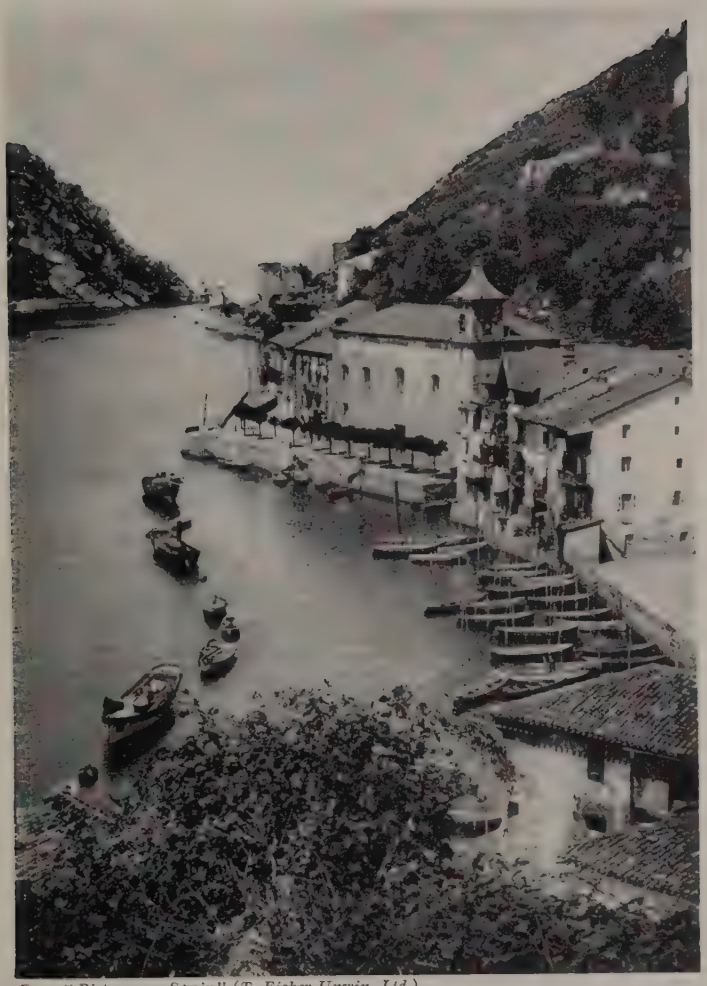
awkwardness is visited on the man with anger and mockery from the spectators, who know all the subtleties of the game.

When the bull has been killed a band strikes up and horses are led in with jingling harness; this is attached to the dead bull, whips are cracked, and the carcase is dragged out at a gallop, bumping heavily across the arena to the outer doors. Sand is raked over the bloodstains in the ring, watering-carts are brought to lay the dust, and presently the whole performance begins again, six times in an afternoon. It has been a scene of horror, if you will, but it has been marked with ceremonial splendour, and none can deny that it has caused the blood to tingle wildly in his veins.

Amazing Dances

Each province in Spain possesses dances of its own. The Basques dance violently with their legs alone, recalling Irish jigs and Scottish reels, or, as some unkind critic wrote, fleas on hot bricks. The *Jota* of Aragon employs arms as well as legs, men and women facing each other and looking down to study their complicated steps without a vestige of fire or imagination. It is to Andalucia that we must go for the characteristic Spanish dance, which is unlike any other dancing in the world. From earliest youth the Andalucians dance as naturally as they walk and breathe. They dance with their hands as well as their feet, and the right use of their clattering castanets requires lifelong practice, certainly as much practice as the violin. Without castanets—those whimsical wooden shells clasped in the palms of the hands; without the flutter of a red and yellow ribbon; without the poetry and rhythm of the fingers, dancing loses half its grace and charm. And Andalucians go still further. They dance with every muscle of their bodies, almost with every inspiration of their brains. Hundreds of poses as well as steps must be learned before the rudiments of the art can be acquired, and each dancer invents fresh expressions of passing moods, reveals the most intimate secrets of character and soul.

Amazing and soul-stirring as Andalucian measures seem, the dancing of the gipsies leads us still further afield, straight into an old world of wandering outlaws whose thoughts and minds are withheld from white man's ken.



From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

PASAJES, NEAR SAN SEBASTIAN.

Pasajes is very picturesque with its narrow winding streets and high white houses leaning over to peep at their reflections in the calm water. The illustration shows the outlet to the sea, but inland is an almost landlocked harbour resembling an Alpine lake.

Photo: G. R. Carline.

ANDORRA: A STREET IN ONE OF THE VILLAGES.

Photo: G. R. Carline.

REPUBLIC OF ANDORRA: CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL.

The little independent Republic of Andorra, perched away amid the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, is peopled chiefly by smugglers. They often come to invoke the blessing of St. Michael at his little thirteenth century church in a hollow in the mountains.

RONCESVALLES.

This procession is two miles long and consists of one male member from each of the twenty-three families of the Province of Navarre. The men cover their heads and bodies with black calico, and walk barefoot over a rough stone road which leads to the monastery of Roncesvalles, where Charlemagne's guard was cut to pieces by the Basques. The procession was started in the Middle Ages and has never missed a single year since it was inaugurated, and strangers are only allowed to join if they swear to appear for seven consecutive years.

§ 3

Louis XIV said that Africa begins on the other side of the Pyrenees; an exaggeration perhaps, but when we cross the Spanish frontier we certainly do seem to bid Europe farewell. Both land and people might belong to another continent. The rolling meadows and pine forests of France are half-forgotten as the Paris-Madrid express advances through a sort of desert country, parched by tropical sunshine, a boundless expanse of purple and gold, with here and there rare trees casting goblin shadows, and rarer peasants scattered about like ants on the blinding white roads. Vastness is the dominant note, vastness and wildness, emphasised by the scantiness of dwellings, a semi-civilised Sahara, a lost province of the Moors.

First Impressions

The northern stretches of Spain suggest a neutral ground or no-man's-land between Latin and Moorish civilisations. They are already in the Oriental orbit, though some tinge of Europe remains. The civil guards with their melodramatic cocked hats give an exaggerated idea of law and order, the broad-gauge railway carriages arouse false hopes of space and comfort; but the atmosphere has changed. The officials seem busy doing nothing, superfluous crowds loaf across platforms and rails with curious stares determined to prohibit hurry; the pungent smell of garlic is already in the air. If vulgar tweeds are worn instead of fancy dress, they are carried off in a lordly way, and there are brigand cloaks flung over shoulders in true brigand style, and *boinas,* the quaint Basque caps like tam-o'-shanters, dark blue or more rarely blood red, with string projecting in the centre as though tassels had once been there.

San Sebastian

San Sebastian, the first big town in Spain, is cosmopolitan rather than Spanish, a brighter Biarritz with a glorious bay of golden sand known as *La Concha,* "the shell"; covered with bathing tents opposite a picturesque island and two green hills. There are hotels and villas everywhere and two huge Casinos with Monte Carlo's gambling games, and a profusion of free enter-

tainments. Rain and wind are incessant, but fashionable crowds are attracted at various seasons, especially in September.

The town was rebuilt in 1816 and the houses are of the big French type, with broad avenues and good, expensive shops and many bright gardens; but the chief interest lies in the merry crowds which stroll on Sunday mornings and summer evenings on the Alameda to listen to a military band. Here we see our first types of Spanish beauty and taste our first cup of Spanish chocolate, flavoured with cinnamon and thick enough to hold a spoon upright. It is accompanied by a strange white sugary wafer which it is the custom to melt in a glass of water and drink up afterwards.

The old town stands on an isthmus at the foot of Mount Urgull and is a maze of narrow streets with small dark shops and crowds of unwashed children, many leading lambs and kids with ribbons round their necks. It is a pleasant walk along zigzag paths up the flower-clad mountain to a great ruined fort, and on the way, in a slight depression in the hillside, we see the weather-beaten graves of British officers who fell here in the nineteenth century. The fort was taken in August, 1813, by Wellington after he had killed two-thirds of the French garrison and lost 5,000 men. From the summit is an inspiring view over the bright blue bay away to the grey Atlantic, whose roaring breakers leap high upon the shore.

Pasajes

Passing green tree-clad hills, dotted with white-washed cottages, on the way back towards France, we come to the peaceful harbour of Pasajes, which means "the Passage." This passage, a narrow chasm between high towering cliffs, is about a mile long, and entered so discreetly from the sea that no one suspects a big natural harbour capable of holding a fleet. Colliers from Cardiff are there amid lovely scenery with the tiny villages of San Juan and San Pedro straggling on either side. These are typically Spanish with their narrow streets and high white houses turning their faces towards the water, and their population of fisherfolk who seem to spend most of their time lounging on the narrow quays with multitudes of children and mongrel dogs. The hills behind are a blaze of yellow broom in summer and contain some

of the prettiest nooks in the world, peopled only with daffodils and birds and an occasional donkey or goat.

From the end of the harbour a broad road leads through a wild garden to the very old village of Lezo. Hitherto innumerable strangers flock at all seasons of the year to visit the famous basilica of Santo Cristo, the miraculous Christ, who bestows "health, money and a good husband" (*salud, dinero y un buen marido*) to all who ask aright. The approaches are beset by young women and children selling candles to be burnt at the shrine. There is a huge pilgrimage here on Holy Cross day, when the wonderfully majestic image is exposed to public veneration, but at other times we must persuade the sacristan to lead us behind the high altar and lift a curtain and peep through when we wish to make our vows.

§ 4

The Basques

The Basques in the north-west are probably the most conservative of all the conservative population of Spain. They believe theirs to be the oldest race in the country, if not in the world, and their origin has so far baffled ethnologists (see page 43). They all claim to be noblemen, and this accounts for all the coats-of-arms carved on the humblest cottages. We have already met this people in the south-west of France, but here they are more natural, more antiquated, less tainted by the spirit of the age. When Frenchmen want to be rude about an accent, they say a man speaks French like a Spanish cow (*un vache espagnole*), the word *vache* being a corruption of Basque, and Spanish Basques certainly talk modern languages rather strangely. Their pride and independence, still more their honesty and hospitality, seem relics of very distant days, and, like the Bretons, they keep up all sorts of pagan customs such as of offering corn and wine at anniversaries on the graves of friends. They also persist in their old costumes—the men in short jackets and loose trousers of brown or green velvet with bright sashes, sandals and blue or red caps; the women are fair and handsome though they soon grow old, their masses of hair hang down their backs in long plaits, and are usually covered with dark hoods of cloth. To their credit and that of the French Basques stands the

invention of most of the small ball games of the world. Real tennis, lawn tennis, fives, rackets, everything except perhaps golf is derived from *pelota,* the national Basque game, the most thrilling game in the world, a triumph of acrobatic skill, a succession of incredible surprises, a breathless whirligig of palpitating life and strength.

The Asturias

The province of the Asturias is wilder than the Basque country and the people are no less ancient in manners and traditions. While the Basques claim to descend from Noah and Tubal, the Asturians ascribe their origin to Astyr, Agamemnon's servant, who migrated here after the siege of Troy.

The country is on a lower level than Castile, intersected by hills and valleys with pastures like those of Switzerland. Torrents foam over precipices through virgin forests of oaks, where bears and wolves are still to be met. Sportsmen find plenty of deer, salmon and trout, but the climate is damp and cold, and the constant mists veil the scenery. In the more civilised parts there are plenty of fruit trees, spreading chestnuts, plane and ash. The apples provide moderately good cider, and there is abundance of rye, maize, cattle, sheep, and celebrated pigs. The white-washed houses give an impression of tidiness, and a picturesque touch is provided by wooden granaries which stand on pillars to keep out rats and damp.

Oviedo Cathedral

Oviedo, the capital of the province, is clean and healthy though very cold and wet, and in spite of, or perhaps because of a backward civilisation, the number of old people is unusually large. The chief interest is the Cathedral, which was rebuilt in 1388 on the site of a Basilica of 781.

The relics there include thorns from Christ's crown, one of the thirty coins for which Judas sold his Master, and a piece of The Redeemer's shroud. There are also two historical crosses, one dating from 808 inscribed with curses on anyone stealing it; and the other said to have fallen straight from Heaven. Pope Eugenius granted 1,004 years and 40 days' indulgence—that is to say, remission of Purgatory—to all who kneel before the relics;

and on March 13th there is an old-world festival to commemorate their removal to Oviedo. There is a strong belief that it is dangerous to soul and body to look into the reliquary, and in 1550 a bishop who ventured to open it after long fasting and prayers was so horrorstruck by what he saw that his hair stood on end and his mitre almost fell off.

Galicia

Ignorance about Galicia is almost as great as that of the Galicians themselves. This remote province, tucked away in the north-west corner of the peninsula, is the most densely populated in Spain, hilly and excessively watered, a very unusual complaint in a land where water has usually to be bought and sold. Galicia is happy in having no history, the poverty and fierceness of the people having kept off conquerors. They are a tall, muscular race, naturally lazy, though capable of hard work when they smell money.

They are famous for their honesty, and not only make good soldiers, but supply the whole of Spain with servants of every kind, readily doing the work of beasts of burthen and accepting kicks as well as gorgeous liveries in their pursuit of pelf. For this they are despised, not only by the proud Castilians, but by the independent Basques and the hot-tempered Andalucians.

Santiago

Galicia would probably have remained forlorn throughout the centuries but for the miraculous discovery of the body of St. James in the ninth century. He was stoned to death at Jerusalem, and no one knows how his body came to Galicia, but a star pointed it out to a bishop in a wood, and the result was that all Christendom was stirred. A chapel was erected, and soon a town sprang up around the relics, the present town of Santiago de Compostella. It became the most celebrated and popular shrine in Christendom during the Middle Ages, ranking with Jerusalem, Rome and Loretto. What was then considered a wonderful road was made for the benefit of pilgrims from all parts of Europe, and when they caught their last glimpse of the towers of the Cathedral it was the custom for all of them to fall on their knees. There is, however, a fashion which affects even

holy places, and health-seekers are now more attracted by Harrogate or Aix-les-Bains. We therefore find little more than a decayed provincial town.

Corunna

La Coruña, better known to us as Corunna, and in the eighteenth century called by British sailors "the Groyne," is the chief seaport of Galicia, and will always be remembered for a famous battle. During his retreat, Sir John Moore halted on January 6, 1809, at Lugo, a remarkable town with walls twenty feet thick and forty feet high, as well as a strange-looking Cathedral with a Chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Large Eyes. Luckily the French were afraid, or they would easily have annihilated the worn-out British troops, who succeeded in retiring to the heights of Corunna. It was a very hard fight, which has aroused much angry controversy ever since, and it is thought that a signal victory might have been obtained. But after two British generals had been severely wounded, it was decided to embark during the night, so that, when the French approached, they found to their surprise that the British were sailing lustily on the main.

The battle was scarcely ended when Sir John Moore's corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna:—

"Not a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone, with his glory!"

§ 5

Navarre

East of the Basque provinces and still mainly Basque in race, language and tradition, is the old kingdom of Navarre. The French Kings styled themselves Kings of France and Navarre from the year 1620, and at their coronation they undertook to respect the *fueros* or home rule of the district.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

A PATIO IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN.

These courtyards are the living rooms of Spanish families. In summer they are covered with awnings and are very cool and comfortable with their fountains and wells and miniature orange trees. Note the staircase leading to the upper storey.

Photo: E. N. A.

MANTILLAS.

Mantillas, the traditional lace head-dress of Spanish ladies, are never worn except on state occasions, black ones during Holy Week and white ones in the bullring.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

A VILLAGE IN EASTERN SPAIN.

Some of the peasants in remote Estremadura differ little from modern Moors, camping on vast plains in rude stone huts covered with straw, sharing their narrow quarters with pigs and goats.

Most of the population are honest and unenterprising, but the highlanders are active and maintain themselves chiefly by hunting, smuggling, and highway robbery. The forests are as virgin as those of America and full of wild beasts. In the north-east corner there long existed a peculiar race called *Cafos* or *Cagots,* who were regarded even more than the gipsies as pariahs, abhorred and despised by their neighbours and denied Christian burial by law. When they went to church they had to enter by a separate door and occupy a place apart, and when they walked about they had to wear an odd-shaped badge of red cloth to distinguish them from the rest of the people. They were not even allowed to enter taverns or butchers' or bakers' shops. But the French Revolution emancipated them and they are now dying out.

"The Key of Navarre"

The capital of Navarre is Pamplona or Pampeluna, known as "the key of Navarre." It is very picturesque with its brown walls and towers standing out against the pale pink of snow-tipped mountains, brightly painted houses, iron balconies, grey churches and small squares, many gardens, many priests and gay costumes. Entering over a drawbridge we come into the principal Square with its beautiful arcades, and recall the festivities which took place there long ago on the occasion of the marriage of a Count of Champagne. These festivities included the burning of ten thousand Jews in a huge bonfire which was visible for many miles around. In 1808 French soldiers came to Pamplona with professions of friendship, seized the drawbridge while pretending to play with snowballs, and thus became masters of the town until Wellington retook it in the following year.

One of the chief objects of pilgrimage at Pamplona is the museum of Sarasate, the most famous of all violinists, who was born here; hero-worshippers will be interested in seeing his violins and furniture and decorations and the poster of a concert given in London by Paganini in 1832.

A Strange Procession

Away among the Pyrenees, to the north of Navarre, is the famous defile of Roncesvalles, where Charlemagne's rearguard

was butchered by the natives in 778 in revenge for the atrocities he had committed during his retreat. The poetry of the name—the "field of brambles"—rather than the importance of the combat, made it the subject of a very celebrated French epic, the "Chanson de Roland," and the Basques also have a song on the subject:—

> " 'They are coming, they are near,' said a Basque to his son;
> 'Child, count them out and miss none.' "

A strange procession still takes place every year at the old Gothic Monastery of Roncesvalles. It was started in the Middle Ages by twenty-three parishes of Navarre, one member of each of their families coming to do penance for sins committed during the previous year, and strangers are admitted as penitents on taking an oath to attend seven years in succession. At dawn, the pilgrims gather at the little village of Burgnete for Mass, put on an extraordinary penitential garb of black calico, which covers their heads and faces and leaves only slits for their eyes, gird themselves with knotted ropes, and attach great wooden crosses to their backs. With arms outstretched to hold aloft the extremities of the crosses, they march barefoot over the hard, stony road, chanting a mournful *Miserere*. The procession is usually about two miles long, accompanied by priests and mayors and banners and crucifixes with a vast concourse of people behind reciting the rosary of Our Lady of Roncesvalles.

A Travellers' Treasure-Land

The Spanish Pyrenees are a secret treasure-land for the traveller, especially the north of the old kingdom of Aragon, hitherto visited only by smugglers, hunters and wild game. It is virgin soil for naturalists, geologists and artists, as well as for mountaineers who do not fear avalanches. The scenery is very grand; bears, wolves, and a small chamois abound. There is also a large form of wild goat which is not an ibex, though often popularly so misnamed. Here the Pyrenees form the great mountain wall which separates France and Spain, having a mean height of 6,000 feet, rising to 11,168 feet at the Pic de Néthou. There are only five carriage roads over this part of the Pyrenees, and by

following one of them we may eventually reach that quaint little freak of freedom, the very ancient and primitive Republic of Andorra.

A Primitive Republic

It was enfranchised by Charlemagne, as we may see by peering at the archives in a cupboard in the Council Chamber, and it has maintained its independence ever since by playing off Spain and France against one another. In 1278 it accepted the suzerainty of both in the persons of the Bishop of Urgel and the Count of Foix, who is now succeeded by the French President, the Bishop still receiving a tribute of about £18 a year. The Republic has an area of 175 square miles and a population of 5,500, mostly smugglers who dwell in two wild valleys high among the snows. One of the chief measures of self-protection was to forbid roads, and the little State still remains difficult of access, though from time to time threatened with a railway and a gambling casino. The life remains thoroughly patriarchal, a Council being elected by heads of families and meeting in a very ancient farmhouse, which has sleeping accommodation for the members, stables on the ground floor for their horses, and a great chimney where they can roast oxen whole. Andorra has a French postoffice, Spanish coinage, and the speech of Catalonia.

The Aragonese are among the few people who retain their old costumes in Spain. The striking part of it is the abundance of filigree buttons and silver coins which adorn their black velvet waistcoats and the pockets and extremities of their knee-breeches, and the general effect is very gay with their bright red or blue blouses where they conceal knives and smuggle cigars, their blue woollen stockings, and their coloured handkerchiefs tied tightly round their foreheads. They are not a progressive people, and have no industries or even the simplest attempts at art and literature; they are a cold, serious, daring people, so obstinate that a proverb says they can drive nails with their hard heads into a stone wall.

The Most Famous Siege in History

Their courage and obstinacy were proved in 1808 at the siege of Zaragoza, which counts with the sieges of Saguntum,

Numantia and Jerusalem as among the most celebrated in history. There were indeed two sieges. When the French General arrived for the first time he was surprised to find any resistance, for he knew there was no regular garrison and he imagined that trained troops would soon get the better of what he called "the 30,000 idiots" who defied him with scarcely any arms or ammunition. After two months of the most violent onslaughts, however, he had to withdraw on the 15th August, which pious natives remembered was the Feast of the Assumption. But the French were as obstinate as the *testarudo* (battering-ram headed) Aragonese, and on the 21st December an army of 18,000 men, led by four French Marshals, resumed the attack with siege artillery. There was no established government or organised army within the town, but a few stout peasants and a romantic young officer named Palafox conducted the resistance for sixty-two days with triumphant success, though famine made havoc among the defenders and every house became a hospital. Buildings crumbled in all directions, and the deafening roar of the cannon and its vivid flashes made the scene fiendish. The city was maddened with patriotism and religion; there were insulting songs and dances in the streets and processions to the Virgin of the Pillar, who was proclaimed Captain-General. The most wonderful tales of heroism are still told about this siege, including the story of Agustina, the "Maid of Saragossa," who fought beside her lover, took his musket from his dying hand, and continued the fight herself—a very beautiful girl of twenty-two, who inspired Byron with one of the finest cantos in "Childe Harold":

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foiled the painter's power . . .
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host;
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?
Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE.

This figure of the Madonna is said to have been carved by St. Luke himself. It was presented by Pope Gregory the Great to the Archbishop of Seville, hidden away during the Moorish period and found again at Guadalupe by a shepherd in 1330.

Photochrom.

ZARAGOZA (SARAGOSSA,

The stone bridge dates from 1447. In the background are the tiled domes of the Cathedral of our Lady of the Pillar, who was appointed Captain-General by the citizens during their desperate defence against the French in 1808.

From "Picturesque Spain" (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

GIRL OF ANDALUCIA.

The South of Spain is a dreamland of song and guitar, dances and serenades. Nature is so lavish that no one deems it necessary to work very hard or very often. It is quite common to see a peasant girl seated on the planks of her stone doorstep strumming away for hours in sheer joyousness of existence.

The siege continued in the streets, on the roofs of houses, in the cellars for twenty-one days; the old building of the University burned like a hellish bonfire; and it was only after 54,000 out of 100,000 had perished that the unhappy garrison were driven to accept honourable terms of surrender. Then, as Thiers relates in his history: "On 21 February, 1809, 10,000 foot-soldiers, 2,000 horsemen, pale, emaciated, broken, filed out before our pitying soldiers, who proceeded to enter the unfortunate city to find its ruins filled with putrefying corpses.

Zaragoza ("Saragossa")

Zaragoza, which we misspell "Saragossa," a corruption of Cæsarea Augusta, existed 2,000 years ago; it was refounded by the Romans in 25 B.C. The town is comfortably situated on the Ebro, but the water is so brackish that the natives have a saying, " We eat our drink."

There are two Cathedrals in which services are held for six months alternately. One existed over 1,700 years ago, a severe and sombre pile, very grand and impressive in the gloom of its interior. Entering from the sunlit square we seem at first to be in absolute darkness. Then gradually we make out the extraordinary pavement, composed of big squares of yellow marble crossed by black and white lines forming strange geometrical designs. It was the Rheims of Aragon, where most of her kings were crowned. And all sorts of stately ceremonies took place in the Middle Ages. Knights used to kneel here all through the night, keeping watch before admission to their Orders, and in 1487 a strange mystery play was acted in the presence of Ferdinand and Ysabel, about which we find some odd notes of expenses in the Cathedral archives: " Seven sous for making up the heads of the bullock and donkey in the stable at Bethlehem; six sous for wigs for the prophets; ten sous for six pairs of gloves to be worn by the angels," and so forth.

§ 6

Catalonia

Catalonia, on the north-east of Spain, is the other entrance from France at the eastern end of the Pyrenees, and here again

we do not find the characteristics of the country we expected. For the greater part it is almost a wilderness, with few trees or buildings scattered about on scanty plains. But it is the Spanish Lancashire, and Barcelona, its capital, has been called the Spanish Manchester. The people are the most enterprising and industrious in Spain, at the same time grasping and generous, sober and honest, austere and revengeful, excellent soldiers and sailors. If we desired to generalise about Spain we might say that the Catalonians are her Scotsmen, the Andalucians her Irish, the Asturians her Welsh, and the Castilians her old-fashioned English. The Catalonians despise the rest of Spain, indeed they proclaim themselves to be not Spanish but Catalans, and have a language of their own related to Provençal and Limousin, which extends south as far as Valencia and the Balearic Isles.

Catalonia has always been the centre of discontent. Here revolutions and military pronouncements have come like sudden storms, right down to 1923, when a sort of Fascist State-stroke was started by the military governor of Barcelona, peacefully upsetting the Constitution and established Government. The Catalans always go to extremes in religion and politics, combining absolute belief in all the picturesque legends of the Middle Ages with democratic ideas sometimes bordering on Bolshevism.

Barcelona

Barcelona is full of life and animation; the centre of its life is the Rambla, a series of broad avenues recalling the Paris Boulevards except that the footwalk is in the centre beneath arching plane trees with a carriage drive on either side. The Rambla is 1,100 yards long, running in a straight line from the port. At one end the fashionable folk disport themselves from the cool of the evening far into the night, many of them in the lightest dresses; the other end is more democratic, with a bird market full of canaries and a flower market blazing with heliotrope and all sorts of sub-tropical blooms. It is not so long ago that agricultural labourers from the countryside might be seen disporting themselves here in gorgeous mantles of scarlet and blue and gold. The port has a dangerous entrance, but is larger and more commodious than all the thirteen harbours of Marseilles put together. Everybody who goes to Barcelona makes a point of

visiting Montjuich, a beautiful excursion through hedges of wild aloes, to enjoy a magnificent bird's-eye view of the town with its Oriental flat roofs, courtyards with orange trees and palms, cloisters and staircases outside all covered with arabesques.

The interior of the town is full of mean streets, with all the mystery of age, but suddenly it presents a time-worn archway and we find ourselves in a vast quadrangle with gay fountains and trees weighed down to the ground by golden fruit—the Cathedral Cloisters, where stately canons stroll about reading their Mass books, heedless of the crowd of over-polite beggars, noisy children and noisier geese. It is an old Catalonian custom to keep geese instead of watchdogs on the farms, and geese have been kept here for generations to guard the Cathedral treasures. The chief fountain is called "The Fountain of the Geese," and they enjoy the freedom of its waters, presided over by a bronze knight and a horse which spouts water from its nostrils.

The Cathedral, which many consider the most beautiful and wonderful in the world, was begun in the year 1298.

A Wonderful Cathedral

Exquisite as is the outside of this Cathedral, nothing in the world can surpass the beauty and impressiveness of the interior. Poets have sung of religious atmospheres and "dim religious light," but none can appreciate them thoroughly unless they have been to Barcelona. At first it seems very, very dark, with the faint lights filtering through the small panes of richly stained glass of deepest purple, blue and red, giving mysterious gleams and shadows, most beautiful of all at sunset, amid the many slender pillars. The dignity and solemnity of the atmosphere, as we kneel in some remote recess and listen to the great booming notes of the organ! And below the organ, the colossal head of a hideous Moor is suspended, not an unusual decoration in Catalonian churches; it had been used in battle to encourage Crusaders. The gloom of the building adds mystery to all the strange monuments, each with its romantic story.

The *Liceo* is larger than the Scala of Milan or the San Carlo of Naples, and ranks very high among the opera houses of the world. The chief boxes are private property and cannot be hired.

Though Barcelona is the Manchester of the Spanish Lancashire, it has none of the gloom and offensive ugliness of most manufacturing centres. The cotton, silk and wool mills are all outside the walls, and most of the mill hands as well as waggoners, wharfingers, and seafarers live in the suburbs.

A Fine Climate

The climate of Barcelona is one of the most agreeable in the world. It rains only sixty-five days in the year, frost is almost unknown, as is proved by the luxuriance of the lemon trees which perish when the thermometer registers twenty-nine degrees; the parks and gardens are full of pepper trees, aloes, heliotrope and roses, and there are always refreshing breezes even in the hottest summer. The neighbourhood of the city, however, like most of Spain, has desert characteristics and can be unpleasantly hot. Innumerable lizards run about over the sandy rocks, and here the deadly tarantula is found, the spider in whose honour the Neapolitans have founded a wild dance. The legend is that once upon a time a woman danced irreverently while Christ was passing by, so He turned her into a spider with a guitar marked on its back, and decreed that everybody it bit should be compelled to go on dancing for the rest of their lives.

The Sacred Mountain

Monserrat, the sacred mountain of the Catalonians, rises wild and jagged from the plains of Barcelona, a glorious vision of pinnacles, spires, turrets, sugar-loaves, pyramids of rocks, almost too wonderful to be real. It used to attract 60,000 pilgrims a year and is still widely venerated. A statue of the Virgin was found here in 880, and a hermit named Guarin was set to guard it. He fell in love with the Count of Barcelona's daughter, and when she resisted his overtures he cut off her head. The Pope imposed a penance that he should walk and feed like the beasts and never utter a word. So faithfully did he carry out this penance, that he was presently turned into a wild beast, which was caught by the Count while hunting and brought alive to a banquet. There a child exclaimed, " Arise, Guarin, thy sins are forgiven thee," and the hermit resumed his shape. He then searched for the Count's daughter, who was found alive after eight years'

burial with only a red rim round her throat where it had been cut. She became Abbess of the Convent of Monserrat, which consists of eight storeys on a terrace amid a cataract of rocks. There are numbers of amazing grottoes and caves and thirteen hermitages. Behind the monastery is a garden of deep red roses which, we are told, were white once upon a time, but changed colour when a drop of the Saviour's blood fell upon them as they bloomed on Calvary. Beautiful Monserrat, far more beautiful than other shrines in Europe and not much more difficult of access, is it not strange that it should remain neglected by British pilgrims?

§ 7

A Remarkable Festival

North of Barcelona, near the French frontier, there is a remarkable festival at Figueras, known as the Procession of the North Wind. It appears that in 1612 there was a great epidemic, and the people had the happy thought of going in vast crowds to the shrine of Our Lady of Requesens, five hours away in the mountains, to beg her to send the North wind, which soon came and dispelled the plague. This procession has continued every year at the end of May and lasts for three days, one to go, one to remain in the mountain, and one to return.

The fortress of Figueras, now a penal settlement, is one of the most remarkable in Europe, built right into the rock whose shape is an irregular pentagon. It is about 7,000 feet round and possesses bomb-proof magazines and arsenals, barracks for 20,000 men, and stables for 500 horses, all wonderfully contrived.

Quaint Gerona

Between Figueras and Barcelona, Gerona deserves to be visited as a specimen of really ancient Spain. It is difficult to imagine anything older and quainter than this picturesque remnant hugging itself in desolation and silence with its white balconies all covered with flowers, its Moorish arched windows with their marble pillars, and the beautiful three-arch bridge over the River Oña. It has been described as without trade, manufactures, books or monuments of any kind, but the Cathedral is remarkable if only for its extraordinary width. The great fanes

of Europe are narrow beside this forgotten edifice in a tenth-rate Spanish town.

A Strange Salt Mine

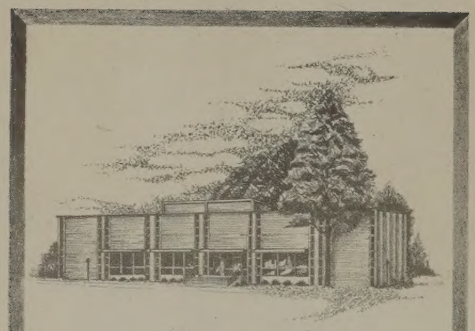
On the way to Lerida stands one of the natural curiosities of Spain, indeed one of the wonders of Europe, the strange salt mines of Cardona. They consist in a huge mountain of salt, five hundred feet high and three miles round, estimated at no less than five hundred millions of tons. It stands in a sort of circus, forming a glassy mass with rugged sides sparkling in the sun. There are remarkable grottoes and gorges and ravines and little lakes so saturated with salt that no more will melt therein; and there are rivulets all bristling with needles and crystals of salt, and stalactites of strange shapes and astounding whiteness. Some of the blocks look like marble streaked with red and orange, and out of them the workmen carve various little objects for sale to visitors.

Tarragona, an old Phœnician Town

Tarragona, a very old Phœnician town, is perched like an amphitheatre on a high limestone rock sloping down to the sea. The upper and lower towns are divided by a line of Cyclopean walls, and the upper town is built out of the remains of Roman temples and palaces. Most of the streets are winding, irregular and ill-paved, but a few big boulevards lined with trees have forced their way into the labyrinth during the last two or three generations.

The Cathedral is so old that no one knows when it was built. It has niches for twenty-one statues of Apostles and Prophets on the outside, but some of them are missing, and tradition says that every hundred years one of them grows weary of the monotony of Tarragona and comes down from his pedestal and goes his way. The altarpiece is carved with almost Chinese minuteness, the tiniest insects hanging from the leaves. On great holidays the piers are hung with magnificent tapestry and strange vestments which were sold from St. Paul's Cathedral in London by Henry VIII at the time of the Reformation. Among the many curious statues is one of Adam, from whose rib a half-effaced effigy of God is drawing a tiny Eve. But the Cloisters are the great joy of the place. The entrance door is purely Byzantine

and full of curious details, especially the central pillar with a base of intertwined serpents and a capital depicting the Adoration of the Magi. They are found sleeping three in the same bed and an angel approaches them to wake them up and tell them it is time to proceed on their journey to Palestine.



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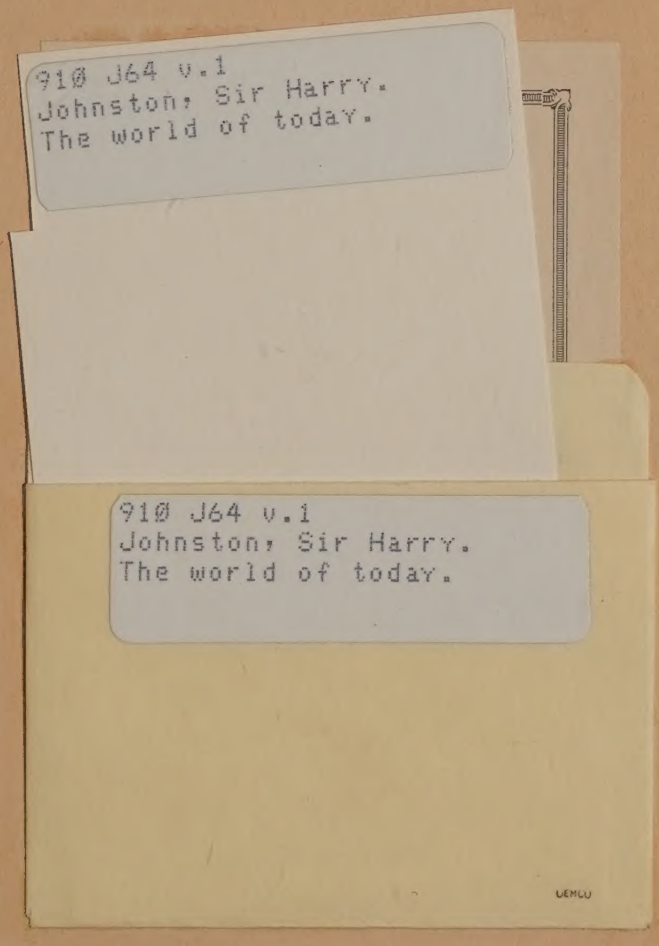
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